Introductions

Eric Isaacson — There was a rumor 7
Mark Sten — Claim to fame 15
szim — Crackin' the dawn 16
Erin Yanke — Riverbed of potholes 20

1 First Cuts 22

1960s — The Weeds / The Lollipop Shoppe 26
1970s — Zipper 37
Zap Spangler / King Bee / Torpedos 39
1980s — The Rats 42
The Boy Wonders 50
The Range Rats / Western Front 52

2 Dead Moon 56

1987–2006
The beginning 58
The logo 62
Tombstone Music / Part I 72
The Tombstone Report 78
Open letter to the music business 80
Europe 84
Tombstone Music / Part II 104
On the road 116
The rituals 130
Tattoo & fan art 144
The end 162

The Words 172

On tour 186

PS: 216

3 Discography 228

LPs 230
45s 268
Catalog 276

Credits 286

Epilogue 294

Eric Isaacson

There was a rumor

There was a rumor that Dead Moon would get up on stage, light a candle crammed into a Jack Daniels bottle and play for the exact amount of time it took for the candle to naturally burn out. A pretty outlandish idea, but so many strange myths swarmed around this band that it did not seem outside the realm of possibility.

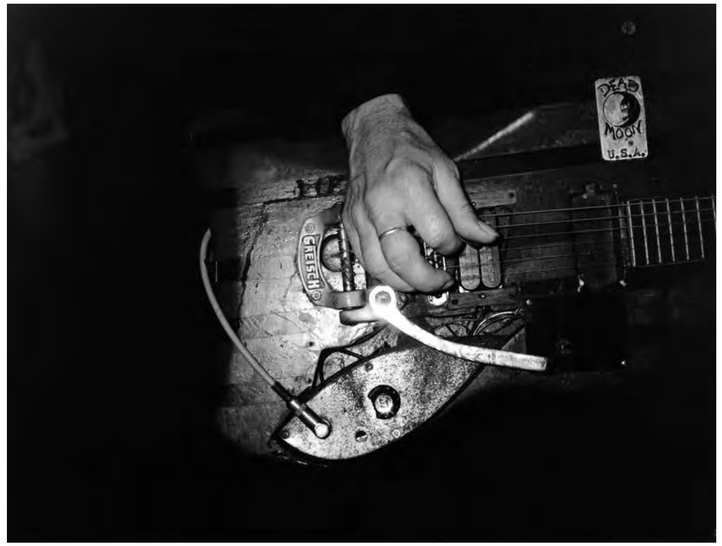
The first time I saw Dead Moon perform after hearing this rumor, I fixated on that candle, watching the drummer as he sprayed beer everywhere after a fan poured a bottle on his floor tom. I wondered if the beer would put out the candle, and then the band would stop in the middle of the song and walk off stage right at the moment the flame extinguished.

I actively avoided hearing Dead Moon for the first 5 years of their existence. The band was beloved by many of my friends but I had somehow managed to dismiss them without ever having heard them. In Portland during the early 90's, they were closely associated with a venue called Satyricon, a club filled with intimidating black-clad rockers who all seemed to be on one strange drug or another. To an outsider, they seemed almost like a cult. Often I would see the Dead Moon insignia emblazoned on a Satyricon patron's T shirt, or even the occasional tattoo. I had to admit that the symbol looked cool as hell, way too cool for a nerd like me to relate to. I was a quiet awkward teenager who only listened to old blues, R&B, garage and soul records. I liked the oppositional politics of punk, but the music was macho and aggressive in a way I couldn't jive with.

I felt more at home at a club called the X-Ray Cafe. This was an all ages venue a few blocks from Satyricon. It had a less dangerous sort of freak scene vibe – sewing circles, poetry readings, interpretive dance performances and so on, as well as punk rock. One night Dead Moon took the stage – and I walked out of the club before they started their set. I came back to meet a friend afterward and dismissed her claims that Dead Moon were awesome. For some reason I assumed they were some kind of grunge band and refused to investigate any deeper than that.

Four years later, I was living in the Bay Area. A friend of mine was a bartender at a music venue in the city, and I often visited him at work to cage free drinks, even the occasional sandwich. One night I was knocking back whiskies when a band started their set. The first thing I noticed was the singer's piercing, almost agonized voice. I told the bartender, "This guy is singing like he's navigating a burning ship!" It was ... confusing to me. It wasn't exactly punk, but more like Love or the 13th Floor Elevators. It was rooted in the 1960s, yet was completely unique.

By the fourth song – a ballad – I was hooked. A ballad! When was the last time I heard a band build up the audience with a bunch of intense rock, then hit them hard with a very emotional ballad? Maybe never. What attracted me to this band was the variety of emotional terrain they covered. It was like they were playing the world's most ragged, raw rock opera. It was an opera that told the tale of being lost in the world, being an outsider yet somehow finding love, still fighting even though you



were tired, and in the end triumphing – but not without a ton of scars. All these themes set to rock and roll chords can come off as trite and corny in the hands of a band like The Who or Led Zep, but here was this band somehow pulling it off. It was like Bob Dylan to me. It was earthy and mystical, universal and personal, in equal measures. I asked my friend, "Who are these guys?" He looked at me incredulously and said, "You're from Portland and you've never heard Dead Moon?"

I sought out their records but these were always outside of my price range (in those days I never allowed myself to spend more than five dollars for an album). In lieu of LP's, I began to collect Dead Moon "lore". Luckily, there was plenty of it to go around.

I heard how they had turned down opening for Nirvana on the Smells Like Teen Spirit tour because they had already agreed to play a bunch of dinky bars in New Zealand. They then became huge heroes in New Zealand and were still played on one national radio station every hour as a matter of official policy.

Once a friend had seen Fred emptying the ashtray of his van into a trash can. Fred left a few butts in it and, as he walked away, my friend jokingly commented– "Hey Fred, you missed a few." Fred then earnestly informed him that you never empty the ashtray of your car all the way. If you do, your car will break down.

Another legend claimed Fred and Toody left town in the 70's to go homestead in Alaska. They only made it halfway up and wandered off into the Canadian woods with their kids, an ax and a meager amount of supplies. After building a shelter, they found themselves freezing their asses off right around Christmas time. They said, "Fuck it – let's go to Portland for Christmas!" They drove down, never bothering to go back and retrieve their stuff. Somewhere out in the woods sits Fred and Toody's cabin with all their goods in it, untouched and waiting for discovery by a super fan.

I heard that Andrew was like Keith Richards but more impressive because he did everything Keith did with none of the money. Andrew held court at bars and seemed to be loved universally – he was spoken of like he was the mayor of all the world's drunks, rockers and weirdos. Endless people told me that Andrew Loomis just bought them a drink. They would have stars in their eyes and feel very special for it. No matter how inebriated, he would beat them at pool.

I heard that the band would reroute whole tours to make sure they passed by casinos where Fred and Toody could gamble – sometimes for 26 hours straight, stopping only for bathroom breaks. It was all about Fred and Toody testing out their mystical numerical systems. It was not about money.

I heard countless tales of Fred and Toody setting musicians up with ridiculously cheap gear at their music store, extending credit rates as low as $5 per month. I heard that Toody would sometimes give sales spiels with a Bela lugosi-esque Transylvanian accent to the bafflement and surprise of customers. I heard the entire Cole family had driven across country buying up cheap guitars to sell at their shop; on the way home, the van was so full of guitars that their kids were forced to lay flat on top of them to maximize space.

I heard that Fred was saving up money to get his pilots' license and buy a plane to fly from gig to gig around the world. I heard that they built a ghost town out in the middle of nowhere. I heard they were in country bands with great lost recordings, that Andrew was in a pop punk band but no one had recordings, that Fred was in a shitty band in Hollywood that sounded like Seals and Crofts and that there were a million other music projects lost to time, floating out there somewhere.

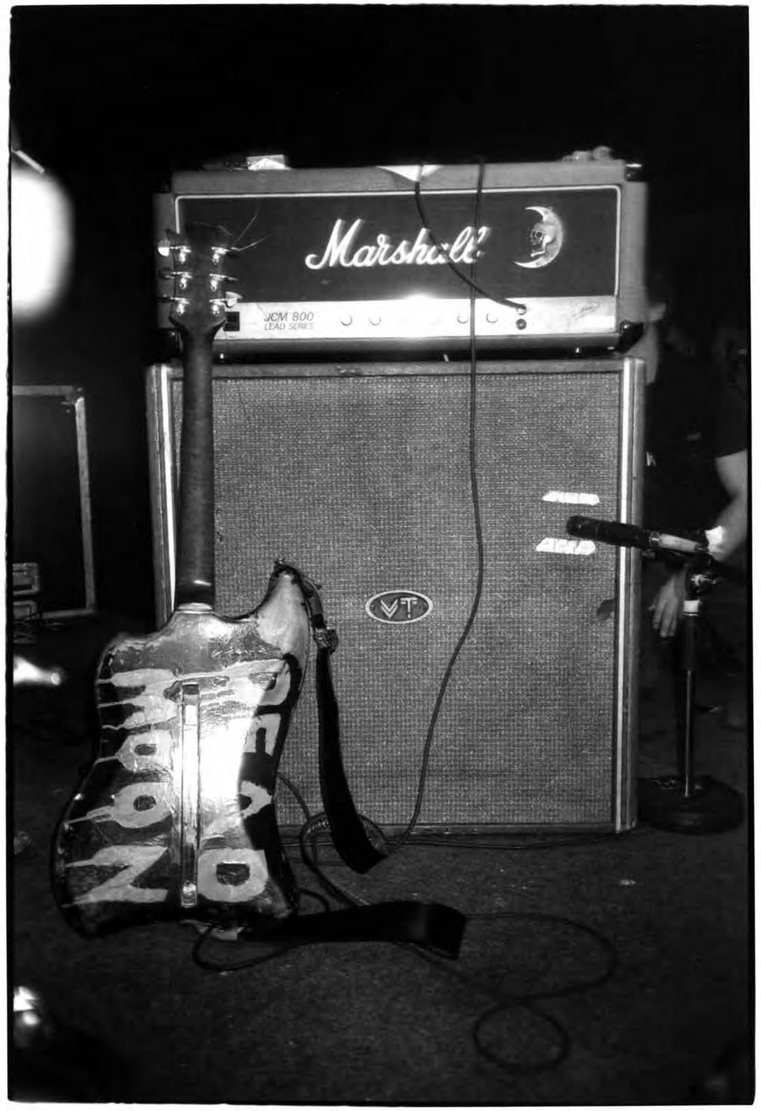
I heard Fred and Toody ran the Portland marathon right around when they turned 60 years old. Just after finishing the race, they defiantly lit up cigarettes. People came in the Mississippi Record shop all day to tell me the tale in various mutations. Some would say they lit up right after the race and some would say they ran the whole race with cigarettes dangling out of the side of their mouths. One person even told me they were running with a flask of Jack Daniels passed back and forth between them, for the duration of the marathon.

They were straight up folk legends with tall tales swarming around them. People spoke of them like people spoke of Jesse James or John Henry in the past.

It turned out that most of these stories were true. They still pile on to this day.

And so the legend grows.

★


Marshall
JCM 800
LEAD SERIES
VT

In the early 2000's, I began sheepishly asking Fred and Toody if I could reissue the Rats LP's. These were the punk LP's they put out between 1979 and 1986. They were very scarce – 1,000 of them were pressed. At the time of their release the band couldn't give them away, now they fetched $100 – $150 apiece, and Dead Moon fans came into my record store almost every day asking if I could find them copies. Fred and Toody politely brushed off my request to reissue the LP's. I asked my friends Jay and Meadow to speak to them on my behalf. I was losing my nerve.

The Mississippi Records label was a glimmer in my eye at the time – just some disjointed ideas. When friends would ask me my plans for the label I would boldly proclaim that I was definitely going to reissue the Rats LPs. I said this even though Fred and Toody gave no indication that this was possible. I was so full of shit.

One day I sat down and wrote them a very earnest letter. It outlined the no nonsense deal I would make with them on the reissues and also made a very intense plea on behalf of the fans to make these records available. I applied liberal amounts of Jewish guilt tempered by super fandom and enthusiasm. A couple weeks after writing the letter I stopped by Tombstone (the rugged old west outpost they built) to pick up some wholesale stock for my shop. I shyly asked Toody, "Have you had time to consider my offer to reissue the Rats records?" Toody said, "Sorry man, we're going with Eric at Mississippi Records. He made us an offer so good we could not refuse it!" I squirmed in my seat a bit and my friend Matt Knowles, who had come with me, shouted "This guy IS Eric from Mississippi Records!"

Years later Toody told me that the reason they stalled on taking my offer was because they were worried about it being a terrible idea – for me. Back when they had the Rats records in print, it had taken them years and years to unload 1,000 copies, and here I was offering them a fat cash royalty in advance to put out 2,000 copies. Fred and Toody assumed I would lose my shirt on the deal and wanted to protect me from my own insane enthusiasm. They thought I was just a crazy fan who assumed everyone loved the band as much as I did.

I sold out of the first runs of 2,000 in two weeks. Since then Mississippi has reissued over 14 records from Fred and Toody's catalog and all have sold quite well. Fred said to me recently, "Eric, I love you man, but I can't understand a god damn single word you say!" It cracked me up. The fact that he could still love me and trust me without words having to enter the relationship made perfect sense. He worked on instinct and seemed to understand my bizarre quirks and their value.

I never knew Andrew as well as I knew Fred and Toody. His rock and roll lifestyle was somewhat incompatible with my bookish, librarian one. It seemed like the only way to hang out with Andrew was to go out and drink with him, and I just could not keep up with the man. Still, my

couple nights out on the town with him stand as memorable. He was so kind and sweet – always the sharpest wit in the room. He plied me with whiskey and forced me to loosen up. He seemed aware of everyone around and determined to make sure they were happy with a drink in their hand. I admired him greatly.

News of Andrew's death caught me squarely on the shoulder. The silence of outer space never seemed so loud. The whole town mourned his passing. We all sang the praises of Andrew Loomis and laid him down like they would lay down a king. Here was someone who, by mainstream American standards would be considered a "loser". He had no money, a drug habit or two, unkempt hair and tattered clothes. But the truth is, Andrew affected more people positively than any King.

The candle's fragile flame bent and twisted in the wind, and eventually the breeze and the beer and the graveyard got the best of it. But, as the Rock'n'Roll cliche says, "He not busy being born is busy dying". Dead Moon changed lives, comforted many in their darkest hours and made the world a better place to be in.

And the music ain't going nowhere.

Mark Sten

Claim to fame

Punk rock converged with Fred Cole between 1977 and 1979, but his attitude anticipated Portland punk long before it emerged as a distinct regional subculture. Fred was a major local precursor of that subculture, and Dead Moon became the living embodiment of punk rock's original values even as the city was gradually losing its cultural identity.

Fred and Toody held their own identity through sheer strength of character. Beginning in 1979, the couple launched a run of high-powered bands that were consistently more unusual, more striking, and more radical than the generations of younger, quasi-commercial punk bands who came and went while Fred and Toody's popularity continued to grow. Ultimately it was Dead Moon that endured, because their audiences sensed something genuine and authentic about the band that deserved attention.

Dead Moon drew strength from three of punk's prime commitments: minimalism, DIY, and indifference to technical skill. Fred Cole was releasing his own records in the mid-60s, which is to say, Do It Yourself was his credo more than ten years before the slogan caught on with everyone else. Dead Moon didn't just release their own records; they manufactured their own lacquer masters with a record-cutting lathe that represented the very finest in fifty-year-old vinyl reproduction technology. (For those unfamiliar with the process, bands never cut their own masters. It's unheard-of. It's the Rock'n'Roll equivalent of cooking dinner with your own nuclear reactor.)

Strapping on the guitar was another DIY leap for Fred Cole in 1977, as was Toody teaching herself bass in 1979. Punk legitimized them both as natural primitives and focused them on playing with force instead of finesse. And Fred was a born gambler to boot, addicted to risk, pushing his luck and aiming beyond his limitations, always willing to chance a difficult guitar lead even if it might throw him from the saddle.

Dead Moon knew what New Wave forgot, that prowess and polish are no substitute for emotional honesty. In beat music, instrumental proficiency is secondary at best and occasionally a hindrance, a distraction that can overshadow and undercut the real message, which has to come from the heart. This is true not just on stage but in the studio, especially in the studio, where Toody and Fred's bands always blazed through their material in a hurry. Not just because there's only twenty-four hours in a day but because rapid-fire recording was the best way to capture and preserve the vitality that starts to bleed out of a session after the first few takes. A well-practiced band won't necessarily sound lifeless or stale after two hours on the same track, but neither will it communicate the edgy excitement of taking so many corners on two wheels. Fred Cole was never guilty of over-rehearsing his live shows either, since the best way to keep a set fresh is to learn the chords – barely – and leave it at that.

And that leaves minimalism. If Olde Portland's original punk scene had one defining musical feature, it was a determined minimalism that Dead Moon turbo-charged and drove on into the twenty-first century. On record or on stage, this band religiously avoided any layering or embellishment that might have cluttered the work or clouded its essence. Multitrack recording is a mixed blessing that distances canned music from its true origins on the stage, so Dead Moon created a bone-simple live act and then transferred it intact into the studio. Their success proved that excitement and raw spontaneity are not the obsolete obsessions of a fading minor cult. Audiences around the world persist in valuing emotional clarity and impact over showbiz gloss.

szim

Crackin’ the dawn

September 11th, 1997
Chemnitz, East Germany

Never heard of them. No clue who they were. Not the band name, not the music. A friend dragged me along telling me I need to check them out. So here I am – 16 years old – with the attitude of a bored teenager thinking: Seen it all, done it all. No expectations whatsoever.

The show was electrifying and blew my mind. What a blast! It was raw and wild. Roughly fifty people in a venue called Black Out, half the crowd dancing drunk, screaming along. A North-American band from Portland, Oregon stranded in the East German mystery zone. How the hell did these guys end up here? Who **were** these people?

By the time I got home those songs still stuck in my head, glued to my brain. Three chords and catchy lines. 50/40 or Fight. Alright!

I always tried to imagine what it was like to see the Beatles or the Stones in their early days. It seemed to have left a big impact on people since there was nothing comparable at this point. Out of nowhere voices echoed the mindset of a whole generation, turning a feeling into a chorus and a vibe into music. Pure energy. I can’t get no satisfaction.

Now, I wasn’t seeking for life advice or sonic soul mates. And obviously these were not the 60s. But I instantly felt a connection that made me explore their musical realm. What I found was something that spoke to me, something I could identify with. Like … somebody got it before you even know you missed it. Revelation. After all, it was not just words or music but an entire attitude that came through, shaping the whole picture along with their ragged sound and stage appearance. We all pass through this wilderness never know where we’ll be sent. A call for escape from mainstream culture, mediocracy and the dullness of a bourgeois life.

Unlike thousands of other bands they had something to say without having a message or trying to make a political statement. They were the statement. In person. On stage. Each song was unique, stood out and didn’t sound like the one before. And you could tell it was personal. Personal and general at the same time. Even though it could be read in many ways and mean something totally different to somebody else. It’s okay, we’ve all seen better days. It was the essence of life seen through some poetic lens.

If the words simplicity and pragmatism didn’t exist already, I swear Fred Cole would have invented them. Minimum input, maximum output. The shortest shortcut to get from one point to another. Stripped-down. And if only for the fact to prove everybody wrong. It **is** possible. Dead Moon seemed to be the manifestation of everything he believes in and the way he looks at things. Toody and Andrew were the one and only perfect match and the most loyal partners-in-crime to keep this baby going for almost two decades …

Like no one else they embraced dilettantism. They fucked established patterns, set up their own standards and somehow got away with it. Though that may not have been the plan to begin with – it did work out. For so many years. Keeping one gig ahead of a day job.

The boundaries between art and life became more blurry over the years. There’s almost no distinction to be made. Life itself generates the content and the material the stories are made of. Or vice versa – as the line becomes the truth. Wishful thinking or curse. This is what you call authentic, I guess. You only have to live through it, good or evil. But the more you suffer the better the Blues. Release me from your wire.

July 11th, 2001
Regensburg, South Germany

Andrew's dragging me backstage to hand over photos. I meant to leave them with him but he insisted I should give them personally to Fred and Toody. Excitement on my end. Backstage too. I blundered into a loud discussion as I walked in. Nobody even noticed me at first and it took me a while to figure out what happened: Jen – Andrew's wife at that time – left the keys in the van and locked all doors. I offered them a ride to the hotel in my car after the show. Said and done. Our first encounter.

Couple hours later I got stranded myself close to some Bavarian village. Out on a country road without a cell phone I waved and stopped a car to call for help. My clutch cable was torn and my car needed to get towed. The ADAC (AAA) guy who showed up was grumpy and mad at me 'cause he expected to get a good night's sleep. The closest garage was a car dealer. Must have been 5 a.m. by the time we got there and they wouldn't open til 8. I wanted to get a beer at a gas station to kill my frustration but the store clerk wasn't allowed to sell any booze til god knows when. Now all I could do was to swear, to wait around and watch the sun come up ... D for disaster, E for my eyes, A for my anger, D before I die ...

2015/16/17
Clackamas, Oregon

I set up a workplace in Fred and Toody's DIY Rock'n'Roll mansion. A laptop, a scanner and around me piles and boxes full of photos and memorabilia of the Dead Moon years they let me explore. It took two summers to dig through everything and make a selection. The result is in your hands. Enjoy.

Friends.
Family.
Salt of the earth.

We shared incredible good times and stories.
I'm glad our paths crossed.

I learned a lot about life & music.
Everything I need to know.
Memories, I'll never forget.

What a trip!

Erin Yanke

Riverbed of potholes

On March 8, 2016, during the Total Eclipse in Pisces New Moon Super Moon Andrew Loomis passed away. Upon the news there was not one drop of whiskey left in Vera, every radio station in Portland immediately began playing Dead Moon records, and every crossroad in Ljubljana had white candles burning, cause nothing ever lasts.

I saw Dead Moon more than I've seen any band. The records are great, but the live shows were what created the fanatics (myself included). The public rituals you may know (the 3-way handshake, the candle, beer on the floor tom, etc.). How they did it, how they made such a cathartic space every fucking time I saw them, that's a mystery. NO ONE knows how it happened, but no one denies that it did. That's a powerful band, with a strong backbone. That was Andrew.

I only knew Andrew as a part of Dead Moon, and as a friend of friends. Outside of shows, he recognized me about half the time – someone he knew that he couldn't place, but it didn't matter. He was friendly, even when wasted and impish and looking to fuck with people. He was the one who was outside the shows hanging out, looking to score drugs or see what was up or whatever. Lurking around, he'd always get people into shows for free, even if sold out. On stage, he was up front for a reason: he was the best drummer ever. Powerful, simple, solid, and true – right there and also fucking around, beer all over everything, flipping people off, making faces, and when needed, relighting the candle. It was an important balance. It's so easy to fuck up a simple structure, especially with dynamic songwriters like Fred and Toody. And it's easy to take the drummer for granted. We were trying to correct that with interviews and as an equal part of a future project, but the lymphoma showed up, and then all the other health problems. Andrew was excited to do it, but it never happened.

Lessons learned: Don't fucking wait around for shit to happen! Running out of time is real. Embrace who you are and follow it to the end! Can you imagine Andrew being halfway about anything? Friends, people, be good to your friends! Be there for them!

The dedication of the old school Portland Rockers to Andrew as he's been sick is a thing of beauty. Andrew earned that kind of dedication, but he also gave it, to friends, to music, and to really living life. Thank you Andrew – the backbone holding our weight, keeping the beat, and having a fucking great time doing it. You will be deeply missed.

Simone, Eric, and I started thinking about this book in the summers. Simone would visit from Germany for months on end, and by 2015 we'd come up with enough of a vision to start. Simone bugged Andrew all summer of 2015 to do an interview, but it didn't work out before she went back to Germany. Eric tried in the Fall of 2015, and was also unsuccessful. Then it was my turn. We knew about Andrew's cancer by then, which added an urgency to the project, but we were also sensitive to the effort it took him to do even the smallest things while also on chemo. Anton, Andrew, and I had plans for an interview over breakfast at the Laurelthirst in February, 2016. But then he went into the hospital. And then it was too late. Andrew died March 8, 2016. Here's what I wrote for *Maximum Rocknroll:*

Eric and I hosted a few radio tributes, with Anton Long, Michael Wysoki, and Heath … . They're still available for your listening pleasure on the KBOO website.

Then, back to work on this project. In April we got in touch with Jason Summers, who made, along with Kate Fix, the documentary film *Unknown Passage: The Dead Moon Story*. Jason and Kate saved us by providing all the interviews with Andrew. I'll say that again. All the interview representation of Andrew was done by Jason and Kate. There is a depressing and incomplete version of this book in a parallel universe where they said no. Lucky for us, we're here in this one. They did the interviews in late December 2001 in Portland, OR and October 3, 2001, in New Orleans, LA.

The interviews with Fred and Toody all happened at their house in Clackamas. The earliest stuff we used was from an interview we did with them for the Mississippi Records reissue of the Rats third and final LP *In A Desperate Red*, and was conducted in the summer of 2013. That record has still not been reissued, but when it is, you'll get the full story of The Rats. Think of this as a sneak preview. The rest of the Fred and Toody interviews were done in 2015 by Eric and me, with Simone helping on two of them and Marat Cackley-Hughes helping with one. We decided to just have one interviewer voice, to make it easier on you all, and to help us keep our personalities out of it.

Our process involved many people. We'd interview them, hand it over to Chanel Adair the Transcriber, and then I'd go to work editing – cutting things, moving them around, making stories make sense, and trying to figure out how to get Fred and Toody and Andrew to talk to each other on paper, through time and space. As Fred said many times, "Ai yai yai."

Once I'd wrestled all the interviews into one document, I handed it over to Alec "Icky" Dunn, a trusted friend who snuck me into the millennium New Year's Dead Moon show at Berbati's. Icky made sure it made sense and cut out what needed to go. He also got Gregory Nipper on board for copyediting. Without these folks, the secret heros, you'd have been waiting for me to do it, and you'd be waiting for years.

While we were working on the main text, Jay Martin was collecting records and going to the ends of the nerd universe to get the discography contents. Eric and Jay have made what promises to be, at this date, the most complete discography of Dead Moon and related contents that exists in our known universe. Meanwhile, Eric was working on the records that accompany this book. They were the first part of our collective vision, and also the first part that was finished.

Simone was in charge of the visual aspect of this book and began working on the layout in April 2017. The photos are by a huge community of people and are credited at the back of the book. Thank you all! Fate is but a rendezvous. Surprises continued to pour in until the last possible moments, like the piece by Mark Sten. "Use it if you want to" – and we did. You are now holding the product of dedication and fanaticism.

Here we go again.

I just knew I had to get on stage and unleash my terror.

FRED COLE

FIRST CUTS

School Days 55-56

You Must
Be a Witch
The Lollipop Shoppe
Produced by Danielle Mauroy for Lord Tim Productions
UNIVERSAL CITY RECORDS A DIVISION OF MCA INC.
UNI 55050

The first thing to turn me on

FRED: The first thing to turn me on ... my mom was working at Safeway in Tacoma. We went down there and saw this band that was playing on the back of a flatbed truck – four cowboys in red cowboy shirts and shit. I was about nine years old and I thought, "Oh my god, this is the coolest thing I've ever seen in my life." I didn't even care what music they were playing, it was just so fucking cool. Then I was ten or eleven and my mom got a 45 of Jerry Lee Lewis doing "Great Balls of Fire." I just knew I had to get onstage and unleash my terror. I went crazy for the song, singing at the top of my lungs and all that shit.

Then, when I was like fourteen, me and my sisters saw The Beatles on their first tour. It killed me. Shortly after that I got this first band together. We had a drummer (laughs) and we played his sister's seventh birthday party. It was our big debut. Then we got a gig at the high school for a talent show. We were supposed to play like three songs. We got through I think one and a half. The principal came out and says, "This is not the kind of talent we want." That was pretty funny. Then I heard about this youth center. So I went down to talk to this guy: "We got this band and I think we can play maybe about twenty minutes." He goes, "Well, it's gonna be about fifty bucks," and I go, "I think we can do that." I go back and tell the other guys we gotta come up with fifty bucks. I think it's a good deal because people are gonna hear us. There was like fifty kids there or so. We did our twenty-minute thing and after I reach in the wallet and pull out the money, he goes, "What're you doing?" I go, "Well you said fifty bucks." He goes, "Yeah, I pay you." I couldn't believe it. It was so much fun, how could you possibly get paid for this? You can have fun and chicks are digging it. I've been working my ass off doing two jobs and going to school and I thought, "Oh fuck, fuck school." I played bass with Barracudas, The Little Red Roosters, and then I got in this one band called The Lords as a bass player. I was singing a little bit. I was getting arrested every night cause we were playing on the Las Vegas strip until 2 a.m. and curfew was midnight. My mom was just fed up with me. "You gotta get it together, Fred, or you're going to prison." I got my GED through Salt Lake college correspondence course. Anyway ... I got into The Weeds with part of the guys from The Lords ...

You skipped the whole Deep Soul Cole thing.

FRED: That was this all-black band and I was the white lead singer. That was about a year before The Weeds. I was about fifteen. Met a lot of different people that were real influential – taught me a lot. I mean, some of the things these assholes would do, I'd go, "I'll never do that," I mean, I'll never ever, ever ... Then other things were really cool.

You knew the guys from The Lords just from the music scene?

FRED: A band called The Us played Vegas at one point. I said, "Hey, I'm getting this band together called The Weeds, you wanna be in it?" We started developing it. I was writing just a few songs at that point. When The Weeds got together, the guy from the radio station was managing us. He claimed that he was gonna marry Hayley Mills and got us this booking in San Francisco with The Yardbirds at the Fillmore. We were gonna have a lot of money from that and then we were gonna go up to Vancouver, BC, because we were all getting draft notices. So we got to San Francisco and of course that was bogus. Some guy told us, "Get the hell out of here." We ran out of gas just coming into Portland. We made it to down into the Park Blocks. I asked this chick on the side of the road if there was some place we could play and pass the hat. She goes, "There's a little coffee house around the corner there called The Folk Singer." Whitey, the owner, was up there doing his shit. Toody was in the back. I came in and go, "Hey man, we're from outta town, we're totally broke. Is there any way we can play a gig here and pass the hat and get some money?" He goes, "Bring your stuff up and we'll see what happens." We got all of our shit up this fucking little tiny stairway. Set up. Played like two songs. He's just sitting there with his mouth open. He goes, "OK. Yeah. OK, I wanna manage you guys." Right there on the spot. And I go, "No, we're heading to Vancouver cause Ed's getting draft notices and I'm next in line." And he's going, "No, oh man. No no no no. You stay here, we'll take care of everything."

Was it usual at the time for people to just say, "Hey, I want to be your manager?"

TOODY: No, they were that good. They really were.

Toody was at that first rehearsal?

FRED: Yeah but she doesn't remember. She doesn't even remember seeing me that first time. But I noticed her when I came in. We didn't actually connect until we played Reed College, I think.

TOODY: I remember seeing you at the club before Reed. I was still going to Portland State.

THIS IS THE WEEDS CIRCA 1966 TAKEN ON THE FIRE ESCAPE OUTSIDE THE CHATEAU REAR ROOM RON ON WINDOWSILL TOP DOWN - FRED ED, TIM, BOB

He was a friend of mine (2)
He was a friend of mine
He was a friend of mine
He was a friend of mine
He was in Dallas town 2 from a six floor window
~~He Came Through Texas for~~
~~Bullets~~ ~~came~~ ~~through~~ A gunner shot him down
He ~~Died~~ ~~got~~ in Dallas town
He never knew ~~to~~ my name (2)
Though I never met him
I knew him just the same
Oh he was a friend of mine
Leader of a nation for such a precious time
He was a friend of mine

1ST VERSION OF THE WEEDS LAS VEGAS 1965 WITH ONLY FRED & ED BOWEN IN THE BAND

SHOT TAKEN LATE 1967 BEFORE RELEASE OF "JUST COLOUR"

FRED: She came out of a gig that we had at Reed College. We went down to this Amato's bowling alley for dollar dinners. It was me and her and Ed and Reina I think. I said, "Hey, why don't I see you tomorrow?" and she goes, "Yeah, whatever, I'm going to college."

TOODY: No, you didn't. You go, "maybe, *maybe* ..."

FRED: No, I said, "Hey, I'll try to come down and see you at college."

TOODY: No, you didn't. You said *maybe* . "*Maybe* I'll be there when you get out of class."

FRED: We're living on Tenth and Powell. I walked across the Ross Island Bridge down to Portland State. It's raining like a motherfucker. I'm waiting outside the main doors because she doesn't tell me where she's actually at. But she's gonna be out of college at four o'clock, so I get down there at like three thirty. I'm waiting out there in the fucking rain.

TOODY: In the Park Blocks.

FRED: I'm trying to get under the little alcove. I had no hat, no coat. I was totally unprepared for Portland.

TOODY: Boots with holes in the bottom.

FRED: We were from Vegas. I was freezing my ass off. My shoes were full of water and fucking just sopping wet. I waited there for probably an hour.

TOODY: I thought, there's no way he's gonna show up. No way.

FRED: After an hour I said "fuck it." Walked all the way back. I was pissed. THEN she comes and sees us at the Folk Singer about two days later. I didn't even say anything. She goes, "What's up?" And I go, "Nothing, don't worry about it. Whatever." Like, fuck you.

TOODY: He told me years later about it.

FRED: No, not years later. I said, "Hey I waited for you I just was wondering what happened to you." And you go, "What do you mean you were waiting for me?" And I go, "I told you I was going to be there," and you go "No! You said you *might* be there."

TOODY: Which to me means no!

FRED: I was just pissed.

What was your major?

TOODY: I was taking psychology, anthropology, just a bunch of just, fiddling around. I only lasted like six months and he kept talking me out of skipping work, skipping school, skipping everything.

FRED: The only thing I ever did at Portland State was play there.

For Immediate Release December 7, 1967

On Sunday morning, December 3rd, at 6:00 A.M. traffic along the Sunset Strip was composed mainly of city crews cleaning up the deluge from the preceding night, a few early church-goers and a brass bed. The sole passenger on the latter vehicle was a young Lolita-like blonde demurely sucking a lollipop. She was being pushed by five young men gently towards the intersection of Sunset and Clarke at a speed well beneath the prescribed limit.

In front of the bed was positioned a photographer who was in the process of taking publicity pictures along with the Lollipop Shoppe, a new rock and roll group managed by the infamous Lord Tim Hudson.

Officer Hull of the L.A. County Sheriff's Department was attempting to explain the situation to his superior officer. He affirmed the fact that he had not been drinking, that there was indeed a brass vehicle in the middle of the highway, and finally, taking out his black pad, wrote: "Obstructing the free passage of a public highway with personal property (bed) in the center of highway."

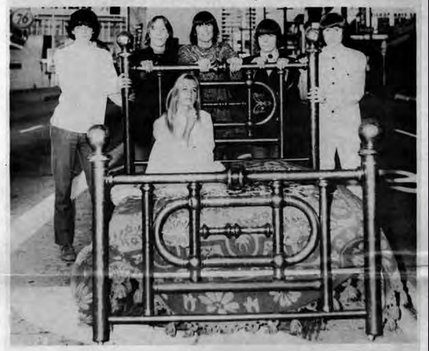
A problem arose as to the vehicle's license number so he wrote down the plate number of the nearest car which happened to be the photographer's. All objections to the sensibility of this last maneuver were overruled and the photographer, Nickola Raicevic, was instructed to appear at the Beverly Hills Municipal Court House on or before December 22nd. Lord Tim is now gathering his legal ammunition and plans to fight the case to the Supreme Court if necessary. But then, musicians and police officers have always made "strange bedfellows".

#30

NOTICE TO APPEAR

DATE 12-3 19 67 A-552851

TIME 6 00 AM DAY OF WEEK SUNDAY



DESCRIPTION OF VIOLATION(S): (1) OBSTRUCTING THE FREE PASSAGE OF A public Hwy WITH PERSONAL property (BED) IN THE CENTER OF Hwy.

COURT Bev Hills Mc
ADDRESS 450 N CRESCENT BLVD
CITY OR TOWN Bev Hills Calif
ON THE 22 DAY OF Dec 19 67 AT 8:30
OR YOU MAY ATTEND NIGHT COURT ARRAIGNMENT
YOU COURT DOES NOT HOLD NIGHT SESSION

FORM APPROVED BY JUDICIAL COUNCIL 7470(1) 1966 #99

The Lollipop Shoppe

Exclusive Direction:
Lord Tim Productions
8255 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

A LAS VEGAS FIRST

THE 1966 BATTLE OF THE BANDS

TEENBEAT CLUB

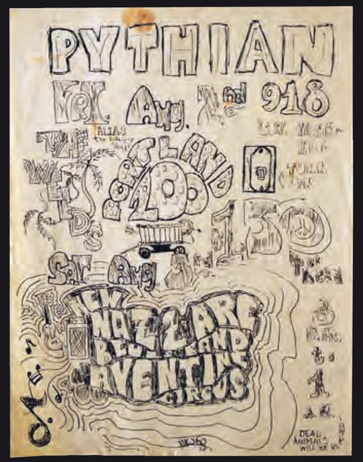
THURS. AUG. 25
7-12 MIDNIGHT
ADM. $1.00

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE LOCAL BAND.

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS IN PRIZES TO WINNING BAND.

DANCE HALL
Rock'n Roll
THE CRYSTAL BALL
WILD WEEDS
REDCOATS
THE UNITED STATES
CADENZA
JAN. 27-28-29
SUN. $1.25 COUPLE $2.00
SW 14TH AND WBURNSIDE

THE CRYSTAL BALL
DANCE HALL
FEATURING ROCK-ROLL
AND
SPLENDIFEROUS
LIGHTSHOW
JAN.
20-21
22
PRESENT
THE WILD WEEDS
TWEEDY BROS.
FAMILY TREE
GAZEBO
LIGHTING
BY THE
INIMITABLE
PURPLE CRUNCH
$1.25 SINGLE
$2.00 COUPLE
9PM-1AM
TICKETS
AT THE DOOR
OPEN WEEKLY


PYTHIAN
THE WILD WEEDS
SAT.
FRI.
SUN.

THE WEEDS
ARE AT THE
COFFEE EXPRESS

THE WEEDS
FROM THE LOLLIPOP
AVENUE SHOPPE
CIRCUS
NEW WALL
at the
PYTHIAN
918 S.W. YAMHILL
JUNE 19
$1.00
SUN.
10

CRYSTAL BALL
PRESENTS
PSYCHEDELIC
THE WILD WEEDS
THE TWEEDY BROS.
FEB. 24-25-26
COMING-MARCH
THE BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD
THE MUSIC MACHINE
THE FAMILY TREE
S.W. 14TH
BURNSIDE
9:00-1:00
$2.00 SUNDAY

PH·PHACTOR
JUG BAND
the WEEDS
CARL SMITH
JAZZ
LITE SHOW
DANCE
ADM·ONE DOLLAR
BLUES
JIM HUNTER
R&B
MISS CEJEM
8PM TO 4AM
FOLK SINGER
409 SW·13TH·AVE·223-0966·
DEC 22 TO JAN 1

I had to sign off all my publishing for a buck.

FRED

FRED: Whitey just immediately got us gigs everywhere. We were playing sometimes three different places in one night. There was that many teenage clubs going on. We'd take every gig that we could get. Then we moved to San Francisco and we're playing almost every night all over the Bay Area. Somebody said, "You guys gotta go to LA and get a record out." We had a vote. I voted that we stay with Whitey and we just tough it out. Everybody else wanted to go to LA and try to get signed, so we went to LA.

In LA, we walked into the first place, which was Lord Tim Productions. We said, "We're from Portland, Oregon, and we've been living in San Francisco and we just wanna do this thing," and he goes, "You got a tape?" Played him the thing and he's goes, "We definitely want to put this out, we definitely want to manage you, we want to we want to we want to."

First stop. And I go, "Should we look around?" "No, man, let's go for this guy!" He got us signed to Uni.

Do you remember much about the contract with Uni?

FRED: We had to sign off everything. I had to sign off all my publishing for a buck. He got all the money and gave us basically an allowance. We were living up in Laurel Canyon. We were signed to William Miller's agency. They were our booking agency. We never saw dime one. And we were playing big shows.

Toody was along with you when you were down in LA?

FRED: She came down after about six months.

TOODY: At Christmastime. Amanda was born in October. It was exciting. We were gonna be, you know, fuck, the next Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull *(laughs)*. We envisioned this romantic fairytale life, traveling all around the world and playing. It was pretty much what everybody was dreaming of at that particular point.

FRED: You take over now, because that's pretty much where you came into the scene big time.

TOODY: The reason he even did these screwball deals was his belief in majority rule – every band member gets an equal vote. At some point he lost that and became a bit more of a dictator *(laughs)*. Learned to at least protect his songs, once he found out what he actually gave away to get that first record to happen. But we talk about that a lot too. That's probably what it took at the time to make all the rest of what has happened in our lives happen, so no harm, no foul.

BLOW OUT! BLOW OUT! BLOW OUT!

THE LOLLIPOP SHOPPE WHEELS AWEIGH

BIL WONG

Zap! It's TEEN's "Blow Out Arrivement," super-group the Lollipop Shoppe! These groovy guys are about to take on the world with their special swingin' music and good looks! They will open up their doors to the world with a little bit of color . . . tomorrow.

Want to know what that means? Simply this. You've heard of folk-rock, acid-rock and flower music? Well, now music takes on shades of color, and the Lollipop Shoppe is holding all the paint brushes!

Let's meet them individually. Lead singer Fred Cole is 19 years old, 6 ft. tall, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Tacoma, Washington, and loves shrimp and crab cocktails, the color green, shy girls, baseball, writing songs, horses, clothes and Little Richard. He hates boots, eggs, hats, prejudice, haircuts and pictures. "I really like to meet people and get to know them. I'm happiest when I'm playing my music, though. It gives me a chance to express myself. The only thing bad about show business is the starvation and false hopes," comments Fred.

Bass guitarist Bob Atkins is 18, has brown hair and hazel eyes and was born in Baltimore, Maryland. He loves steak and eggs, blonde, blue-eyed girls, baseball and the color purple. He enjoys writing music, traveling around and meeting people. "I started playing the guitar in the ninth grade and went on from there. Bo Diddly has influenced me a great deal although today's music is all different and constantly changing," said Bob.

Drummer Tim Rockson is 19 with brown hair and eyes. He is 5'7" and went to Fontana High School. He enjoys making his own clothes and uses a lot of blue. If you're blonde, he'll dig you for sure and especially if you like hamburgers and football games. He thinks he has a crazy personality and loves all his great friends. "I started playing the drums when I was 15 and then I joined the Lollipop Shoppe. My favorite drummer is Buddy Rich and I love the music business because music unites everyone."

Lead guitarist Steve Koski is also 19 and was born in Portland, Oregon. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. He likes girls he can get along with, ones who appreciate homemade things. He also likes milk, fresh air, long hair, moccasins, snow and apple-crisp for dessert. "I think I may seem a little bit strange to people because maybe I don't do the things they do but do some things they wouldn't do," said Steve.

Ron Buzzell is 19 years old and plays rhythm guitar. He has dark brown hair and eyes and loves all girls. He too likes hamburgers, baseball and all types of music. "For relaxation I love to sleep and eat and watch TV. I'm a lazy person, but I'm easygoing and not easily shaken by problems unless they are really bad. I would eventually love to get married when I get enough money and time and have a family," said Ron. □

BLOW OUT IS

Blow Out is!
The name of a 'TEEN TV Special.
It's a dance... It's a superfun smash.
It's a new party for tired teens.
It's a TEEN teen idea.
Need a retread? Don't tune out. Don't drop out.
Grab a tire and roll.
'TEEN co-produced a great TV Special for the California Dairy Council. "Blow Out" was the theme and more than 50 actors and actresses, all real honest-to-goodness teens, were "cast" as white hats.

The result was a super, super, three-night and two-day shooting. The cameras rolled almost a mile of beautiful color film. The theme was told and sung out. Everybody brought their own fun-transport: me and the Lollipop Shoppe greeted with sensational sound. The sound stage was an empty wing in the TEEN building. It was decorated to mad mad sidewalk cafe fashion. The lights of Los Angeles in the background added an exciting dimension. Colonel Sanders provided enough of his delicious fried chicken to feed a regiment. The Dairy Council had special Weight Ice Cream fountains set up to dispense coolers of your choice. The camera crew members were fabulous in their work and patient with the teens who tried, tried, tried and did so very well with their lines and the exciting scenes that add up to such a hit.

Blow Out provided the pros, the movers, the makers, the music. A stimulated conversation between 'TEEN cover girls Kate Nelson and Kathy Fuller worked nutrition into the script. Cameos of teen opinion on everything from Vietnam to marijuana, sex ed and parents gave almost everyone a chance to be "on film."

Could be that the movie and TV stars of the future were discovered during the sessions of hard work. One thing sure, Blow Out has a great future as a feature of teen entertainment.

Five floors above Sunset Blvd. the party began and vibrated pleasantly far below.

The Lollipop Shoppe grooved and the dancers moved around tires. "Blow Out!"

Col. Sanders gave the chicken, and Kathy and Kate loved it. Fashions by Sears.

The parking lot was full of bikes, the best this doublebicycle for four by Yamaha.

Four hours after filming began, "TEEN's teens were tearing up the concrete.

"Blow Out!" was inspired by an artist who filled a room with tires for is happening.

Remember how simple life used to be?
THOUGHT YOU'D GET A KICK OUT OF THIS ARTICLE - TEEN MAG - MAY, 1968 AFTER ED LEFT THE BAND STEVE KOSKI REPLACED HIM FOR A BIT
It still can be
Kotex tampons
STORE COUPON
10¢
SAVE 10¢
on any package of KOTEX TAMPONS
KOTEX TAMPONS
with gentle Insertion Guides (No tubes)

Fair enough. Were you involved in the business dealings from the start?

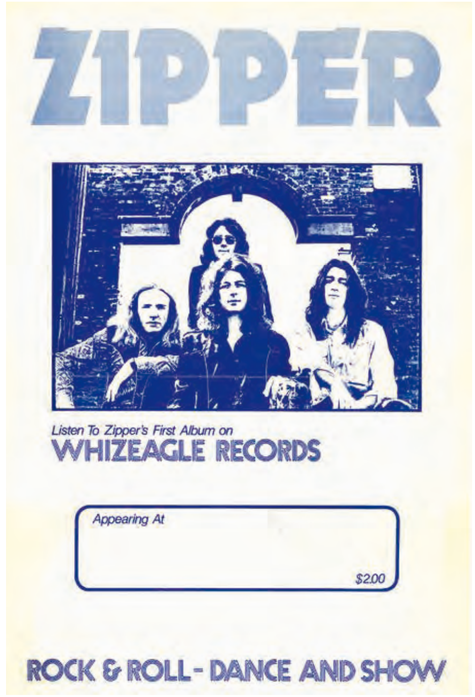
TOODY: No. I was involved in keeping the household together and making whatever money I had for food stretch as far as humanly possible, making sure everybody was healthy and not getting too fucked up, keeping their dope away from my kids, that kind of stuff. The practical stuff. The money was always pretty much out of our hands. Back then anyway we never even saw it. They were paying all the bills and it was in somebody else's name in an account. Once those guys broke up and Fred split and came back to Portland and started a bunch of other meandering bands, we took care of everything. We paid all the bills. We got the house and we decided who was gonna stay and who was gonna go. He was looking for that magic combination again. And I don't think he found it until Dead Moon. There was just something there, it was that other level (laughs).

You came back to Portland right when the band broke up?

TOODY: Yeah, we were here in town for a couple of years. Then we went to the Yukon and were pretty much up there for all of '70. Then we came back to Portland again. That's when Fred started the first guitar shop with his ex-guitar player Ed Bowen. And Shane was born. Right after that we got frustrated again and moved to LA to try to get something going there. He was playing with Bob Tomasky, who claimed to be the bass player in The Left Banke, the band that did "Walk Away Renee"... We were down there from '72 and then we moved back and started Whizeagle's in the spring or early summer of '74. That whole time we did a lot of different things and moved around a lot but musically nothing really jelled. It was just kind of hand-to-mouth and cleaning apartments and sewing and painting people's houses and doing whatever else it took to keep alive.

At one point even trying to homestead?

TOODY: Oh, in Canada, yeah (laughs). That wasn't an attempt to get something going on, that was our attempt to leave it behind and be good with just living a normal simple life. That kind of gets boring after a while. Now we're kind of fulfilling that aspect out here on the property. We've been here for thirty-five years now. It's cool that we've been able in a way to have both.



After The Lollipop Shoppe, the next record that comes out is the Zipper record?

FRED: Yeah.

TOODY: 1974. They played some really decent shows and I thought the record was really good. There's a lot of different people, including Hans Kesteloo from Music Maniac Records, our German label, who always thought that was Fred's best vocal work.

FRED: Ay yai yai.

TOODY: That was pretty much the '70s and then in the meantime, well, god, you were doing Hoodoo.

FRED: We did King Bee, Shadow 66, Underground Railroad, Zap Spangler, Albatross, Red Eye, Pure Mule, Stud. Oh my god. It was a lot of them.

TOODY: There was so much so short lived and nothing really great came out of it.

FRED: All those times we always had all the whole band living in the same place. That's the only way we could afford it. Most of the time we were the only two that were working and the only two that had kids. We had a house full of five guys with their girlfriends sometimes. We'd rent these big old ugly houses in Northeast (Portland) that were condemned, or close to it, for as cheap as we could.

TOODY: Forty-five bucks a month, you know ... places you could actually afford.

FRED: We were buying houses for $1,500, $3,000 and fixing them up and six months later selling them for $4,000 – you know, making an extra thousand dollars and going, Wow!

TOODY: Real money!

FRED: The money was a whole different thing then. A hundred bucks for a gig if we're lucky.

TOODY: That was a lot of money.

FRED: If you tried to get money out of people at the door the most you could get was two bucks. Most of the places we'd play pay out of the bar. They give you a percentage of the bar, like 10 percent, and the guy'd go, "You know, we did a pretty good bar tonight, three hundred bucks, so here's your thirty dollars," and we'd go, "Cool." Thirty bucks sometimes would pay our rent for the month.

A ROCK & ROLL DANCE AND CONCERT

STARRING

ZIPPER

HOO-DOO

NORTHWEST

AT THE

PYTHIAN BALLROOM

918 S.W. YAMHILL

MAY 3

8:00

$3.00

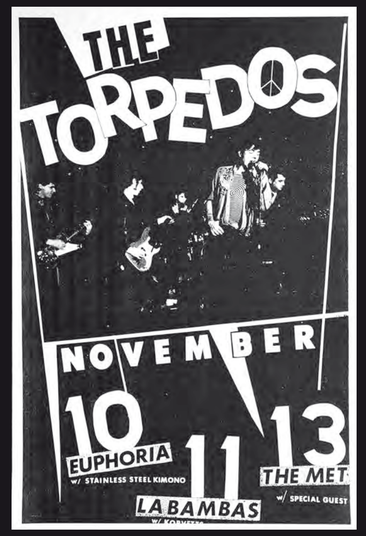
THE TORPEDOS

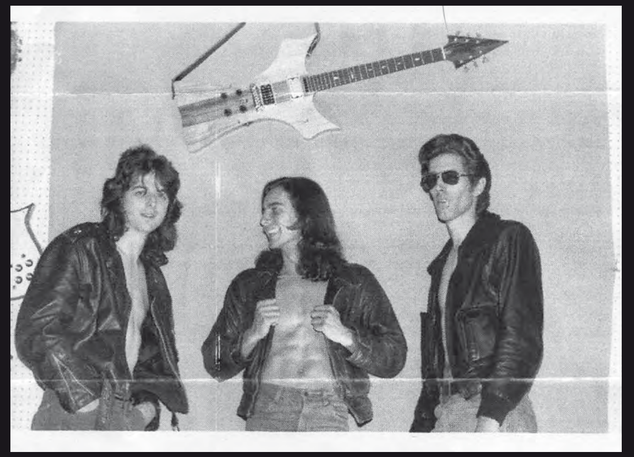
SEPTEMBER

SATURDAY
25TH LUNG FUNG

MONDAY
27TH LA BAMBAS

TUESDAY
28TH THE MET
all ages





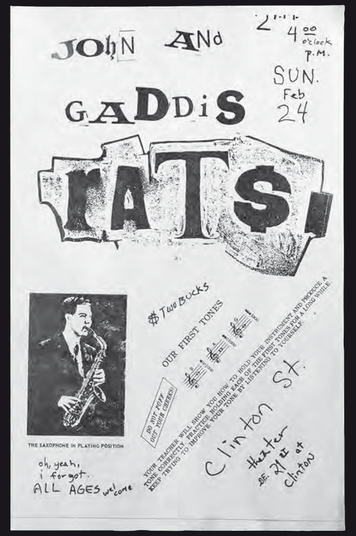
THE TORPEDOS
1981
LOUIE IN BACK
L-TO RIGHT
DAVE CARRY, FRED
MARK NELSON, STEN

THE RATS NOV 8
WITH GLORY SEEKERS
SATYRICON
125 NW 6TH

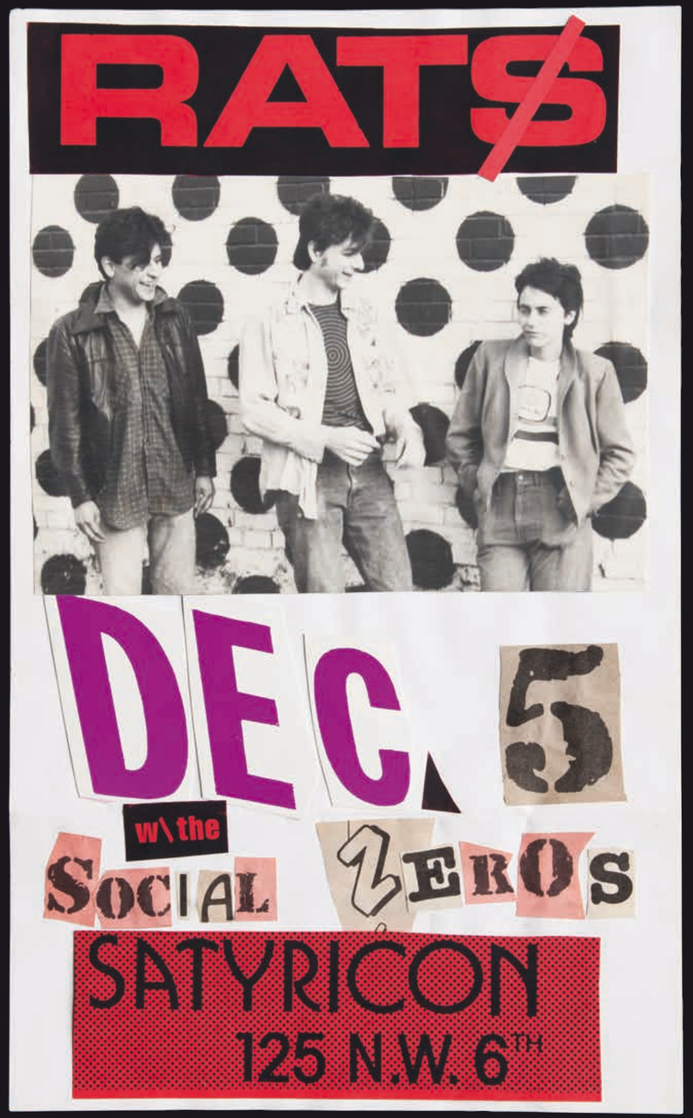
ALTERNATIVE ARTS ASSOCIATION
Presents
NEW YEARS EVE
at PACIFIC ACADEMY
1532 SW MORRISON
8:00 pm
all ages
$3
WITH
BOP ZOMBIES
IMPERIALIST PIGS
RAT$
PREPS
DOTS
SADO-NATION
BRAPHSMEARS
POISON IDEA

We've Got Your Groundhog
IF YOU WAnt him back IN 1 piece
You BETTer BRING $3
TO
oddFEllows hALL
1019 SW 10th
AT 7pM SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2 1980
Neo BOYS
Sadonation
illicit orDER
Rat$
stiphnoYDS
CleAvers
inputs
CriTical point
ICE 9

SLOWTRAIN
- WON'T BE THERE !
STREET CORNER BAND
- WANTED MORE $$$
UPEPO - CANCELLED!
SEAFOOD MAMA - SAID THAT WE MAKE THEM SICK!
SO IT'LL BE
RAT$,
RUDE - AWAKENING
UNTOUCHABLES
AND FIRST APPEARANCE FOR IMPERIALIST PIGS!
CLUB LONG GOODBYE
Thursday - July 10


JOHN AND GADDIS
2nd 4:00 o'clock P.M.
SUN. Feb 24
RATS
THE SAXOPHONE IN PLAYING POSITION
$ TWO BUCKS
OUR FIRST TONES
$1 $2 $3
DO NOT DISTURB
NOW TRAINED WELL UNDER YOU DO NOT DISTURB ANY PERSONS A REST CONTROL TO IMPROVE NOW RATS OF THE LATEST TYPE TROUBLE A KIND WHERE
oh, yeah, I forgot. ALL AGES welcome
Clinton St.
theater at 21E at Clinton

RATS
THUR JULY 12
SATYRICON
125 N.W. 6TH


RAT$
DEC. 5
w\the
SOCIAL ZEROS
SATYRICON
125 N.W. 6TH

My style hasn't changed. My level of expertise has stayed the same.

FRED

TOODY: In 1974, we started the music store, Captain Whizeagle's.

FRED: I was buying broken stuff for real cheap and fixing it up.

TOODY: That's pretty much how we got started. At that particular point shortly thereafter, the early punk rock scene was starting to happen and we were selling instruments to a lot of those guys and kind of getting known in the scene. Greg Sage moved to town and he became a big part of the whole scene, and it just kind of gravitated to when King Bee played that fill-in gig at the Paramount.

FRED: Way before then we were playing pretty fast, and through the years had just gotten slower and slower and dragging. We're playing bluesy kind of whatever.

TOODY: He had just started playing guitar in King Bee.

FRED: Never played on stage guitar before. I'd been playing guitars since I was about fourteen but you know just ... really shit.

TOODY: But he just started playing electric guitar. He'd always used acoustic guitar to write songs and just knew three chords.

FRED: Now I know four.

TOODY: Yeah, but he has different guitar players telling him, "You come up with stuff that looks so easy but I've tried to play it I can't figure it out." It's totally unique and original. That's not Fred Cole playing Eric Clapton, that's Fred Cole, OK?

FRED: My style hasn't changed. My level of expertise has stayed the same.

TOODY: King Bee played as the opener at a show with The Ramones at the Paramount. He thought, "Oh man, I got to be doing something with some energy." So, it was decided: "Punk rock is simple enough, I can sound OK on guitar. I'm going to talk Toody into teaching her how to play bass." I had never played before. Rod Rat was a customer down at Whizeagle's who happened to be our same age and had never played drums. So Fred thought, "Cool. Here's three people who don't have a clue what the fuck they're doing. Sounds like a band."

FRED: We called it Rats because ...

TOODY: ... in the Chinese calendar it's the year of the rat and we're all born in '48.

Did The Rats have a fan base?

TOODY: By today's standards, there was never all that many people. Fifty would be a killer turnout if D.O.A. or the Subhumans were playing or Black Flag. You forget how – it was totally different then. And we were way melodic. There was always that little hint of psychedelia and rhythm and blues. Basically all of his influences growing up and still to this day you can still hear they're there.

original artwork

What happened with Rod?

TOODY: He committed suicide, unfortunately. Shot himself.

While you guys were still playing together?

TOODY: No, this is after we had started playing with Sam. We got way more professional-sounding in a way. Rod was Animal on drums, which was great but Sam brought that flavor in where we were able to do more and consequently get better ourselves. It was Sam's choice to leave.

FRED: Louie just came walking into the store one day and he goes, "Yeah, I just moved up from Eugene. I play drums." I go, "Oh really? You got a drum set?" He goes, "No." I go, "Well, we got drum sets. You want to jam?" He goes, "Sure." Threw a drum set together, we played. I said, fine, great. Guy can play. Good to go – so we started. That was with Louie.

So, you've been a band for eight years and things weren't really hitting.

FRED: When it's at the bottom there's no hitting.

TOODY: That's basically why he ended The Rats. He was so pissed off.

FRED: Drummers leaving us one way or the other, either suicide or bailing. I was basically getting real bored with the punk scene, so we started playing less and less Rats gigs. Our kids were really getting fed up with us not being around, period.

What were the things that you've learned from The Rats that you brought to Dead Moon?

TOODY: Everybody's a rolling stone – you just keep gathering whatever your influences are along the way. It just becomes part of you and part of your life.

FRED: Stay with it. It's just part of the learning process, things that work, things that don't work, and eventually as you get older you just develop more and more a style of what's going to work.

TOODY: And part of it is just things that your own conscience tells you to do or not to do.

FRED: I started doing this Western Front thing and that started going over really well. Then Toody and I said we need a vacation. That was The Range Rats. Three months in the van staying alive just playing these little gold mining towns all over Nevada and Northern California. We got this little circuit going and it was just fine.

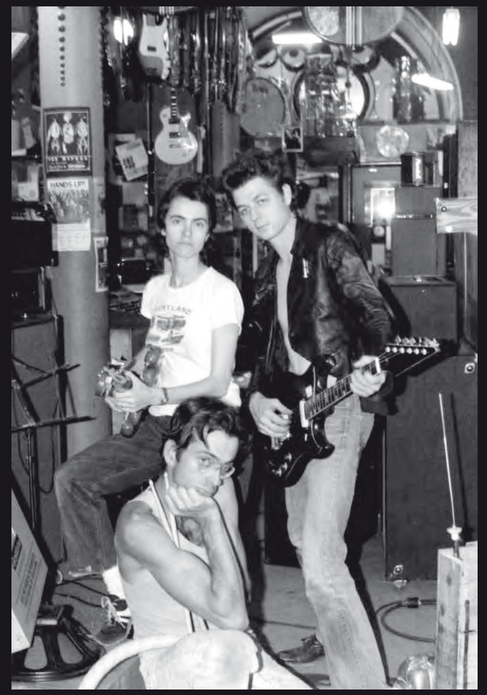
TOODY: It was just something different to do.

FRED: We played country and we got bored. That's when we decided to do Dead Moon.

Everybody's a rolling stone – you just keep gathering whatever your influences are along the way.

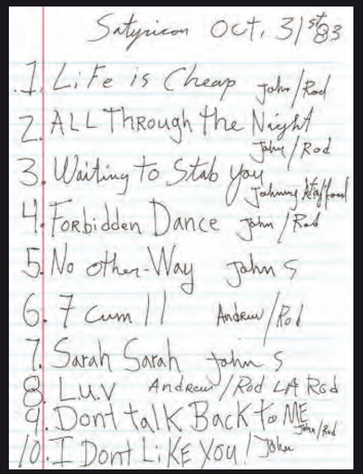
TOODY

THE RATS



rATs

SATYRICON
SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY
OCT
OPEN MIKE FOR PLAYWRITES
LOS JACKALS
POETRY
CROW + SURF COWBOYS
FROM L.A. GREEN ON RED + GREG KAGE
FROM S.F. BLACK ATHLETES + VOX NIRVANA
REGGAE FROM UGANDA JAY WALKERS
OPEN MIKE FOR PLAYWRITES
JOHN LEARNS BIRTHDAY PARTY WITH THE BOARS + GUESTS
POETRY
FROM WASHINGTON DIE KREUZER + POISON IDEA + MORE
SPECIAL K
FROM SEATTLE MOVING PARTS + GUESTS
OREGON DEMOCRATIC PARTY WORKS BENEFIT 3 BANDS
OPEN MIKE FOR PLAYWRITES
LOS JACKALS
POETRY
TERRY ROBB & TWO LANE BLACKTOP
FROM L.A. THE THINGS + MONICA WORKS IS SOMEPLACE
THE DESPERATE EDGE (NEWEST MEMBER) + GUESTS
WESTERN FRONT + SURF COWBOYS
OPEN MIKE FOR PLAYWRITES
LOS JACKALS
POETRY
FROM L.A. PRESENCE 25 GRAVE + SPECIAL GUESTS
NAPALM BEACH + GUESTS
THE BOY WONDERS
T.B.A.
OPEN MIKE FOR PLAYWRITES
LOS JACKALS
T.B.A.
* ADVANCE TICKETS FOR THESE MONQUI SHOWS AVAILABLE AT: SINGLES GOING STEADY-2ND AVE RECORDS-ALL BARS OUTLET BAY THE SATYRICON
125 NW 6TH

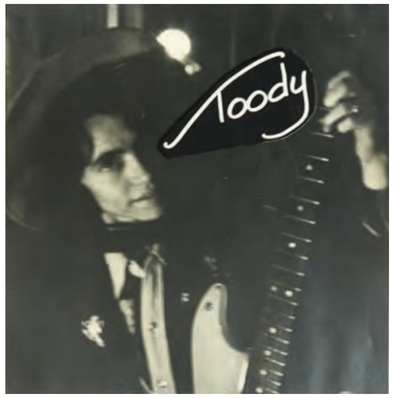

Satyricon Oct. 31st 83

1. Life is Cheap John/Rod
2. ALL Through the Night John/Rod
3. Waiting to Stab you Johnny Kaffood
4. Forbidden Dance John/Rod
5. No other Way John S
6. 7 cum 11 Andrew/Rod
7. Sarah Sarah John S
8. Luv Andrew/Rod LA Rod
9. Dont talk Back to ME John/Rod
10. I Dont Like You! John

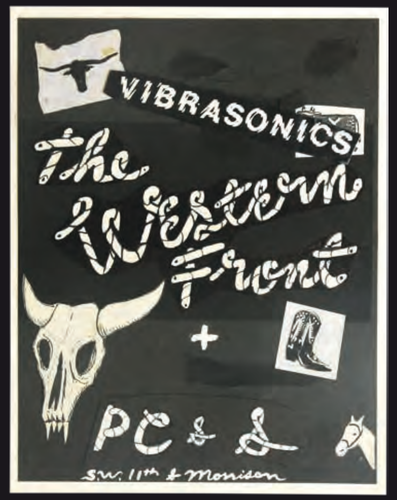
BAND OF THE WEEK
The Boy Wonders
Holy smoke, Batman, this band reeks! The Boy Wonders are one of Portland's hottest trios with Rod Batiste (left) on guitar, John Stafford (center) on bass and lead vocals and Andrew Loomis (right) on drums. What these bad boys lack in technical expertise, they more than make up for in energy and charisma. With a Wham! and a Bam! and a touch of glam, the boys rock!

We appreciate you taking
The time to listen to this
tape.

Fred & Toody
& the
Rage Rats

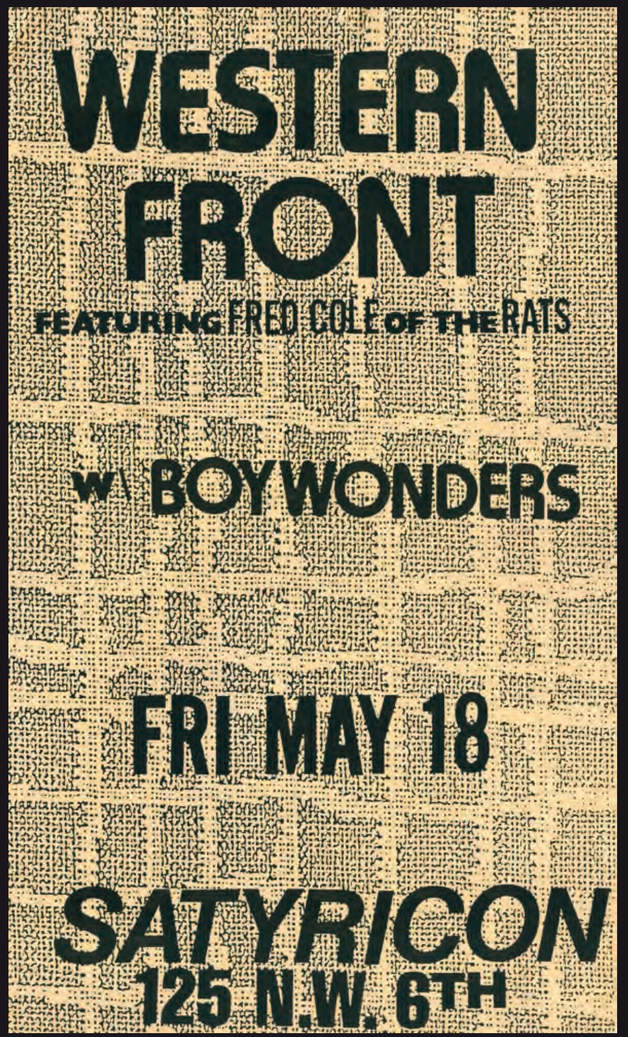


HO HO HODOWN
COWPUNK CHICKENSTOMP
REBEL KIND
RANCHO NOTORIOUS
RANGE RATS
LONE STRANGERS
BADLANDS
ED "THE GRINCH" JONES M.C.
DEC 20
SATYRICON
MXK86


VIBRASONICS
The Western Front
+
PC & J
SW 11th & Morrison

SNEAKY PETES
NE 60th & Glisan
NOV 30
WESTERN FRONT
NO COVER

WESTERN FRONT
THUR
JAN
2ND
$2
REBEL KIND
SATYRICON
125 NW 6TH
MXK


WESTERN FRONT
FEATURING FRED COLE OF THE RATS
W/ BOYWONDERS
FRI MAY 18
SATYRICON
125 N.W. 6TH

We played country and we got bored. That's when we decided to do Dead Moon.

FRED COLE

DEAD MOON

Fuck this shit. Let's just play some old Rock'n'Roll.

FRED

ANDREW: Fred and Toody I've known them for a looooong time. They had a music store called Captain Whizeagle's downtown when punk rock was just starting. They sold me my first drum set after I ended selling weenies on the corner. I borrowed $185 from my older brother. Fred was behind the counter and Toody's brother Pat was working, too. Fred, typical Fred, cigarette hanging out of the fucking mouth behind the counter, "So what are you playing, jazz, punk rock? You want something you can beat the shit out of?" And I was like, "Yeah," and he's like, "OK, well, Pat (grumble), the blue pearl (grumble)," so I got that. Still owe my brother 185 bucks! They did a lot for music around Portland. I went and saw anything that Fred was in. Toody wasn't even playing in a band then. The first time I saw them play together was with The Rats. I saw them with the three different drummers. Went through Rod, Sam, then Louie. The Rats was my first and still are my favorite band. Because when I listen to music it's the same as smells or something: it'll take you (claps hands together) right back to that day or whatever. They send me. I put those records on and I'm just, "Wow!"

TOODY: I remember seeing Andrew working at Satyricon. He was probably barely old enough to even be in the joint. But we didn't really know him – we'd seen him around, from playing Satyricon and whatnot. He just looked interesting, like a person we wanted to meet.

FRED: I'm a real believer in destiny. I'm a real believer in karma and chemistry and all the shit. The first time I remember seeing him, he was walking down the street with Kat. I just thought "Oh, flamboyant motherfucker, that dude looks really cool." Next time I saw him, he was playing in Boy Wonders. I wasn't real terribly impressed with his playing per se as I was with the way he looked on stage, and the possibilities. This was when we were in The Rats. When we got fed up with The Rats, we decided to start playing our country shit. So I thought, "OK, let's give this guy a go." So we had a practice with Andrew playing country. Actually, I asked his brother, because they looked so much alike.

ANDREW: This one day, my little brother called me up and he goes, "You really got to talk to Fred." I was like, "Why?" "He spent an hour and a half talking to me about this new band" At the time, me and my little brother, people always thought we were twins. But they did this thing called the Range Rats and it was in between country and punk. I was totally

intimidated. I couldn't do it. I get the drums the way that I'm used to playing them, and I came out just playing trash.

FRED: It was just a fucking disaster. We tried all kinds of country beats ...

TOODY: He tried like crazy.

FRED: And he'd go (makes messed up drum sounds). And I'd go, "Oh man, that is so fucking not right. Have you ever heard country?" He goes, "Yeah, I love country". I go, "Did you ever listen to the drums?"

ANDREW: They were nice about lettin' me down easy. But I took it hard.

FRED: We did the Range Rats and then we finally decided, "Fuck this shit. Let's just play some old Rock'n'Roll."

TOODY: Our plan at first was just to do nothing but cover songs, and that's pretty much what we did for the first three to six months.

FRED: I said, "Let's try that Andrew dude out again." I know he can play just something really basic. He was really solid on that shit.

ANDREW: I started playing and just never stopped.

FRED: At first he just wanted to play cymbals. I go, "Just fucking play snare and kick and high hat. And very seldom use those fucking cymbals." He wanted to be this flamboyant drummer playing all this shit.

TOODY: He found his own niche and really got his own style down, and he's completely well known for that. He's his own original.

What year is this?

TOODY: '87

What kind of stuff were you covering?

FRED: Just a bunch of old kind of underground '60s shit — "Communication Breakdown," "Time Has Come Today," "Hey Joe"—a lot of it we recorded. We kept fucking around with "Folsom Prison Blues" and Andrew finally got it. Then he wanted to play it all the time once he had it.

TOODY: Which was cool. It became a trademark down the line. Everybody knew when we started playing "Ring of Fire," some kind of country stuff, we were done. That was it.

FRED: We'd already played two hours. As soon as you hear country shit, bye!

ANDREW: When we first went to Europe we got this reputation as being the longest-playing band – "Whoa, they played forever." We got worn out a few times, but we've gone out and kicked ass for a long time, too. We hold our own, but it's safe to say we get on by midnight and the bars close at 2:30 and we're usually playing up until then.

FRED: The big rumor was that we played until the candle burned out. Where the fuck was that?

TOODY: Bordeaux, France!

FRED: About four guys come lugging in this fucking candle that was about two feet tall and a foot around, OK? They bring it up on the stage. "You play till the candle burns out!" Fuck!

TOODY: Yeah, right.

FRED: That'd be like two months, OK?

He's his own original.

TOODY

The chemistry was right, the magic was there.

TOODY

Tell us about the first shows.

FRED: Our first gig was at Long Goodbye after it had totally gone to shit. On Monday they had comedy night, so like ten comedians would come in at eight o'clock and do their fifteen minutes of standup comedy shit, right? They put us on at like one in the morning. Four people came, because they were desperate for a beer, and there was no place else within walking distance. That was our first gig. We did it every Monday night for a month—four Mondays in a row. And by the time we got done, we had built the crowd up to like, I think, twenty to twenty-five people. We had this one chick that was out in the front: "Dead Moo! Dead Moo! I love Dead Moo!" Fucking god.

TOODY: We paid our dues, OK? (laughter).

FRED: "I love Dead Moo!" Fucking dead cow.

TOODY: We pretty much played any little gig we could get. It was more about the stage experience. Practice is OK, but onstage is invaluable. And Fred and I hate to practice.

FRED: We had to drive in and pick up Andrew and get back out to the store.

TOODY: At that point it was easier just to have a gig. We played several times a week at all these weird little places. I think around six months or so we started throwing in some original stuff. The chemistry was right, the magic was there. Fred just reverted to his roots and really started getting in the psyche of writing the way he started out writing ...

FRED: Real simple.

TOODY: It just felt awesome. Really refreshing to just get back to where you started and what you feel like you're really good at.

ANDREW: It was Rock'n'Roll. He was Rock'n'Roll. He just plants his feet and no running around, just bam, fucking yeah. He just kicks your ass. We're a live band and if you come, you either get it or you don't. If you don't get it, I don't want to deal with you (laughs). Black and white and yin and yang or whatever. Whatever floats your boat, and they float my boat. He's badass, I'm a Fred fan.

How did you get the name Dead Moon?

FRED: That's from when Toody and I were doing our country shit. We played all these mining towns down through Nevada and California for three months during the summer. The moon was coming up over this hill just after sunset and it was just bloody red.

TOODY: He was already scheming on trying to get some rock and roll together.

FRED: I go, "Oh, Toody, I got the perfect name for this band: Blood Moon." She goes, "Oh my god, that's horrible! No fucking way!" And I go, "What, it's perfect. Blood Moon, just think about it!" She goes, "I am thinking about it! Shut up!"

TOODY: You can thank me that we're not the legendary Blood Moon cause I don't think it would have happened. He was raving about that for about the next, I don't know, twenty or thirty miles. Then we got silent again.

It looked like a gnarly version of the man on the moon, soft and curvy ... no way!

TOODY

FRED: "OK, not Blood Moon. How about Dead Moon?" And she goes, "That's pretty fucking cool."

TOODY: I go, "Bingo Ringo" (laughter).

FRED: Dead Moon. Then the more we thought about it ...

TOODY: He goes, "Oh man, two words, they're each four letters just like Fred Cole. Eight is my lucky number." All the elements were there.

FRED: I started thinking, "OK, how does a Dead Moon look? Maybe if it was the head was a skull and somehow looked like a moon?" I had all these ideas. Then I ran it by Kelly Manahan when we got back. He comes up with these drawings. He loves drawing. He loves to draw clowns, so the first one we had looked like a fucking clown with a ...

TOODY: It looked like a gnarly version of the man on the moon, soft and curvy ... no way!

FRED: I want some teeth and fucking vicious looking. This looks like a friendly little fucking dwarf! We went around and around. He kept bringing pictures. Every night he'd go home and draw something and bring it to me. "How about this?"

DEAD
TOMBSTONE
RECORDS
MUSIC TOO TOUGH TO
DEAD
MOON

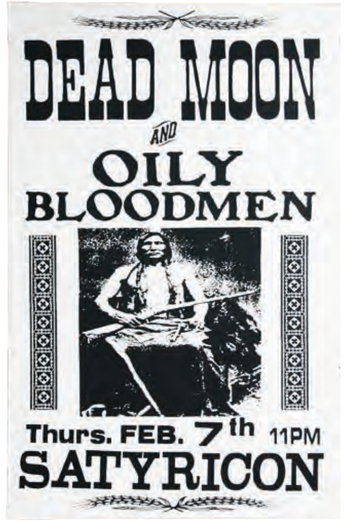
DEAD
MOON

DEAD
MOON

DEAD
MOON

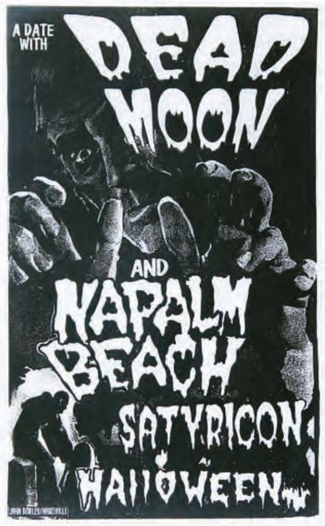
DEAD MOON
HALLOWEEN
SOON
OCT31
SATYRICON

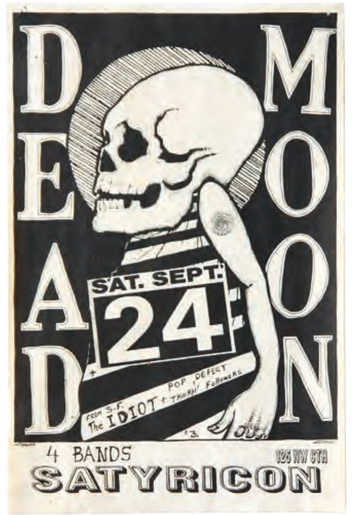
30.06
CANDY 500
DEAD MOON
SATYRICON


DEAD MOON
AND
OILY
BLOODMEN
Thurs. FEB. 7th 11PM
SATYRICON

DEAD MOON
& Girl Trouble
with
The Oblivion Seekers
DEC30
Satyricon
Happy Birthday Toody

UNKNOWN
PASSAGE
DEAD MOON
UNKNOWN SOLDIER
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
no cover
AUG
17
SATYRICON


A DATE WITH
DEAD MOON
AND
NAPALM BEACH
SATYRICON
HALLOWEEN


DEAD MOON
SAT. SEPT.
24
4 BANDS
SATYRICON

We’re a live band and if you come, you either get it or you don’t.

ANDREW

TOODY: And Fred would go, "No, gnarlier."

FRED: Finally he brings this one.

TOODY: Kelly goes, "This is a little over-the-top but maybe this is what you have in mind."

FRED: I go, "This is totally perfect." He goes, "Well, there's a couple changes I want to make," and I go, "Kelly don't touch that fucking thing – that's it!" I grabbed the artwork and I says, "Man, I'm gonna Xerox it, cause if you go home and change it we'll never see that again!'

How did you meet Kelly Manahan?

TOODY: We moved out to Clackamas in '86 and we met him in early '87. He was around twenty, twenty-one.

FRED: He came into the store and gave me this big picture that he'd drawn and goes, "This really reminds me of you, Fred. I just wanted to bring it to you." I still have it upstairs. And I said "Wow! What're you doing?" He goes, "I paint pottery and stuff." I go, "You wanna gig at the store here? Selling guitars and stuff?"

TOODY: "I've never done that before."

FRED: I go, "I'll show you, it's not a problem. Do you know how to count money?" Whatever. So we hired him. He started helping with artwork and stuff like that. He was pretty much just a kid.

TOODY: It worked out great. Loyal as whatever, and he's got his own guitar shop now so I guess he did learn a thing or two.

Did moving to Clackamas change your part in the music scene?

TOODY: We thought we'd come out here and just be completely removed from the scene and be living this calm, serene, little country life (laughs). Never happened. All of a sudden the store started taking off and we had all kinds of people that go, "Oh, thank god you guys moved out here, we were driving all the way downtown from Estacada" and blah blah. We found a whole new crop of customers and a shitload of people kept coming from Portland.

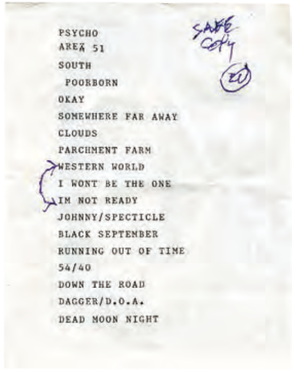
So you start doing your own recordings. It's a control thing?

FRED: Yeah.

TOODY: Also we were working the store and it was just more convenient to get Andrew and be able to record when we felt like it. He'd usually just hang and stay overnight and we'd take him back the next day.

The first record is really well sequenced ...

TOODY: You will not believe how bad and how long Fred stresses over either a set list or how an album is gonna play from the top to when you flip it over and badumbump. It's very important to him that it has a certain rollercoaster consistency and the fact that it hits you on different levels and it's a little bit of everything.


PSYCHO
AREA 51
SOUTH
POORBORN
OKAY
SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY
CLOUDS
PARCHMENT FARM
WESTERN WORLD
I WONT BE THE ONE
IM NOT READY
JOHNNY/SPECTICLE
BLACK SEPTEMBER
RUNNING OUT OF TIME
54/40
DOWN THE ROAD
DAGGER/D.O.A.
DEAD MOON NIGHT
SAVE COPY

TOODY: Basically that first song has got to grab you enough to where you're gonna want to hang out and see what comes next and then see what comes next instead of walking to the next bar down the road.

You recorded at home?

FRED: Yeah, upstairs. We used to put Toody's bass in the bathtub. Andrew was in the recording room, and I was in the room with the tape recorder. We had cords running all over the house.

TOODY: There's a cutout with Plexiglas in the closet, so he could see and let us know he was gonna roll the tape (laughs).

FRED: We had headphones and then they kept falling off everybody's head. Then they had the duct tape thing. I'm trying to talk, nobody could hear me because they had the headphones on, and we couldn't get them off because we had duct tape running around and it was sticking in our hair. We'd have to take scissors and cut the duct tape off.

TOODY: Then after we just did it more like a live recording, with scratch vocals. That's why there's a lot of bleed through on everything.

FRED: It's so fucking noisy. Shit.

TOODY: He had everything mic'd separately so he could go back and mix drums and do all that but there's a few songs that just got a virtual scratch vocal on them.

TOODY: This was all done on the 8 track.

Then you're mixing them down...

FRED: To the 2 track. In The Rats, we thought we had to go to a regular studio. It cost us quite a bit of money, like fucking $80 an hour. I said, "When does the clock start running?" The guy's going, "Well, as soon as you walk in the door." I mean, fuck! So I get this guy racing around getting the mics set up. I'm watching the clock. I was just freaking.

FRED: It's like the way I ran the Portland marathon when I was sixty. Fast, fast, slooooooooooooowww. Faster, faster, faster, realllly slooooowww. Really slooooooowwww (everyone laughs).

TOODY: He used to make cassette tapes and would have the order and we'd listen to them in the car over and over again.

FRED: I have to listen to them a whole bunch of times. It gets to the point when I think I hate all these fucking songs. Let's start all over! Toody'd go, "What are you talking about? Sounds great!" My brain was so overloaded with this crap. Uuugghh. I'd just hide in the recording room and let Toody do all her shit. Until she hears it twenty times and then she goes "OK, Fred, I think you're right, it really sucks."

We used to put Toody's bass in the bathtub.

FRED

I hate listening to records on something that's state of the art.

FRED

TOODY: The other factor was honestly he'd been jonesin' on a really good reel-to-reel. We finally went down to Showcase Music. He bought that 8 track. It was expensive enough to where he had guilt about buying it so he was damn well gonna make sure he used it for anything and everything to get his money's worth, which he obviously did (laughs).

How are you splitting up those 8 tracks? How are the drums mic'd?

FRED: I used usually three mics. One on the kick drum, one between the snare and the high hat, and then an overhead to cover the floor tom and the other cymbal. If you got a mic between the high hat and the snare you're picking up both of those, which I think are the most important pieces. I usually mic the kick drum inside. I'd put a pillow in there and lay the mic down. To me that's optimum drums, cause that's all you really need to hear.

TOODY: The first albums were real shitty mics and then he slowly got better mics.

FRED: Mics that work the best are mics that pick up sounds. Once it picks up sounds then I go from there.

TOODY: All we used at first was just SM 57s and 58s. He experimented with all kinds of different stuff.

FRED: I got these really cheap square biscuit mics, $39. I got about six of them, OK? They work beautiful for kick drum and bass. They don't work on anything else. The silver side is bright and the black side is bassier. They work killer.

TOODY: Then we've got an old Shure ribbon mic that we acquired somewhere along the line. We experimented but there's a lot of stuff that we got used to using, 58s especially for vocals. That's usually what we kept going back to all the time, and what we were used to ourselves sounding like.

Then you'd cut to the lathe directly from the 2 track. When did you start doing your own lathe cuts?

TOODY: We started doing that with "Parchment" from the first 7-inch. Every master was done on that. Then you'd take the test cuts to Satyricon ...

FRED: Put 'em on the jukebox. See how they sounded, to see how they stood up to the other stuff that was on the jukebox down there. I hate listening to records on something that's state of the art. Ninety percent of the people out there have the same kind of shit I got. So I put it on the worst thing I got, which is the record player I have in our bedroom. It's an old high-school record player and funky little speaker. If the shit sounds good on that and you can hear everything, it's good to go. It's the same reason I do everything in mono – not just because all we have is the mono disc cutter, but I love mono. I want to make sure that even if you're playing it in a stereo situation and one of your sides is out, you're still hearing the whole record. I hate putting stuff on and all of a sudden my left speaker blows and, oh, OK great, I'm hearing the guitar and a little kick drum and the backup vocals or some shit.

How did the lathe come into your life?

FRED: Here again I just hated all this high-tech shit. Every time I'd send a record off or you'd get a record in the old days it sounds totally different than the tape I sent them. It was so washed out or no volume. This and that. So I go, "Man, Toody, I'm gonna get a lathe and learn how to do this." I checked all over the fucking place. People are talking like $10,000 and I go, "Oh, they're fucking out of their minds."

TOODY: Too cheap to go that route.

FRED: Somebody tells me about this old lathe down in a wrecked studio. So I called them up and they go, "Yeah, yeah, we got a lathe down there." I go, "How much do you want for it?" They go, "Well, no one even knows if it works. We're just are saving it as a keepsake because it cut 'Louie Louie.'"

TOODY: It used to be at KISN radio.

FRED: "Well, I'd love to buy it. How much?" "No, we're just gonna hang onto it." I called them a couple different times – maybe I could just borrow it or whatever. And they go, "No no no, just forget about it, Fred." This was like in June '87.

TOODY: He pretty much gave up on it. His birthday was coming up in August and he's not the easiest man to buy stuff for, so I decided to call. I don't know why they went for it. I told them what the deal was and that it was for Fred's birthday and they said, "Well, OK. You can have it for $200. You arrange to come over here and no guarantees it's gonna work or anything." And I go, "Man, it really won't matter! This is just a cream dream of Fred's and he'll just be thrilled and spend the next three years just trying to put the thing together."

FRED: So on my birthday we were down maybe at the coast. She goes, "Oh, by the way, Fred, I got you the disc cutter." I go, "What?!" She goes, "But we have to go pick it up, OK?" So we came back, picked up Andrew. It was in a whole bunch of boxes, heavier than shit! All three of us went down to pick it all up, loaded it in the van in pieces and brought it out here, got it up these fucking stairs. It took all three of us to get it up the stairs. Then here I'm sitting in the room there with all these boxes of parts and shit, a schematic that had been altered about twenty times. Still to this day I don't have the EQ hooked up to it because I can't figure it out!

TOODY: Luckily it had the original little manual and schematics. Otherwise I don't think he ever could have figured it out.

FRED: It took me about three months to put this together. I first had to keep cutting these blanks and they were expensive as hell. So I'd just cut like a minute, and it'd just be nothing but shhhhhhhhh. I'd do all the fucking adjustments and try everything else — shhhhhhhhhhh. Then I started to get some kind of sound going. Holy fuck! Then all of a sudden I'm starting to hear a little bit of music. Then I just kept retweaking everything and finally I put one cut on there and it was there.

TOODY: "Don't touch anything, I don't know how I did it!"

FRED: When I got it working, I just couldn't even believe it. It was like, oh my fucking god!

TOODY: He's a nervous wreck when he's using it, though. Watching all the little meters. You pretty much have to have all that dialed in in the mix and have it be pretty straightforward. There's no changing it after that.

FRED: You can't stop it in the middle and readjust anything and then start again.

TOODY: It's gotta be one continuous cut.

FRED: One continuous fucking thing. And besides that, the vacuum I got up there catches on some of the threads cause I had to cut off ...

TOODY: You get these big balls of vinyl accumulating around the needle and you're trying to pull 'em off as the thing is cutting. The vacuum works part of the time, but not all of the time.

FRED: Fucking nightmare. And I'll get a q-tip under there and try to get the shit while I'm listening to it.

TOODY: But the lacquer is so soft you can't really touch it with anything, you know. It's a riot. It's a complete dog and pony show.

★

How did the people start finding you?

FRED: It took two years, two and a half years ...

TOODY: We had a couple of albums, Graveyard and Unknown Passage , when we were starting to draw fairly decently here in Portland.

FRED: And then we got this offer to go play in Holland at Vera.

TOODY: After we'd done that Vera show, Greg Sage from the Wipers came back from one of his tours and said, "This guy Hans Kesteloo from Music Maniac Records really, really wants to get ahold of you."

FRED: This guy called us long distance from Germany and I couldn't understand a fucking word he was saying on the phone. And I go, "I'm not into this shit. I'm not the kind of guy you want to deal with."

TOODY: Fred basically tried to talk him out of it.

FRED: So he calls us about four times. Then, I had just gotten this video camera. Toody and I got drunk and fucking sat there filming. I go, "Man, quit wasting your phone calls, cause I know these are costing like fifty dollars a fucking pop" (laughter). "I just want to let you know that we've gone through the major label thing. I'm not into that." I'm telling this guy all the reasons. I filled up the whole tape, maybe two hours long. We sent him this tape, and I thought, "Man, OK, that's it." He sends us back a tape (laughter). An hour-and-a-half cassette tape of all the reasons why we should give him a shot. He can get us a tour, he can do this, he can do that.

TOODY: That was the carrot: "I can get you a tour in Europe and I can get you European distribution." I basically talked him into it: "Let's give these guys a shot."

FRED: Sounded good.

TOODY: His label was in Germany, kind of by Stuttgart, and he's Dutch, so everything that we ended up doing was all based in Holland. Our agency Paperclip was there.

FRED: He lined us up with a publishing company.

TOODY: And with Edwin, who was our tour manager and sound guy.

How did Hans hear of you?

TOODY: He knew of Fred from the Lollipop Shoppe. He's a '60s freak from hell. Had a huge, huge record collection. Had all Fred's records and this and that. He knew every garage band that was ever in America. Seriously. He totally does. I mean the most obscure of the obscure. That's how he knew of Fred.

FRED: He knew The Rats.

TOODY: He knew of a lot of the stuff that we'd done and really loved the Zipper album. So it was more like he was going after this '60s legend that was gonna be his cream dream to have on his label. It ended up being a really good partnership. We're great friends for many, many, many years.

How were you distributing that first record?

FRED: We had a little funky catalog. Somebody wrote our P.O. box for a catalog and we'd send them a list of what records were on Tombstone (Records), which was like all these 45s. Part of them were us and part of them were other bands. We'd sell our shit through there. It was so Mickey Mouse.

TOODY: At that particular period, we met Dave Crider from Estrus. He had a funky little distribution setup. We used to pump him for information and then we'd sell stuff through him.

When that started, you were working day jobs?

TOODY: Yeah, we'd been working day jobs forever. Since '74.

Where was Andrew working back then?

TOODY: When we first met him he was working at Nordstrom's.

FRED: Selling men's clothes. He had to wear this gold lamé jacket.

TOODY: That was when he was in Boy Wonders. By the time he was playing with Dead Moon he was pretty much just working Satyricon off and on. And I don't know, just odd-jobbin' it. And like every good drummer, he always had a girlfriend (laughter).

And you were running Tombstone full time.

TOODY: Yeah.

Here in Portland, what was the scene like overall for you?

TOODY: The scene was growing, period. Satyricon was really starting to take off and there were a lot of different places in town that were happening. A lot of bands that were up and coming and really had a good vibe.

This is 1990-ish?

TOODY: Yeah ... early '90s. One thing I always loved about Portland was that everybody went in a little bit different direction. Everybody really had their own kind of unique identity. It made for a really viable scene. Everybody had their own little draws and everything was four or five band show, so, shit, usually the place was packed.

FRED: We'd come to the gigs and women weren't intimidated by being there. At that point I think a lot of women were really intimidated to go to punk gigs by themselves because there wasn't hardly any other women there.

TOODY: It didn't take that much time until there were a lot of women playing in bands and that really turned it around – Neo Boys and me and Ronnie Noize.

FRED: Every band in this fucking town is pretty original. I mean, we have a certain kind of something with the water or some shit. Whatever. But it's more camaraderie here and support from the public, from the fans, from the musicians. Seattle on a whole had this particular sound. They all got grouped into the same thing and were getting signed to major labels.

TOODY: It's always been part of Fred's philosophy to not jump on the bandwagon just to be successful.

The faster you get to the top, the faster you go down.

FRED

FRED: The faster you get to the top, the faster you go down. If you get a band together and you make it to the top in a year, then you got about a year before you're gonna be at the bottom again. That's the way I look at it.

TOODY: Ain't long enough for him.

FRED: If it takes you twenty years to get to the top then maybe you'll have a career for twenty years to get to the bottom, so you got a long fucking career, you know? And I intend to be around for a long time.

Did you get offers?

FRED: I think everybody knew right off the bat from interviews that I wasn't gonna sign with anybody.

TOODY: We're happy putting out our own product and working with our small labels.

ANDREW: We've given people our stuff to distribute, but we're independent. I mean, we record it ourselves, we master it ourselves, we cut the master acetate on the disc. Don't get me going on that corporate crap, man. That shit is evil. Fucking evil.

TOODY: We're lucky we were older. I was really starting to notice with some of the bands, especially The Lemonheads, they had a grueling tour after tour. We played a gig with them and poor Evan Dando – he had to take a flight from where we were playing in Freiburg to New York for a photo shoot and then the same day fly back and play that night. He was so high on fucking pills – amphetamines and whatever. Half of these guys were in demand like that. Especially the poor little pretty-boy frontmen. Kurt Cobain was no different, just getting pushed and shoved and pulled and prodded and given whatever it took to get the cash cow up there. No thank you.

There was a lesson in what the way you were doing things.

TOODY: It was to have a career, get the satisfaction from your performances and also have a real life. I think it's just a matter of pride, too. To have your own identity and not want to sound and be like every other band.

FRED: I never wanted to have a guardian or be stuck backstage and not let anybody back there. We like to be accessible and then, when we want to, have our privacy.

THE TOMBSTONE REPORT

Music Too Tough To Die

by Fred Cole

Two or three hundred pounds of used gear is laid out over a cracked sidewalk. Nobody wants to load the shit up, so they just stand around outside staring at the back of a beater van getting comments like, "Great show, man," "Your band's a killer," "Where are you playin' next?"

The door-split came out to fourteen bucks per band and five guys are trying to figure out who gets the short buck while it's starting to rain. Somebody in the band says, "Fuck this shit. I've had it, this scene is nowhere. I could get in a club band and go somewhere, steady." Everybody says, yeah, but it's so uncool, this is better. (But is it?) Gear starts moving from the sidewalk to the van and everybody's getting wet. Wheels be turning and heads be thinking about something better coming.

It's The Folksinger 1966, it's The Long Goodbye 1979, it's The Met 1983, it's Satyricon last night. The band was The US Cadenza, The Malchicks, The Untouchables, The Beatheads. It's going down now as it was going down then. The history of those that stayed faced the aftershock. What the fuck happened? the history of that time, sadly enough, is mostly only a memory. No one was taking pictures to speak of. The clubs of the time, The Headless Horseman, Cafe Expresso, Wooden Shoe, Mid-

Great Pumpkin members pop up here and there, and I still have people ask me, "Didn't Toody use to do the door at The Crystal Ballroom?"

History — it's real important to me and hopefully to you too. To get a feel for the underground scene that's happening now, I really need to begin as far back as I can remember and go forth from there. There are so many more names that should be on here, like Steve Smith and Art Beardsley, who did lights at the Charix for nothing, and lots of door people who worked their asses off and bands I didn't mention. For those who weren't there, I'm trying to give you a feel for the natural order of things. Unity of a group of people all going at the same goal.

It didn't happen again until about 1979. Music thrived during the '70s but the unity was gone. It was a time of every band out for itself. Outdoor concerts were big and you could actually make money playing. Big producers in town seemed to have enough cash to do anything. The music business was cooking but for some reason when things are going great creativity suffers. The slick image had more input than musical taste. Everyone dressed and looked like a super-star and bands fought for spots as the Paramount openers. There was nothing to be loyal to. There was no scene to be a part of.

In early '79 things would change. Ten years of the easy gig, the slick sound and look would begin another 360 degree turnaround. It took three key people this time around to make the right doors open — Mark Sten, Tony Demicola, and Tom Robinson — along with a lot of bands and unity. Mark Sten was playing bass in King Bee at the time, along with myself on guitar, and Pat Conner on drums. We got out foot in the door at an obscure NW club called The Long Goodbye. Sten convinced Tony, who managed the club, to go along with some underground shows. That was the start. Tom Robinson had just moved out from D.C. and met up with STen. PA was a problem at the time. Sten had plenty of bands, Tony had the club, and now with Tom R. the scene had a PA so to speak, it took Tom 24 hours a day to hustle enough gear together to make shows happen. When he wasn't fixing blown cabinets, mikes, etc., he was scrounging in the back rooms of music stores to come up with workable components.

More help began to arrive. Mike King began to do posters, Janice Morlan took pictures, Sten ran the door and organized the bills, Tony wrestled nightly with Mark Barr of the Foreskins, and The Long Goodbye started filling up. The PA started to grow and a line of shopping carts could be seen moving up the sidewalks of Burnside toward The Long Goodbye filled with band equipment. Bus drivers were going crazy with punk bands trying to get on the bus with their drum sets. Six bands a night was not uncommon to see at the club and quickly it became an infamous hangout. NObody worried about money, you just wanted to play.

The Wipers formed and put out their first 45, Hurt, hurt, hurt. People that had never played an instrument in their lives were getting on stage after two or three weeks of learning a couple of songs. The music establishment laughed but the scene grew. Bands that wouldn't have had a chance to play six months earlier were able to play on a regular basis. The Public was curious and that fed the fire. Dave Corboy and John Shirley formed SadoNation. Rod Rat and Toody, neither of whom had ever played before, formed The Rat$ with me on guitar. The first all-girl band of its kind stepped on stage as complete beginners and the likes of Kim and KT Kincaid, Jennifer LoBianco, and Pat Baum will never be heard again. They were the Neo-Boys. A scraggly bunch of bad boys doing Rolling Stones covers called The Malchicks and a band from Longview with Chris Newman and Mark Nelson on guitars called The Untouchables were greatly influenced by what was happening.

Every band at that time was so distinctive in its sound mainly because no one had any idea what they were "supposed" to sound like. From The Long Goodbye, Greg Sage from The Wipers opened the door to get the scene happening at the Earth Tavern. Mark Sten began forming AAA, the Alternative Arts Association, and the first compilation album from the underground scene in Portland was released. Vinyl began to pour from the sub-surface, records from The Wipers, SadoNation, The Rat$, The Neo-boys, Stiffnoids, the Cleavers, Bop Zombies, The Rubbers, Ice-9, Lo Tec, Smegma with others to follow. I thank God that this time around the history was preserved. Pictures, posters, and records.

As everything began to expand, the venues opened up, the PA got louder, the halls got bigger, and more bands formed. Once again the scene had outgrown itself. Clockwork Joe's, The Long Goodbye, The Earth, Euphoria, Urban Noize, and little nooks and crannies seemed to jump at the chance for "punk bills."

Maybe the lack of a struggle, maybe too much at once, maybe the scene had outgrown itself, I don't know, but it seemed to lose the energy or will to live. Some bands went on to bigger and better things, some reformed. The gigs were still there but something had slipped away. A lot of people went underground. Separation is a factor, bands back to one on one. This brings me to the present. There's something astir. I can't put a finger on it and maybe it's wishful thinking. I almost hate to make predictions because someone out there will try to prove me wrong or I'll be putting pressure where I shouldn't, but I feel that old familiar buzz. You know who you are. Photographers take notice, writers be penned 'cause the time is coming around again, — it's history.

"Music thrived during the 70's but the unity was gone. It was a time of every band out for itself. In early '79 things would change... a line of shopping carts could be seen moving up the sidewalks of Burnside toward the Long Goodbye filled with band equipment. Bus drivers were going crazy with punk bands trying to get on the bus with their drum sets."

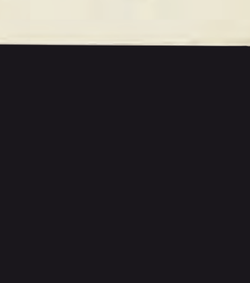
the beat, the stepping stone, the launchpad, the point of no return.

The first time you set foot on stage and plug in, the scene takes its toll. It eats your guts out, but it's the only time you're really alive. Bands come in and out, musicians drop in and out, clubs rise and die, but the scene is constant. A history begins to unfold through pictures, posters, and records.

There is hardly a player or singer today who doesn't go back to the beginning. For me it was rolling into Portland in 1966 with a band called The Weeds and hauling our gear upstairs to The Folksinger, a beatnik-type coffee house around the corner from where T. Bombadil's is now located. Whitey Davis ran this one room hideout on a donation basis. The PH Factor Jug Band was practically living there and all the help were volunteers, including three girls form a local Catholic girl's school. Toody Conner, Jan Collinsworth, and Judy Welch would come in after school and clean up, do the door at night and handle concessions. It had been strictly folk music, all acoustic until The Weeds came. We started an electric thing and began pairing the night with a band called US Cadenza. Steve Bradley was the guitar player for them and John Ward played harp. Sometimes we'd actually get cash for playing but mostly it was for day-old donuts Whitey scored from Quality Pies.

Paul Revere and The Raiders were big-time then and all we did was dream. At that point in time, you could feel something was beginning to happen. Bands seemed to come out of the woodwork. The Tweedy Brothers came back to town from San Francisco and The Warlocks had formed. Gary Ewing was putting light shows together and Bruce Webber was drawing psychedelic posters for the shows. Crowds were showing up at gigs and the money was right. The Crystal Ballroom opened. Whitey started bringing in SF and LA bands, eventually linking up with the Family Dog for bookings. It seemed nothing could stop the underground at that point. What I'm getting at is a collective effort due to some key people who organized and were able to work within a group enabled things to happen, without the keys it's a loser.

Everyone had to go beyond The Crystal, some bands left town, some broke up, and town Ballroom, The Charix, The Crystal Ballroom, The Folksinger, can only be seen on obscure posters. The Tweedy Bros., The Lollipop Shoppe (The Weeds), and The PH Factor Jug Band are the only music on record of the time that I know of. A lot of us are still around, the Koski brothers and Marty Stites from the Warlocks recently did a 20th reunion gig at Key Largo. Bonnie from The Twist was a kid sneaking into The Headless Horseman back then. Steve Ekman and Fred LaCalf from The Tweedy Bros. are in town, Gary Ewing still throws a lightshow together now and then, Bruce Webber could probably be talked into doing posters, Triple is in Cascade Locks, Paul Bisset from PH Factor has Avalon Antiques, John ward and Steve Bradley can still be seen in various clubs around town, The



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OPEN LETTER TO THE MUSIC BUSINESS

by Fred Cole

Whether you play on open mike Mondays or "A" Room weekends, we all have one thing in common, trying to scale the ladder of success.

Being involved in the record business for some time now, I realize there is little money to be made from putting out a record on your own. If you break even, consider yourself fortunate, I've got an attic full of old records I've done in the past and an empty wallet.

Distribution is a nightmare and record stores seem to go out of business faster than bands break up and most of them won't buy records outright. You've got to put them on consignment and hope you collect before they fold.

If you send out product to radio stations across the U.S. and Europe you'll undoubtedly find "hot spots" where they go nuts for your product, but the dilemma of getting a record store in the area to take your records C.O.D. is hard to get around. By the time you get ahold of the buyer (three or four long-distance calls later), you'll be looking at a negative profit if he buys, and if he doesn't, you're really up shit creek.

With all the recording studios, music stores, and artists that we've got in this city, it seems ridiculous tome that there is not a local record company that groups the independents into one impressive monster coming out of the Northwest.

Well, that's what I'm trying to do at this point with Tombstone Records. I've had it. I got a *mono* disc cutter from Rex Studios and am going to attempt to create the monster that should have been created a long time ago. I must admit that this is a sales pitch but I'm sure a lot of you will agree that we've all got a better chance together than acting on our own. Whether you've recorded a demo tape at River Recording on a tight budget or spent a mild fortune for the quality of Spectrum or Rex, you are faced with the same problem of what to do with the tape when it's finished. The usual procedure is to have a box of cassettes made up and start sending them to record companies and wait patiently by the mailbox for a response of some sort.

I've got boxes of those responses and they're all negative. I'm convinced that you've got to bombard the market with enough product to get noticed. I can't afford to put out an album every six months and unless the radio stations are getting product from you on a regular basis, they usually don't remember who you are. On the other hand, if they are getting a delivery from "Hoo-Dunk" Records every month, chances are they'll be playing at least one or two records out of the ten they've received.

College radio stations need independent records on a regular basis and a larger independent company that's putting out a lot of product will get airplay, that's a fact, Jack! They can't afford not to get the company on their playlist otherwise the company will cease to send them product.

I'm doing this with Tombstone Records. I'm doing whatever I need to do to get product out of the N.W. and on the airwaves in the U.S. as well as Europe and the Orient and Australia. Whether a band comes to me with a finished tape and we cut the record or they need arrangement and a producer, I do that also.

This town is full of excellent producers, Tom Robinson, Mark Sten, Greg Sage, Terry Robb, or even myself, if you like a raw garage sound. There are many more producers and most recording studios will work with a band in production.

All of this involves money but not as much as you'd think. For example, if you've got your band well rehearsed, you can record a 45 in three hours (two songs). It would then cost you $225.00 to have 200 45's pressed and that includes all mastering steps and labels. If you go beyond 200 records, it gets cheaper, only $45.00 per hundred (45¢% apiece).

I feel that if a band gets even one gig from their 45 that they wouldn't have gotten without it, then they have paid for the project. If you are gigging at a club with a juke box, it gives you a drawing edge with your in-club play on the record. By being on a record label that's got a lot of other acts on it, you're not out there all by yourself, you've got the strength of all the other bands combined. Another added plus is that you go out on a mailer that has all the product listed, of which you're one.

LIke I say, whether you're one of us who's got an attic full of records doing nothing or you've never had a record out, don't you think it's time you put the same effort into your career that may get you beyond the Great Walls of Portland.

I believe strongly in getting records out.

Also, I only cut records in mono. I love mono but that's because the 50's and 60's was the sound I like. I like the strength of it.

If you would like to know how to get a record out, I'm more than willing to give you addresses and phone numbers (no charge) but regardless of what you decide, do yourself a favor and get a record out, it could be your ticket to somewhere beyond stagnation. There's a lot of people around the world keeping an eye on Portland and for 15 years we've been expected to be the next Liverpool. Unless an outlet is created for the product coming out of the studios, no one may ever know if the next Beatles is in a basement right now being formed.

DEAD MOON

PARCHMENT FARM / HEY JOE
TOMBSTONE RECORDS

Fred Cole Discography

1966 The Weeds (It's your time Little Girl) Teenbeat Records, Las Vegas
1968 The Lollipop Shoppe (You Must Be A Witch) Uni Records, Los Angeles
*1968 The Lollipop Shoppe (Just Colours) Uni Records
*1969 The Lollipop Shoppe (Angels From Hell) Tower Records, Los Angeles
1970 The Lollipop Shoppe (Through My Window) Shamley Records, L.A.
1972 The Weeds (Stop/No Good News) N.W.I. Records, Portland
*1974 Zipper (Album) Whizeagle Records, Portland
1978 King Bee (Hot Pistol) Whizeagle Rec.
*1980 The Rats (intermittent Signals) Whizeagle Rec.
*1982 The Lollipop Shoppe (Pebbles Vol. 8) Australia
*1983 The Rats (In A Desperate Red) Whizeagle Records
1984 The Desperate Edge (Frustration/ Tremelo) Canadian release
1984 The Western Front (Oregun/Clementine) Whizeagle Rec.
1985 Toody & The Western Front (Coming On Strong) Whizeagle Rec.
*1986 The Lollipop Shoppe reissue (Big Beat Records) London, Eng.
1986 The Western Front (Stampede/Looking Back at Me) Whizeagle Rec.
*1987 The Weeds (Nuggets Vol. 8) Rhino Records, Los Angeles
*1987 The Lollipop Shoppe (Nuggets Vol. 12) Rhino Records, L.A.
1988 Dead Moon (Parchment Farm/Hey Joe) Tombstone Records, Portland

photo by Peter Pakvis

DEAD MOON

Tombstone Records
P.O. Box 1463
Clackamas, OR 97015
fax: (503) 631-2797

I hadn't been arrested at that time in my thirty summers, thirty years of life. Then all of a sudden ... They put on this flashing light that says "please follow." We all had to get in our own car and follow them. I went through a bunch of crap and it ended up being some sort of fine. We did find the culprit again later. He was promoting a club that we played at and I stole a carpet from that club and we used it on the rest of the tour for the drum carpet.

FRED: We played about thirty shows on that first tour.

TOODY: After paying everybody and all of our expenses, we made $500, and our agent's going, "You guys should be so proud. No band ever makes any money on their first tour!'

ANDREW: It was a brand new world to me. I worked a few jobs and stuff like that, but I was into music. It just took off. It was what I wanted to do and I was doing it.

It was a brand new world to me. It just took off. It was what I wanted to do and I was doing it.

ANDREW

Let's talk about the first tour of Europe in 1990.

ANDREW: The very first time we went to Europe, I couldn't believe it. I was like in Disneyland. When we went over there it was totally stripped down. It was just me, Fred, and Toody and then a stranger was gonna be our driver. Edwin, our road manager, he took care of everything. He was a freaking wizard, man, spoke all the languages when we went from country to country. He was dialed in. He had been doing bands for years and stuff and he had a good personality. Europe was just, "Whoa, free booze, free food!" Playing in the states it's pretty much, "You're going on at this time, get your shit onstage, I want you off at this time, blah blah blah." They don't even tell you where the bathroom is. Over there, I'm being Mr. Polite and they're like, "Do whatever you want, man." I'm there fresh off the boat going, "Woohoo, let's go!"

TOODY: It was amazing. Every day was amazing, like when everything's a first. We just did it on the cheap. Stayed in promoters' houses or the old European hotels with the bathroom down the hall. One really cool thing Fred did ... this was when the airlines used to let you bring on any goddamn thing you wanted to. We took all of our gear with us. We didn't have to run a backline. Saved us a shitload of money.

FRED: We had all of our amps. We had Toody's 215 speaker ... And they go, "Whoa, that is not a suitcase!" And I go, "Yeah it is!"

ANDREW: I wander off and go get in trouble, come back, hear about it, get in more trouble. Our second day on our first European tour I got thrown in jail. What it was ... we were in a suburb of a bigger city in Germany and I invited some folks over. We proceeded to get stoned and drunk and on their way out they rolled up the little rugs, the welcome mats. Took them with them. And the woman blamed me. She swore she saw me take them out. She called the police because I wouldn't give them back to her. The police came and searched our van. They made us empty it.

TOODY: Back then, every year you had to put out an album, and then you would tour that album. Luckily Fred was totally prolific at that particular point. So that's what we did – we recorded an album, got it out, usually barely released before the tour was gonna start.

FRED: I recorded so many songs in like two days. Sent 'em off to the press. I'd say, "That's it, fuck it." There'd be so many mistakes on this shit. Toody'd go, "Oh my god!" And Andrew'd go, "Fred, I gotta do a different drum part." And my leads were fucked, whatever. We're on a deadline, let's get it out of here.

TOODY: It's fine! It feels good, it's whatever (laughs). That's why we started throwing cover songs here and there, just to fill out what we needed. Git 'er done.

ANDREW: A lot of music will just go right through one ear and out the other and I don't even know what I heard, just talking or whatever, but playing with them and listening to the lyrics, it's something else.

TOODY: It was awesome each time that we went back, for the first five, six years especially. It was just a bigger and bigger audience every time.

ANDREW: First it was like "Wow, this place is big." Then you come back and play the same club year after year, it's like, "Man, how do we even fit in here?"

TOODY: And every year, more dates, more this, more of everything (laughs). And then Edwin decided to retire from the road.

FRED: He couldn't stand it anymore.

TOODY: We ended up tour managing ourselves. I took care of all the bookwork, all the money, and Fred did all the driving. We just went from there – the next evolution.

How long was Edwin with you?

TOODY: At least the first five or six tours.

FRED: Longer than that. We were doing two tours over there every year for quite a while.

TOODY: And going over for special gigs like the anniversary of the wall coming down in Berlin. That was fucking crazy. Shit like that.

So in the early days of Dead Moon, there was already a lot of legend?

TOODY: It took a while but it seemed like it happened almost overnight. We came back for the next tour and it was like we'd done this huge bump up. God only knows how or why. But word got out, records got out.

When was this?

TOODY: To me, '95, '96 were the glory years, for Europe.

FRED: For Europe I'd say about '93.

TOODY: That was good too, but '95 was kind of the peak. We were playing in front of the biggest audiences we'd ever played for – four thousand, five thousand, ten thousand, fifteen thousand – which is a completely different feeling.

We were both born with a natural wanderlust gene.

TOODY

How does it feel?

TOODY: Amazing! Really amazing. But festivals became a real mixed bag. At some point we started hating them. They're big, it's hard to deal with the organization, you're playing in the middle of the day outside. Club gigs were always by far our favorite.

FRED: It was cool.

ANDREW: The Germans love Toody. You hear her name louder than us playing, man, at times. Wow, they really get into it over there. I remember one time she was singing "Can't Help Falling in Love," and the whole PA cut out and the crowd was singing it. That was really cool. That's when the fanatic part is a benefit. Floors you.

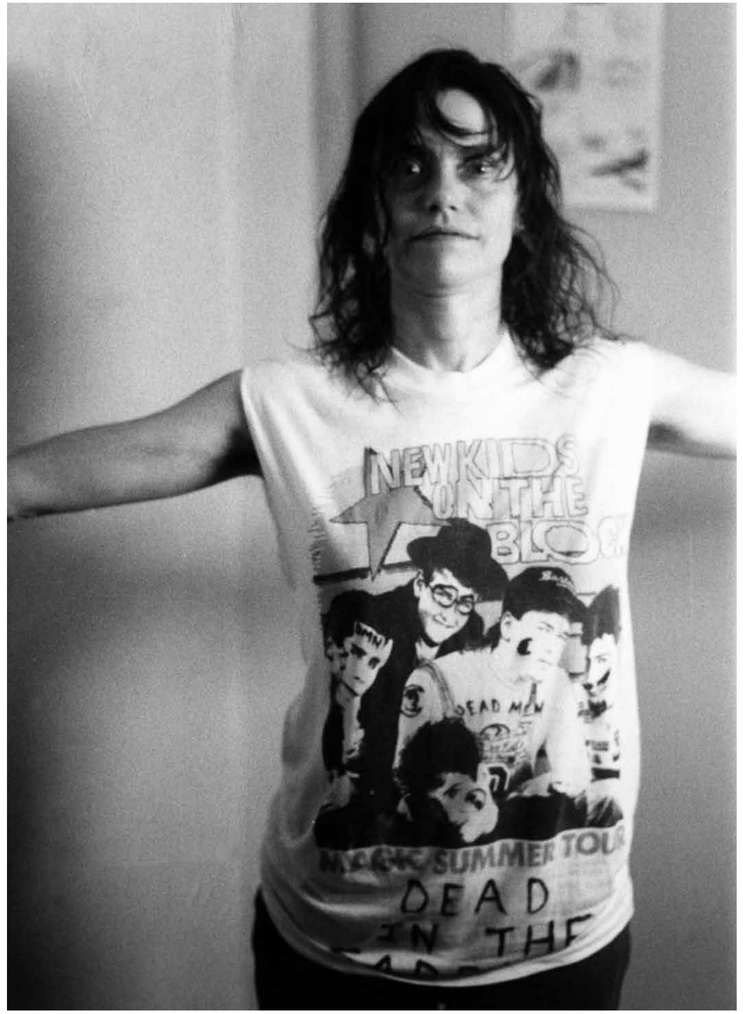
You'd go to Europe and people would just be going wild, and then you'd come home. What was that like?

TOODY: We didn't actually do our first tour of the U.S. until '94, if memory serves. We'd already been spoiled by Europe, where they actually treat you like you're an artist and arrange for your hotel rooms and make sure you get fed and bring you a crate of beer instead of three beer tickets. So the U.S. was like, whatever.

ANDREW: I'm from Portland, Oregon. Born and raised. I wouldn't want to be from anywhere else. But it's frustrating for musicians and artists in any form. It's not art-friendly. We have art galleries. We have a symphony. But the music scene here is just background music for getting laid or drunk or whatever. I'm not condemning it. I mean, that's what I do. But it's just that musicians and all kind of artists get a bad rep here. Every time you tell somebody you're in a band, they say, "What do you do to get by?" If I was here to make money I'd be doing something else. I like the fucking real shit. Shit sells, but the real shit don't.

TOODY: There's something really cool about revisiting your country and seeing the different people and states and landscapes and all the rest of it, driving all the time. It's something that I really need. We were both born with a natural wanderlust gene. That part of it's always been really cool and it's one reason we still love touring the States.

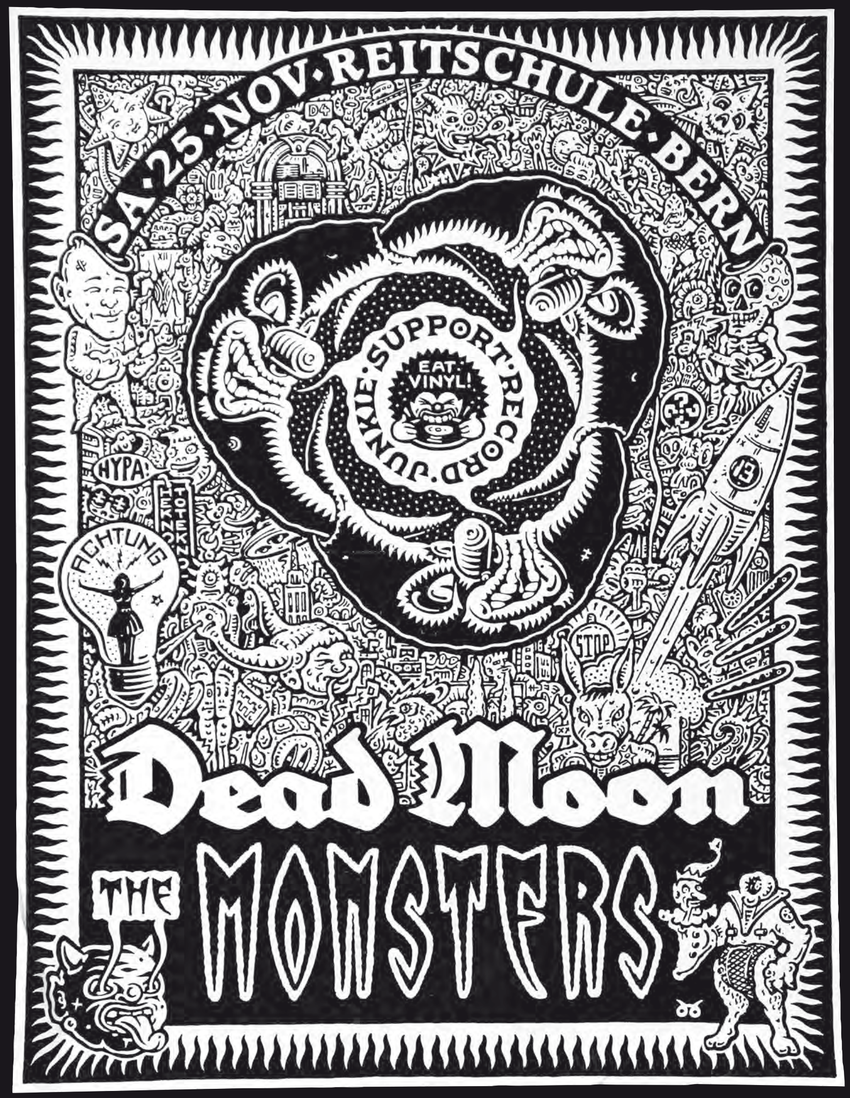
★

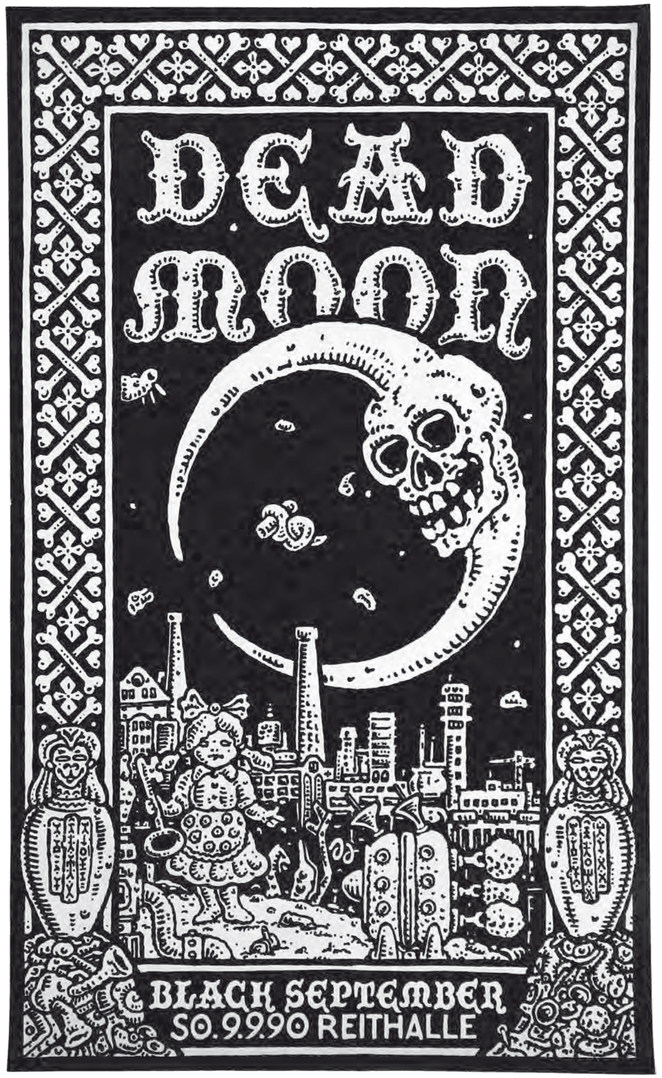


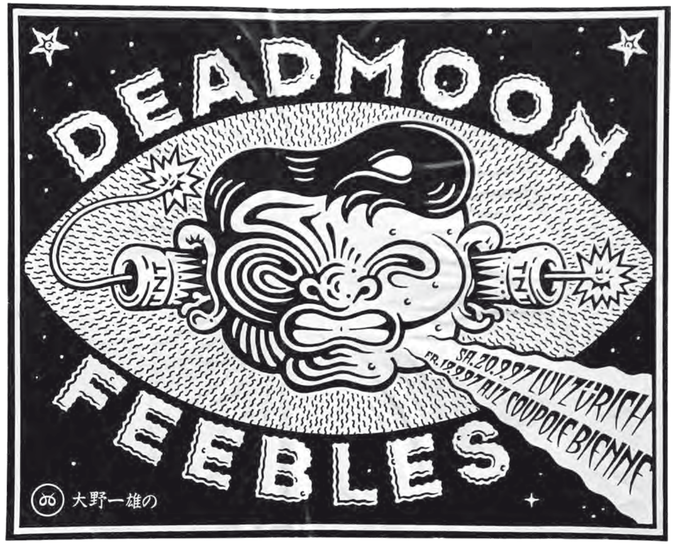
There's a new kid on the block
Taking my place
Walking on my grave

from: Walking On My Grave (Defiance, 1990)

the Ace-Tones
the Ace Tones


SA·25·NOV·REITSCHULE·BERN
SUPPORT·RECORD·JUNKIE
EAT VINYL!
HYPA!
ACHTUNG
STOP
Dead Moon
THE MONSTERS


DEAD MOON
BLACK SEPTEMBER
SO.9.9.90 REITHALLE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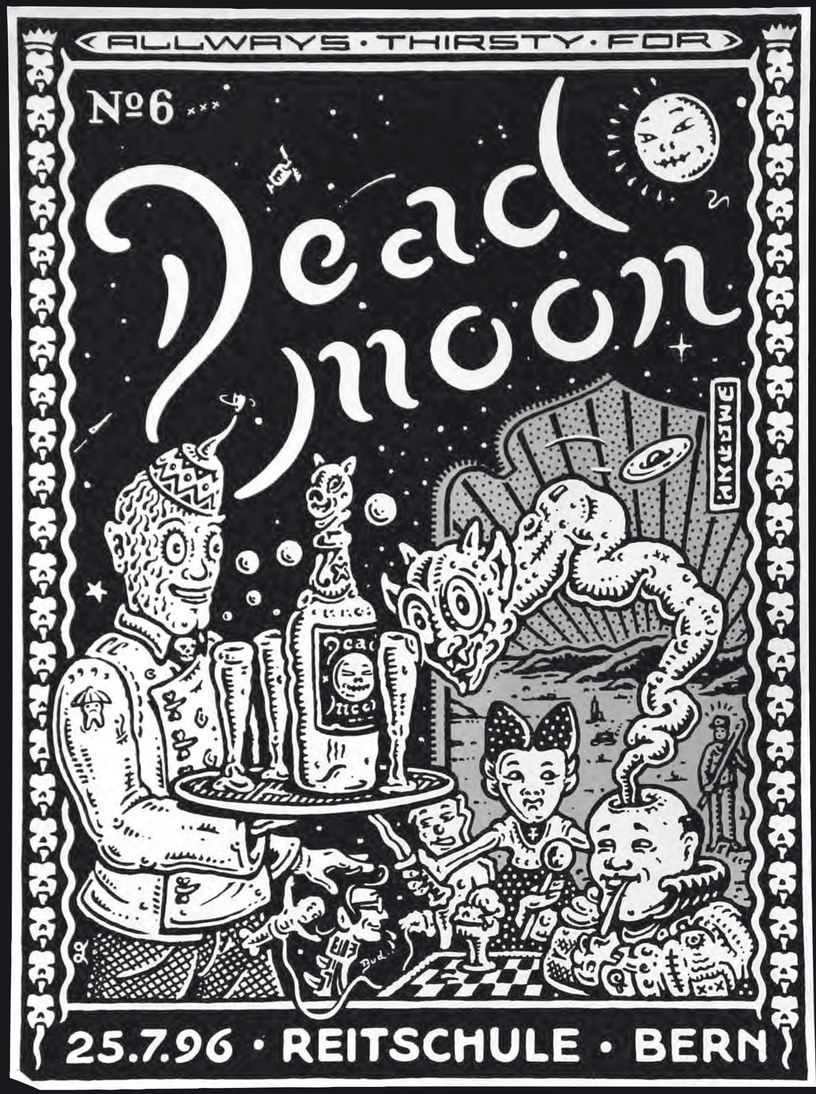

ALLWAYS·THIRSTY·FOR
№6
Dead moon
25.7.96 · REITSCHULE · BERN

TOMBSTONE RECORDS

MUSIC TOO TOUGH TO DIE

Construction time, tour time, construction time, tour time. We were so busy at that point. It was fucking nice.

FRED

FRED: We'd come home with enough money basically to buy the building supplies to start the next construction at Tombstone (Music). It took me like six or seven years to build it.

TOODY: It took us three years just to get the design review by the county, to allow him to have an owner-built building. Which is Oregon law, but they didn't want to honor that.

FRED: Fuck, I went through so much shit with those guys.

TOODY: So they go, "OK, well, if you're gonna do that, you need to occupy two-thirds of the building with your own business or you're not going to be allowed to do it. We said, "OK, fine. We'll do it."

Which led to Buckaroo?

FRED: It was my brainstorm to have a dollar and a half store. Everybody's got dollar stores, so I'll have a dollar and a half store. We'll have a little bit more expensive stuff but better quality. Well, that didn't work out because I was at the end of this fucking mall.

TOODY: People are lazy.

FRED: I'd sit in Buckaroo all day long and sell like two or three items. I had the place full of all this shit, which we still have stored. Tons of shit. And all I do all day long is take in amps from the music store – doing amp repair, guitar repair, and trying to sell part of this crap that we had.

TOODY: We kept it open for about six months.

FRED: I had hammers. They were real decent hammers for a buck and half. I put 'em up in the general store where Toody was working for three bucks.

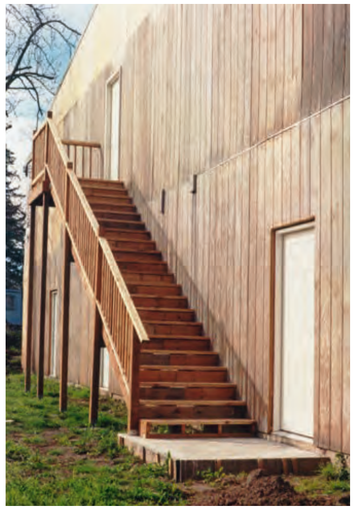
They'd buy 'em for three bucks there, but they wouldn't come down to buy them from me for a buck and a half. Fuck you!

TOODY: It really was a brilliant idea. Now at the strip mall across the road is Dollar Tree, and they do incredibly well.

FRED: But I had a bunch of stuff that nobody else had.

TOODY: There wasn't all that much in Clackamas at that particular point, so we thought, "OK, we'll cover it all."

FRED: So we opened up all these businesses. Toody was running Tombstone basically at that point. And I was just in building mode (laughter). I'd spend two months on the store until I was so burned out on construction and then it would be time for another tour. Construction time, tour time, construction time, tour time. We were so busy at that point. It was fucking nice.



COBBLESTONE
1663
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MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS

MUSIC

TOMESTONE

TOMBSTONE
MUSIC

A GRAVEYARD of USED GUITARS
AT WILD WEST PRICES

NEW & USED
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
PARTS & REPAIRS

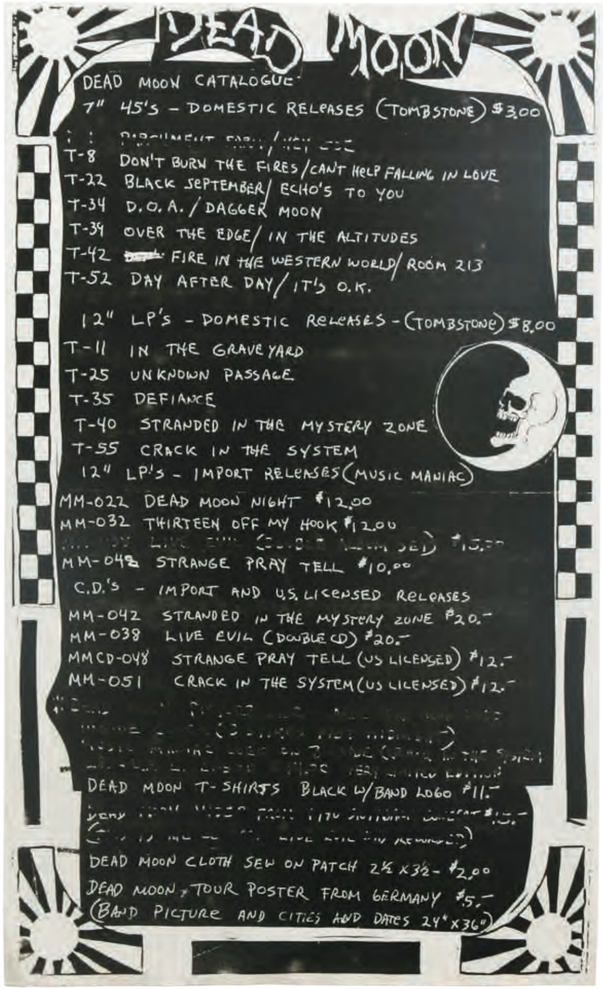
"FREE FUNERAL SERVICES IF WE CANT FIX IT"

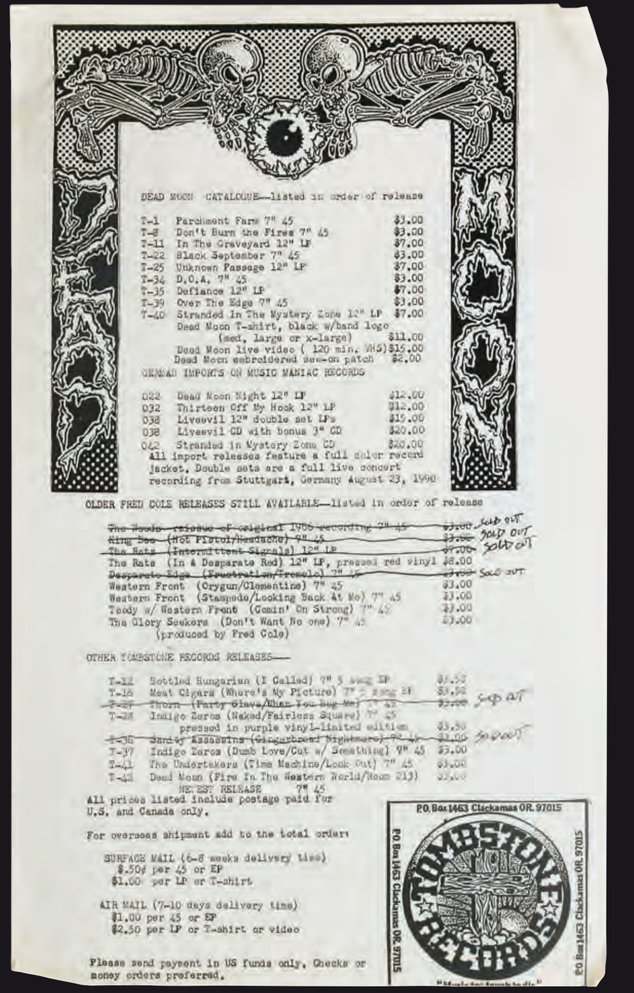
BUY·SELL·TRADE
EVEN TRADE STRAIGHT ACROSS

MUSICIAN OWNED & OPERATED BY FRED & TOODY COLE

TOMBSTONE
MUSIC

15230 SE 82ND DRIVE CLACKAMAS
OFF I-205 CLACKAMAS-ESTACADA EXIT
657-0929
YOU CAN SMOKE IN OUR STORE


DEAD MOON
DEAD MOON CATALOGUE
7" 45's - DOMESTIC RELEASES (TOMBSTONE) $3.00
T-8 DON'T BURN THE FIRES/CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE
T-22 BLACK SEPTEMBER/ ECHO'S TO YOU
T-34 D.O.A. / DAGGER MOON
T-39 OVER THE EDGE/ IN THE ALTITUDES
T-42 FIRE IN THE WESTERN WORLD/ ROOM 213
T-52 DAY AFTER DAY/ IT'S O.K.
12" LP'S - DOMESTIC RELEASES - (TOMBSTONE) $8.00
T-11 IN THE GRAVEYARD
T-25 UNKNOWN PASSAGE
T-35 DEFIANCE
T-40 STRANDED IN THE MYSTERY ZONE
T-55 CRACK IN THE SYSTEM
12" LP'S - IMPORT RELEASES (MUSIC MANIAC)
MM-022 DEAD MOON NIGHT $12.00
MM-032 THIRTEEN OFF MY HOOK $12.00
MM-048 STRANGE PRAY TELL $10.00
C.D.'S - IMPORT AND U.S. LICENSED RELEASES
MM-042 STRANDED IN THE MYSTERY ZONE $20.-
MM-038 LIVE EVIL (DOUBLE CD) $20.-
MMCD-048 STRANGE PRAY TELL (US LICENSED) $12.-
MM-051 CRACK IN THE SYSTEM (US LICENSED) $12.-
DEAD MOON T-SHIRTS BLACK W/BAND LOGO $11.-
DEAD MOON CLOTH SEW ON PATCH 2½ X3½ - $2.00
DEAD MOON TOUR POSTER FROM GERMANY $5.-
(BAND PICTURE AND CITIES AND DATES 24" X36")



DEAD MOON CATALOGUE—listed in order of release

T-1	Parchment Farm 7" 45	$3.00
T-8	Don't Burn the Fires 7" 45	$3.00
T-11	In The Graveyard 12" LP	$7.00
T-22	Black September 7" 45	$3.00
T-25	Unknown Passage 12" LP	$7.00
T-34	D.O.A. 7" 45	$3.00
T-35	Defiance 12" LP	$7.00
T-39	Over The Edge 7" 45	$3.00
T-40	Stranded In The Mystery Zone 12" LP	$7.00
	Dead Moon T-shirt, black w/band logo (med, large or x-large)	$11.00
	Dead Moon live video (120 min. VHS)	$15.00
	Dead Moon embroidered sew-on patch	$2.00

GERMAN IMPORTS ON MUSIC MANIAC RECORDS

022	Dead Moon Night 12" LP	$12.00
032	Thirteen Off My Hook 12" LP	$12.00
038	Livevil 12" double set LPs	$15.00
038	Livevil CD with Bonus 3" CD	$20.00
042	Stranded in Mystery Zone CD	$20.00

All import releases feature a full color record jacket. Double sets are a full live concert recording from Stuttgart, Germany August 23, 1990

OLDER FRED COLE RELEASES STILL AVAILABLE—listed in order of release

~~The Rods - reissue of original 1965 recording 7" 45~~	~~$3.00~~	SOLD OUT
~~King Bee (Hot Pistol/Headache) 7" 45~~	~~$3.00~~	SOLD OUT
~~The Rats (Intermittent Signals) 12" LP~~	~~$7.00~~	SOLD OUT
The Rats (In A Desparate Mod) 12" LP, pressed red vinyl	$8.00	
~~Desparate Edge (Frustration/Freedom) 7" 45~~	~~$3.00~~	SOLD OUT
Western Front (Orgyan/Clementine) 7" 45	$3.00	
Western Front (Stampede/Looking Back At Me) 7" 45	$3.00	
Teedy w/ Western Front (Comin' On Strong) 7" 45	$3.00	
The Glory Seekers (Don't Want No one) 7" 45 (produced by Fred Cole)	$3.00	

OTHER TOMBSTONE RECORDS RELEASES—

T-12	Bottled Hungarian (I Called) 7" 5 song EP	$3.50
T-16	Meat Cigars (Where's My Picture) 7" 5 song EP	$3.50
~~T-27~~	~~Thorn (Party Glass/When You Buy Me) 7" 45~~	~~$3.00~~ SOLD OUT
T-28	Indigo Zeros (Naked/Fairless Square) 7" 45 pressed in purple vinyl-limited edition	$3.50
~~T-36~~	~~Barely Existers (Unpurchased Merchandise) 7" 45~~	~~$3.00~~ SOLD OUT
T-37	Indigo Zeros (Dumb Love/Cut w/ Something) 7" 45	$3.00
T-41	The Undertakers (Time Machine/Look Out) 7" 45	$3.00
T-43	Dead Moon (Fire In The Western World/Room 213)	$3.00

NEXT RELEASE 7" 45

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For overseas shipment add to the total order:

SURFACE MAIL (6-8 weeks delivery time)
$.50¢ per 45 or EP
$1.00 per LP or T-shirt

AIR MAIL (7-10 days delivery time)
$1.00 per 45 or EP
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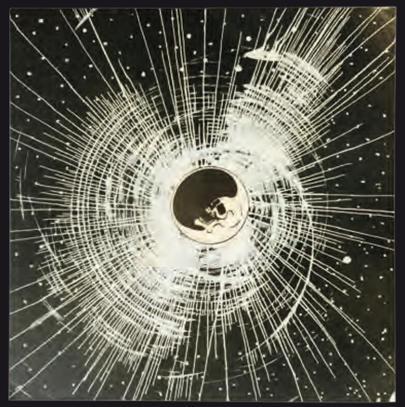
Please send payment in US funds only. Checks or money orders preferred.



ANDREW: A musician is definitely going to want to go to a music store in a different place. I go to the record stores and bars when I travel. Guys will come over and they want to get their Fenders or their – what's the other one – their Rickenbackers. They'll show up at the store and Fred and Toody will give them my phone number and then they'll end up at my door. They want to see the town. I'm the PR man. Show 'em around the town, what town we have.

TOODY: We were running three businesses and touring. And it was just like – phhht. One U.S. tour, one European tour, sometimes a bit of Canada thrown in as well, and then every three to four years New Zealand and Australia. It was pretty intensive (laughs).

ANDREW: We played in the Ukraine. Kiev.

TOODY: We went to play for all of the Americans that were in town, which was when they were still having Americans go over to teach the Russkies how to successfully manage a business. The guys that hired us worked for a magazine, a Russian magazine that they were helping get their shit together. And they hired us to come over and play a bash for ...

FRED: Fourth of July.

ANDREW: We got to the show, walk down the stairs and there's a poster. Fred's going, "That can't be right." It looked like it said $1,000,000. But it was 1,000,000 Ukrainian coupons. And we're like, "Man, that's too much." They brought it down to half a million. At the end of the night, we wanted to go out and drink with the promoter guy who was putting us up.

We're carrying two crates of beer and three garbage bags full of Ukrainian coupons. It was like (goofy voice) "We're billionaires!" Fucking take it to the place we were staying at. I'm sitting there taking a dump and I'm looking at the toilet paper and thinking about those coupons, and they feel about the same. When we got to the Ukraine airport, I saw this Irish bar. The guy behind the bar says, "Only U.S. dollars." I thought, "What am I gonna do with these?" It just came to me. I was like, "I guess, wipe my ass" (laughs). That's the only thing they're good for.

TOODY: The more that we toured the more offers we were getting. We could have been playing continually. We were half and half, out on the road probably six months out of the year. A couple of years maybe even more than that.

Then you'd come home and play the holidays, which we could always count on. When did that start?

TOODY: It kind of became traditional to do Halloween or New Year's Eve at Ash Street. Before then it was Satyricon. It was always Halloween and New Years.

FRED: A lot of the time for Friday the thirteenth.

I'm the PR man.

ANDREW

The man was magic with working a crowd and he loved it.

TOODY

Who's on your support crew at that time?

TOODY: That's when we had Kelly Manahan and Louie Samora working. They pretty much held down the fort. Kelly Manahan handled a lot of the business details, but still, you're gone two months, you come home to "Well, there was this and that and I wasn't sure how to ... what you wanted to do about ..." And I mean just (explosion sound) besides all the bookwork and all the other stuff that you can't expect them to do. Somehow we kept it all together.

FRED: And Louie would make sure that we didn't have a phone, so nobody could get ahold of us.

TOODY: What's behind me does not count. I'll deal with it when I get home, OK?

FRED: We didn't want to hear about problems that were going on here. We couldn't do anything about 'em anyway so it was like "Fuck it."

TOODY: Unless it burns down, then call Amanda.

FRED: Call the fire department.

What's the motivation?

TOODY: We're both just natural overachievers – love the challenge. You take stuff on and can handle it, then you up that a little bit. Fred did that with touring. It's like OK, we did thirty shows, next tour thirty-five or forty. And then after that, forty-five then fifty. Up to sixty. And trust me, sixty is the one that just about broke the band's back.

FRED: Sixty-two, that's the one. At that point we're playing two hours plus every night. Our voices were so fucking gone every night. That was hell.

How was Andrew keeping up?

TOODY: A lot of booze and god knows what else, whatever he could find on the road (laughs). Self-medication.

FRED: "Wake me up when we're there."

You protect yourself. You take your space when you need it, you get onto the stage, you do your thing. You don't stay up all night drinking with the people.

TOODY: Well, Fred and I get peopled out. Thank god Andrew was in the band!

ANDREW: After a show they'll take off together. I tend to stick around, meet some friends, and go out and hang out with the locals. I'll see people I know and they'll try and tell me their name. I'm cursed with being an American – I only speak one freaking language. But I come up with nicknames for everybody that I meet. I definitely remember 'em every time. "Oh, I can't believe that you remember me," and it's like, "Well, I've been to Spain once, and the last time I was here you were here, so how can I forget?" I don't write the songs, but I'm good at that.

TOODY: The man was magic with working a crowd and he loved it. We loved it as well, but there was some points it was just too overwhelming. Thank god we had each other. We'd just go and hide. Take over, Andrew, see you onstage (laughs).

He put the balloon up and we held onto the ropes, half the time.

TOODY

FRED: Do your thing.

TOODY: His thing was, "Wanna meet Mom and Dad?" (laughs).

ANDREW: "Ma and Pa, where the hell are Ma and Pa?"

TOODY: We were his safety net, which was cool. And he pried us out of our earth sign grounding. He put the balloon up and we held onto the ropes, half the time.

FRED: It takes a real mixture of people. If you have too many people that are the same, it's like ugh.

ANDREW: I was in such a bad state when those guys... I mean, they picked me up like a little lost, wet kitten – stranded. They plucked me out, like, "We'll keep this one." I owe a lot to them. But I also do something for them, too.

The Rats were brilliant. Three different records, three different drummers. I don't know how many we've done, I think we're up to like twenty-two now or something. That even freaks Fred out. "Man, I've never been in a band this long in my life." He did The Lollipop Shoppe, which is other people's claim to fame, it's not his claim to fame. He's got a song, "Claim to Fame," which is probably one of my favorite songs by him. I love it, man.

TOODY: We were lucky that we happened on the magic chemistry and that Fred and I were already such a solid core. Andrew was the top of the pyramid. Together the three of us were incredibly strong.

FRED: He was our missing link.

ANDREW: Total respect for them. There's things we disagree on. Definitely (laughs). But when it comes down to it, you know, that's penny-ante shit. But, like, just the basics of how things go with your family, your heart, your brain, whatever, they've already been through these things. They've had more deaths in the family than I have, had more friends pass away. They were playing through the '60s and lucky to make it out alive and shit, but that's when I was born. We just buried ... well, didn't bury her but just had to say goodbye to a friend of ours not too long ago. The day she did pass away, Wanda, god rest her soul, I got a phone call from her girlfriend that she wasn't gonna make it through the day and I just spun out. She died of cancer; she had really had it bad. I mean, there's no good cancer, but when I talked to Fred ... he's like, "Oh yeah, more power to her now. She's a guardian angel." Just shit like that.

TOODY: We were a great support system for each other.

ANDREW: They're life-lovers. They're into it. Fred, he wants to be a hundred years old. He wants to be in the first band to play on the moon. I was really negative when I first met them. I was all fucked up. I was on whatever. The only thing I didn't get into was LSD, hallucinogens. But everything else – as much as I could, or as much as anybody else could afford. I didn't care. Didn't care about tomorrow or anything like that. I was young and dumb. They're thirteen years older than me. The thirteenth year that we'd been playing together, I was as old as they were when we started the band. And I still felt like that young, dumb idiot (laughs) that I tend to be. But a lot had rubbed off. It takes a while. It's like a bad joke – the difference between a drummer and a drum machine is that you only have to punch information into a drum machine once. But Fred keeps working with me. Toody has told me there's times Fred has spent days not sleeping because he's frustrated with me. I blow all my money or go on a binge or whatever. They tell me I'm the other brother they didn't have, and I feel the same way. I think a lot of the Europeans catch on because they listen if you got something to say, and Fred's definitely got something to say.

But here in the States you've got to be wearing the right outfit, or cute guys on stage or whatever. And I'm up there playing with Grandma and Grandpa. Fucking kicking ass and taking names (laughs). Up yours.

You knew it was special at the time and didn't take it for granted, which made other people really realize it and see it.

TOODY: It became like a marriage right off the bat. When shit got rocky and people got pissed off, there was never a consideration that that was gonna be anything other than a minor setback. We'd been through too many band members.

ANDREW: Toody, me, and Fred get along. We all get along as a band. But I get along different with Fred than the way I get along with Toody separately, and I get along with them in a different way when they're together. Still, those guys can just look at me, I'm still the fan. If I wasn't in this band, I would be in the front row with as many people as I could take with me – "You gotta see this" (laughs). Fred is the motherfucker. He's a motherfucker on stage. He's incredible. He can be the baddest motherfucker on stage, write these songs that bring people to tears, or to just, "Aaaahhhh!" Just going out of their skull.

FRED: It's a real bitch to keep a band together. Even three people. It's just hard to keep a relationship together.

They tell me I'm the other brother they didn't have, and I feel the same way.

ANDREW

TOODY: One of Andrew's favorite lines, "You just wanna smack the bastard!'

FRED: "Nazi bitch from hell."

TOODY: No, Nazi nun! Nazi nun!

FRED: "Nazi nun from hell!" And everybody would always go, "Oh Toody's the nice one!" Me and Andrew looked at each other, "Oh, yeah, right!"

TOODY: That was Hans's name for me. "I want to talk to the nice one."

FRED: Yeah (laughter).

TOODY: Fred every time would go, "All right, Hans, you're on my shit list."

FRED: And he was like, "How big is that list? Goddamn, Fred, you're pissed about everything!" Pissed off, pissed off, it's the way I am!

TOODY: That's why Hans loved "Poor Born." That line just killed him. He goes, "That was just so Fred, pissed off, pissed off, it's just the way I am!" (laughter). And he pretty much was. He was always pissed off (laughs).

When did things start to change in America – catching up with Europe and appreciating you?

FRED: Boy, that took some time.

TOODY: Took a long time. Then again it was just, key cities, it would be Austin and Chicago and New York. Then we'd play Salt Lake and Denver and it was the same old same old bullshit.

FRED: We could play as Dead Moon right now in Salt Lake, and I swear to god if we drew twenty people I would be surprised.

TOODY: But it's the same in Europe, there were a lot of places that were really fun to play that were smaller places, but then there was always Berlin and Athens and Amsterdam. Oslo. Helsinki. We were playing so much and we got so tight. We were on the right wavelength, having a great time playing together and all that. The electricity that was going on upstage carried over to the audience and just went back and forth and just created this amazing feeling for everybody. And the fact that we played right up front, right to the edge of the stage, right at people's faces, that just made such an impact on audiences. And they just immediately felt a part of the whole thing – a part of the band. It was just an amazing experience for everybody.

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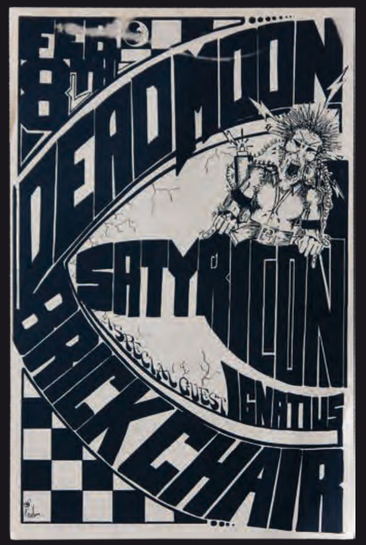
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keg at 9
monday
31ST OF JULY
SATYRICON

Dead Moon
Saturday 24th
GIRL TROUBLE
SCREAMIN' FURYS
PJ'S

How did you come up with that right-up-front, three-in-a-row formation?

FRED: I was tired of not being able to hear fucking drums onstage. No matter what they did with the monitors I could not ever hear what the fuck was going on. I said, "We're putting you right in the fucking front so I can hear you."

TOODY: I think the other idea was the concept that each band member is equal to the full attention of the audience. Fred always hated having drums way in the back the traditional way. It just made it easier for us to keep it together. Keep tight. Hear what was going on.

ANDREW: That's just what we were comfortable with. It was like, "Oh wow, they got the drummer up front!" It's like, "That's how we practice. That's how we play." For me to be sitting up on a big drum riser, thirty meters apart from each other, it's ridiculous. We play close, feel close, family.

TOODY: Everybody had their favorite. You had x amount of people over here who had to see Fred play, x amount of people who had to be in front of Andrew, and x amount of people who needed to be in front of me.

FRED: Besides that, I could look at Andrew and go, "Man, you're playing it way too fucking slow," instead of having to scream back over like, "Hey asshole, speed it up!"

TOODY: Or just give him a "hey hey hey hey" or "slow it down." Andrew would get his chops up, oh my god, it would be a freaking race. Faster than you could possibly play it. We got tight enough and familiar enough with the material to where we were all just racing through shit, you know?

FRED: They want to hear thirty songs, we only got two hours to do it. Fucking play this motherfucker fast. We gotta get through this shit, you know. Fuck.

TOODY: I go back and listen to some of that stuff. I don't know how I did it. I know I did. I remember doing it. Now it's like, are you kidding me? No fucking way.

ANDREW: What I like about the whole setup is that you just plug it in, there's no effects, no bullshit. To those who don't just like what we're playing, who don't have the palate for it, it might sound like bullshit, but to us it's ... it's turned on and turned up. What you hear is what we're playing. If you don't like it, get the fuck out of the kitchen.

TOODY: Fred went through the heyday of Dead Moon like, we'd get to a show and he'd go, "God, man, I don't think anybody's gonna show up tonight."

It always amazes him and surprises him when people come. Which is cool, OK? He's never taken it for granted and he's completely humble about the fact that it's happening.

FRED: I'm real superstitious, so if we had a really good gig, I just think, "Oh my god, we're due for three or four turds that are just gonna be hell."

You bring up the superstitions, but there's also a lot of traditions ...

FRED: Like that candle and all that shit?

ANDREW: We were over in Europe. The bottles of Jack Daniels were a little bit bigger over there and (the candle) twisted right in there. This place we were playing at had all those little bottle candles. Weeden put one on there and Fred looked at that and said, "Oh, that's gotta stay. You gotta do that." And I thought, "Well, it doesn't bother me." I wanted to leave the bottle there anyway, but the candle was his son's idea. I think he was trying to photograph something and the candle was in his way and he set it up on top of the bottle. Fred was like, "Oh, that's totally fucking cool, that stays!'

FRED: There's certain things that I try, and if I have a good gig, then I keep it.

ANDREW: Certain things are lucky to him. He's got his lucky shirt. Boy, it's lucky for him we don't kill him for wearing that thing all the time. See that belt buckle? Every time you see any picture of us the only thing that's gonna change is maybe me and Toody's T-shirts. Fred looks the same in every single thing. I gave Edwin a Rats record. He looked at it and he's like, "Is that the same shirt Fred is wearing now?" I go, "Yeah. Uh-huh. It sure is."

TOODY: One of the big things was people wanting to throw beer on Andrew's floor tom continually after he came up with that one ...

FRED: We were playing in this funky little fucking place.

TOODY: BCs gig?

FRED: That was the first time. This guy in the audience had a glass of red wine and he poured it on Andrew's floor tom and Andrew didn't know it and he's playing away, and the shit's splashing, and he's looking and he says, "Jesus Christ, Fred, I'm bleeding all over the fucking place!"

TOODY: He used to whack himself on the snare or whatever. He's like, "Fuck!"

FRED: We were trying to figure out what's going on and then he looks at his fucking floor tom and he goes, "Son of a bitch!" It looked like blood! We're all playing so close, Toody had splatters on her and I had splatters on me.

TOODY: It's a contact sport!

ANDREW: Toody gets wetter than I do on that one. That song's always in the set.

FRED: But there's a lot of things that we did and we'd have a horrible gig. I'd go, "Man, don't ever do that again. Don't ever fucking ..."

What are some of those?

FRED: Andrew wore these red fucking pants one gig, fell off his fucking seat, knocked my amp over and shit, and I go, "Man don't ever wear those fucking clown pants to a gig again!" He goes, "My other ones were dirty." And I go, "Well, buy another pair." That's the thing with "are you wearing your pants?"

TOODY: You'd go, "Are you ready?" He'd go, "Well, I got my pants on!"

ANDREW: What I know is that Fred believes in whatever he believes in, and he believes in it strongly. He's not his way or the highway. He will be diplomatic and take a vote, but when Dead Moon has a vote, I lose.

We're putting you right in the fucking front so I can hear you.

FRED

I'm a lifer. Rock'n'Roll is the only thing I got. It's the only thing I can do.

ANDREW

FRED: Yeah, yeah, whatever. He and I would have a million arguments about all kinds of weird shit. But it was fine. His whole thing was "OK, Fred, what're you pissed off about today?" Cause I'd go, "Come here, I want to talk to you." He'd go, "Well, what, are you pissed off?" and I go, "I'm not pissed, I just want to talk to you." "Uh, OK. What about?" "I just want to tell you you're doing really good. You played really good tonight." "Really?" (laughter) "I thought I played the same way I played last night." And I go, "No, you really fucked up last night."

TOODY: He's pretty much impossible to stay mad at for very long.

FRED: Yeah. Yeah. Goddamnit.

ANDREW: I'm a lifer. Rock'n'Roll is the only thing I got. It's the only thing I can do. I'm a shitty busboy. I'm all right at bartending. But I just couldn't ... I can't take anybody's shit. I can't be nice to somebody because I'm supposed to. I'm not good with authority. When we play, it's our way or the highway. It's paid off. Twelve weeks of tour and you live for a year. I'm not rolling in the dough, but I'm not a bum. I used to get all the money after European tours in one lump sum. So I went home to see my mom and living like I'm a millionaire, which I wasn't, but feeling like that. I got this stack of records, cassette tapes, all these photos, the paraphernalia, little medallions, things, paintings people made for us. My mom, I show her all of this stuff and she's kind of shaking her head, "The Dairy Queen down the street is hiring" (laughs). "Mom! I'm telling you, I've got a job. It's a real job!" She'd be quite pleased if I was washing dishes. If I was here to make money, I'd be doing something else. I'm doing fine – my heat is on, there's food in the fridge, I've got friends. It's what you need.

TOODY: One of the cool things about the band and everywhere that we went was that the age range was pretty amazing.

FRED: With Dead Moon we had a lot of younger kids. It made for a real mixture of people.

ANDREW: Yeah, we've got a few different generations coming. There's a kid named Jimmy, the son of a friend of ours named Kass. He'd heard Dead Moon from his father. He couldn't come to the shows until he was seven, I think. When he came to the show his father set him up on the edge of the stage. I gave him a set of earplugs, and we had a T-shirt we gave him and he wouldn't take that off.

★

More than most bands, you avoided dealing with the devil ...

ANDREW: I know Fred's doing it that way because he'd already dealt with that stuff. He hates the major label shit. They're telling you what to wear and what the names of your songs are gonna be. What the artwork is gonna be. Fuck that. We can do whatever we want – we're not signed to anybody. We do whatever the fuck we want. It's really just a way of life. We help artists out by them doing our posters. We help somebody out that can't do a job by paying them to put up the posters. We help out the bartenders by bringing people into the place that buy the beers and get them tips. We help out the club by paying their rent, by packing the house, which we do! (laughs).

TOODY: A lot of bands figure they're hitting the big time and so-and-so can offer them bigger and better and they drop people they worked with for years. They bring it on themselves. As much as everybody wants to go, "It's nothing personal, it's just business," everybody takes it personally. Fred's always been of the opinion that if that's how you treat people, you're destined to fall.

FRED: It comes back on you.

TOODY: So don't be surprised when it happens. It happens real soon after you just did whatever it was that you shouldn't have.

ANDREW: Karma – it's a big thing with him, and he says he's almost got his paid off. He's something else, man.

FRED: We stay with the same people. If it works, don't fix it.

ANDREW: The reason that we get along besides people appreciating our music is that we treat people like people. There's the trash-the-hotel shit and "I want this certain type of cigarette, I want green M&M's," or whatever. We're thankful for whatever we get. There's just – scratch my back I scratch your back. It's a business for them to put on shows and so we better put on a show. If they give us something, we give them something. There's a few times I didn't want to be where I was and it was just because so much business stuff became involved instead of the human beings. It was more money instead of eyes, ears, and heart.

TOODY: Our ties go way, way back with pretty much everybody. Its like, "Oh, you know how to do that, cool! Can you help me with this?" "Sure, whatever..."

We stay with the same people. If it works, don't fix it.

FRED

Meghan Smith gave me a letter that you wrote to Empty that outlined what you would and wouldn't do if they did a record.

TOODY: The main reason we ended up working with them is because they were totally willing to give us what we wanted and take over all the stuff that we didn't have the time or the inclination to deal with, especially distribution and promotion, which was cool.

FRED: I needed time to use the weed eater down at Tombstone.

TOODY: We were really lucky to have come up with the idea of having a guitar shop when independent guitar shops were nil. But we got so bored with it. At that point everybody was selling all their really cool used instruments which used to be the jazz – getting this really cool vintage stuff in. At some point it was just the same old newer stuff over and over and over again it was just like (snore). A couple years earlier was when Guitar Center went in about a mile and a half down the road. They pretty much put any smaller guitar shops under. We don't have any major lines and exclusive deals and this and that.

FRED: We had Fender.

TOODY: Business was dropping and it was just like, "Why?" The other thing that was pretty much the death knell for Tombstone was all of a sudden it started getting to all this software, MIDI, high-tech crap. And Fred's like, "I'm not learning that stuff. I'm not carrying it and I'm not selling it."

FRED: I wouldn't use it myself! We carried pedals that you step on and they fucking make a sound, like a fuzz tone, whatever.

TOODY: Analog, analog, baby.

FRED: Not something that's got four thousand knobs you gotta figure out. Man, I just want it to sound like a fucking overdrive or a fuzz tone or whatever – one particular sound. It's like going on into a fucking coffee shop that's got fifty flavors of whatever the fuck. I just want a cup of coffee!

TOODY: The buying public loves that shit.

FRED: Yeah, well, I hate that shit.

TOODY: But it was just time. We were touring to keep that place afloat for probably a couple of years. And having gone through two or three different eras with the music scene and made a living off of it, we basically financed everything that we've got going on today from that. It was a kick in the ass, but it was fun.

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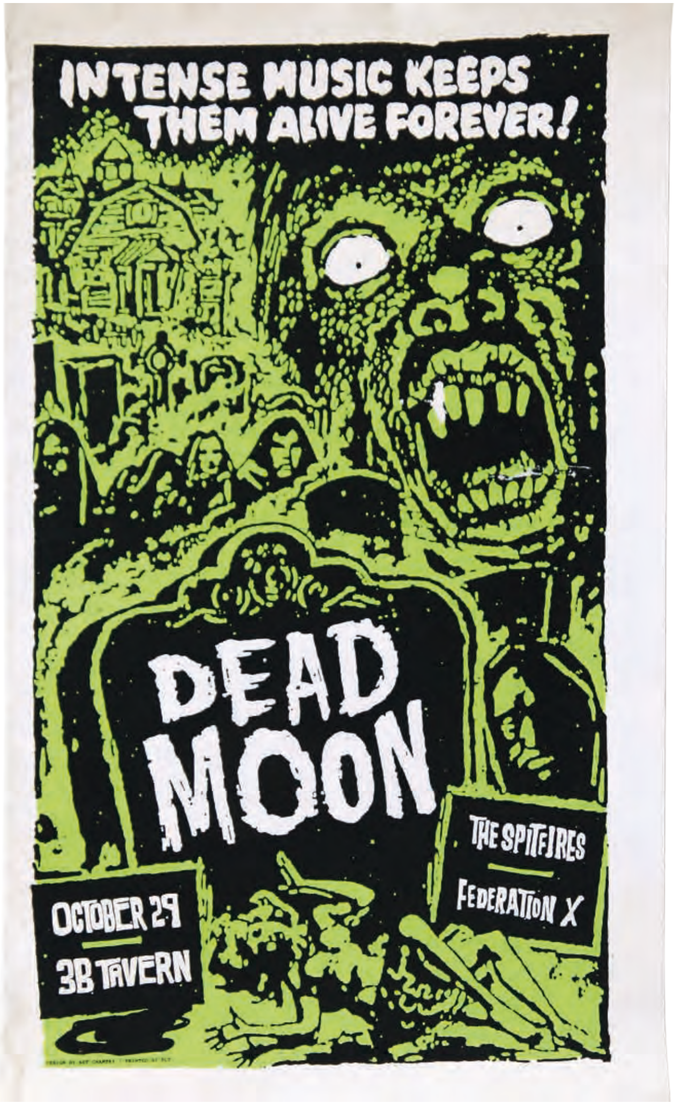
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THE SPITFIRES
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We do whatever the fuck we want.
It's really just a way of life.

ANDREW

When did you start noticing people getting Dead Moon tattoos?

FRED: About '92

TOODY: Right from the get-go. Second tour.

FRED: Right after I got mine. And I think I got mine in '90 or '91.

TOODY: Yeah you had it on our first tours over there.

FRED: People thought that was a big deal, so all these pictures were being taken of my cheek. Then we started getting all kinds of people sending us pictures of tattoos that they got.

TOODY: I think most of it was to impress Fred because he had the most wicked Dead Moon tattoo that could ever be. It was almost a sign of respect. I would love to know at some point how many people on the planet have a Dead Moon tattoo. I've seen hundreds.

ANDREW: Yeah, everywhere on their body. Then they come up with their own. Like, there's these guys in Germany. One of them made one out of a lyric in our song, "got a time bomb tickin' inside." He had the logo of the moon with a time bomb in it. They all come up with their own versions. It's crazy.

FRED: It's amazing.

What do you think it means?

TOODY: It means they're part of the family. Everybody needs that. That's how we came off, like a family. It really kills me to go back and see those vintage photos and see how much alike we really looked. It just came off like a thing that you wanted to be a part of. Tattoos were just one way to do it – one way to show your loyalty. The whole reason that the three of us got the tats ourselves was playing a benefit for the firebombing that happened at Sea Tramp (Tattoo Co.) and Satyricon. At some point the cops really wanted Satyricon gone. Supposedly this one cop named Rocky – he fucking hated the punk scene. Granted it was pretty sleazy. I mean there were guys selling coke out in the front on the sidewalk.

FRED: They busted George for pissing in the alley and he was the owner of Satyricon.

TOODY: The bathrooms were full. This was when the place was really happening and it was packed all the time and everybody was pretty fucking wild. The city was trying to gentrify and clean up that area, which was basically skid row. At some point, somebody threw a Molotov cocktail into Sea Tramp, which was right there on the corner of Sixth.

I always said, "I will never have a tattoo on my body."

That's why I have it on my face.

FRED

FRED: Right next door.

TOODY: Everybody always thought Satyricon was the ultimate target, but this poor guy lost all of his designs, all of his tattoo artwork, I mean everything. His whole portfolio and his space. The building was insured but he didn't have any insurance himself. Like everybody that's minimally self-employed, he was left holding the bag without anything. A bunch of the musicians got together and threw a benefit for him at Satyricon. We were part of that, and he says, "Oh man, thank you all so much. I'll give you free tattoos." Well, Andrew had several already. I didn't have any. Neither did Fred. So we decided, OK, it's gonna be our one and only.

Once you said it was two rules of yours in conflict.

FRED: You don't want to mar your skin, but you could never turn down anything that was free. Oh yeah, that's definitely true.

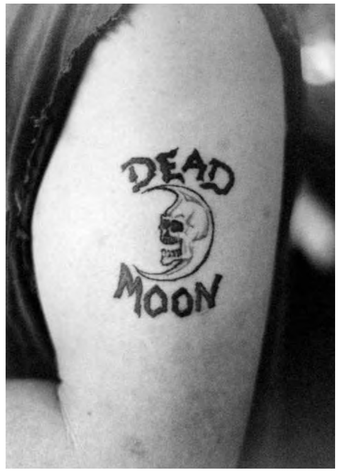
TOODY: He was outvoted two to one anyway, so ... Andrew's like, "Fuck yeah, I'm getting a free tattoo!"

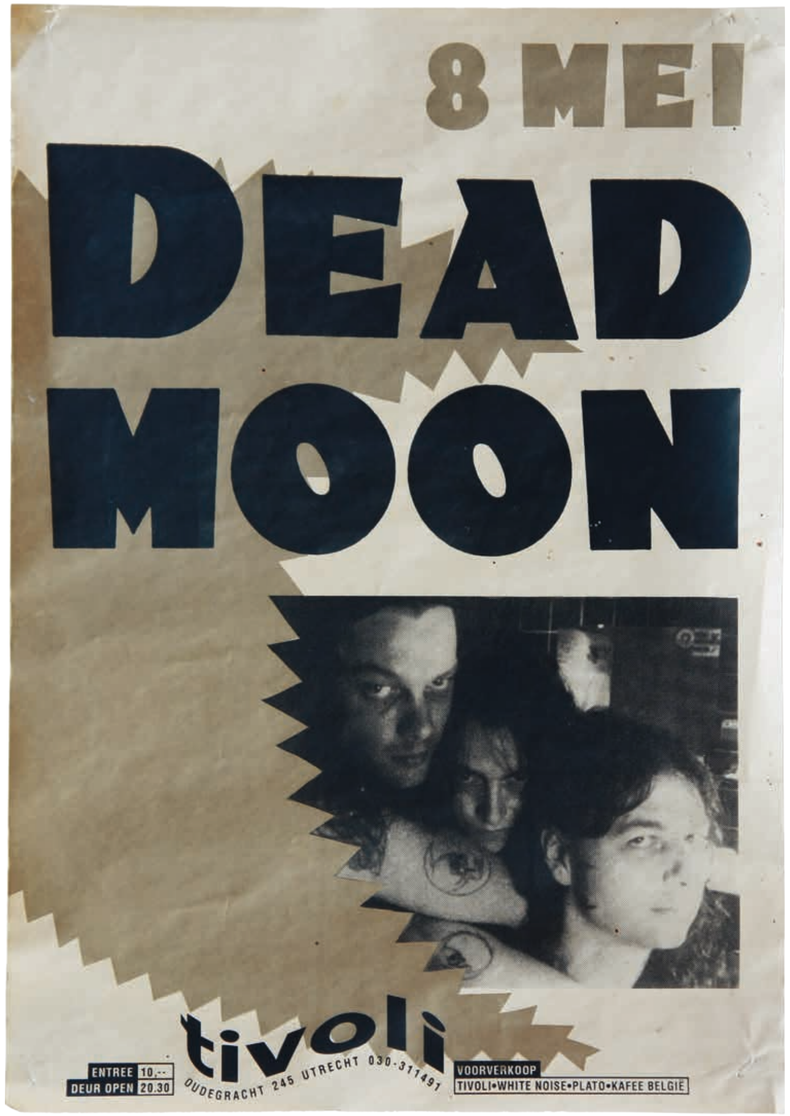
FRED: I always said, "I will never have a tattoo on my body." That's why I have it on my face (laughter). I wasn't lying! We took the picture of the Dead Moon logo. Toody and Andrew both got them on their arms.

TOODY: We each had different tattoo artists and they kind of all did their own little impressions of it and gave me little girly-looking things on mine. At that point it was illegal to have tattoos on your hands or your face. Now it obviously isn't.

FRED: I brought a bottle of booze. He goes, "You can't have any booze. Have you been drinking?" "No, I was just gonna get drunk when you do this." He goes, "No, I'm sorry, man, you can't do it. It's gonna thin your blood." I sat there for four hours. He gets done and he goes, "Well, you might want to come back in a week or so and I'll ..."

TOODY: "I'll fill it in a little. I can darken it up." It's never faded. It's there.





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There's the tattoos and also fan art – would you just describe and talk about some of it?

TOODY: We've had people do paintings and this and that and send drawings and come up with all kinds of little mementos. A lot of its still kicking around our house here. Oh my god. The egg with the cowboy hat – that was Edwin's.

FRED: That was for my birthday!

TOODY: Mainly because Fred hates eggs and every time we go down for breakfast in the morning and we're all eating boiled eggs, so Edwin had to use the egg cup theme. It's always been amazing to me what people will do for us.

ANDREW: They made cakes for us. One of them was a really nice cake, a space cake (laughs), with the whole logo on it. We played the first United New Years in Berlin. I got this medallion one from this kid who was behind the Berlin Wall. This kid made only four of them. He made one for him, one for Fred, one for Toody, and me. I put it on this shoestring and I said, "I'll never take it off." I've had it on ever since. And the people made us, like, pewter things. Oh, god. Any kind of – from earrings to pendants to homemade T-shirts – those are my favorite. Man, I like those. Oh, sweaters, a woman hand-knit sweaters with our logo on it, the whole thing, and then each of our names down the side.

TOODY: In most of the photographs of Andrew and I think now Neva's wearing it which is really cool ... the Maori green stones and the one white – that's all from our first trip to New Zealand. We've all got a lot of mementos that are not only cool but something that was really personally loved, and they needed to give it to you. It's been amazing. I've still got a huge collection of all kinds of necklaces and all kinds of different weird things girls have made and given to me over the years. That's why I like to leave everything hanging out. Looking at it just reminds you how cool people are and the fact that you made them feel great for a night or for a lifetime and that it's important enough to them to let you know.

★

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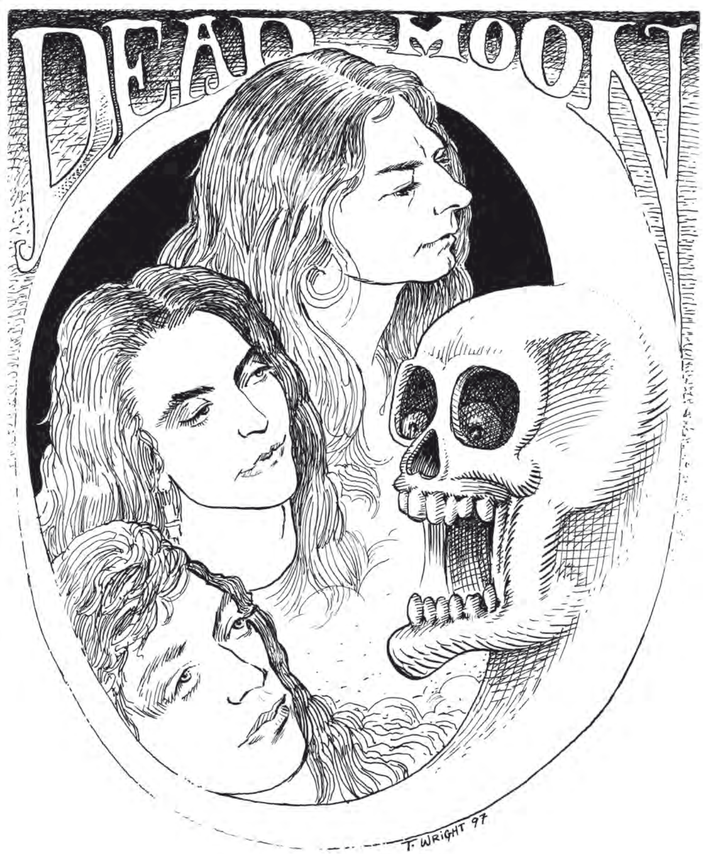

Dear Fred,

thank you again for the crossword-puzzle-magazine. I ~~did~~ 3 "Kriss-Kross" puzzles yesterday - with success. I also have a present for you - this picture. I drew it 3 years ago, when I was 10 years old. I had never seen you before, only on a CD-cover.

Best wishes, also to Andrew and Toody,

Hermann

TOODY: What's the most unusual thing anybody has ever sent to you in the mail, Fred?

FRED: We're at home at Christmas. The post office calls us up and they say, "we got a package down here and you have to come down and pick it up." And it's really strange. It's from Holland. We go down there and they mailed us an acoustic guitar! An acoustic guitar in the mail!!! And it made it through the mail! No case, no packaging, no nothing. 2 strings were broken. They had our address written into the face of the guitar with a big felt pen and a return address and all these stamps all over the guitar. And on the back it says: MERRY CHRISTMAS DEAD MOON. It was great! We have it hanging in the store. It's way cool!

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Do you have a favorite record?

TOODY: I always tell people Defiance is one of my favorites. I can't exactly say why it just is ... but all the first three. There's so much that's on Unknown Passage as well. I think part of the reason I always pick this one is remembering "Johnny's Got a Gun" being basically my first Dead Moon song. "Walking on My Grave" is such a classic. Same with "Kicked Out Kicked In" and also "Dagger Moon" – two songs that just kill me.

Do you got a favorite album?

FRED: To listen to, I would say Stranded . Yeah, that's my favorite, I think. I really like "Sorrow's Forecast." "Get on Board" is pretty cool. "Crazy to the Bone," "Castaways," "Jane," "Down the Road." Yeah. I just dig all the songs the way they came out and everything else.

TOODY: Half the time he'll pick something that we enjoy listening to mainly because we didn't play those songs over and over and over and over and over live.

FRED: I didn't have to listen to this son of a bitch fucking fifty thousand times.

ANDREW: Trash & Burn, that one, that record I put on, played that side, I turned it over, I played the other side. I can turn it over, and I can listen to it around other people. I really like that one. It's just that it's pretty freaky timing, because there's a lot of patriotism in it and just weird ... His timing's something else.

FRED: Right now Stranded In the Mystery Zone. Tomorrow would be Strange Pray Tell maybe. Or Crack In The System . I don't know. Nervous Sooner Changes. Yeah.

TOODY: We go back and listen to pretty much all of them off and on. At different points, sometimes have a binge and listen to five or six in a row.

So it's growing, it's peaking, and then where does it start to end?

FRED: I'd say about 2005 it started going down.

TOODY: We toured like crazy in 2004. And then I got tendinitis so bad we took nine months off — we pretty much didn't play in 2005. We were away from each other enough to where it was really cool when we got back together.

FRED: Andrew's health was starting to get fucked. He was drinking a lot more and trying to get through each night. He was in a lot of pain at that point. Dealing with health issues.

TOODY: Part of them he'd had since he was a kid. They were just genetic.

FRED: Part of them he brought on himself. A lot of hard living.

TOODY: In 2006 Andrew turned forty-five and I don't know why that was the age, but bing! he changed somewhat. He became a little more bitter and dis-tant to people. Instead of laughing with you he was laughing at you. It was like his heart was just not in it to the point that it was before. I mean, it's inevitable at some point everything must come to an end. It can never be as glorious as it once was. We did that last tour in 2006 and played a bunch of shows locally and just really had a great time playing again together and then it was just that's the end of that. That tour it was just like, it was done. Fred and Andrew were like, "Nope, ain't working."

FRED: I just didn't care anymore. We'd almost been together for twenty years.

TOODY: It's a long time. Nothing to feel ashamed about, that's for sure. There's just different points in your life where you get to that next level or whatever the hell it is. You just know it's time for a change. We were all exhausted. We needed a break. Fred and I took a little bit of time off and started Pierced Arrows right after that.

FRED: Pierced Arrows was basically us going back and kind of trying to redo The Rats more than anything else.

TOODY: Kinda, sorta. It also started with a lot of the last few songs that we were trying to work up with Andrew. We started out with those first songs just the same way we had started out with what was left over with The Rats when we started doing originals with Dead Moon.

At some point everything must come to an end. It can never be as glorious as it once was.

TOODY

How did you come across Kelly Halliburton? How did he get involved?

FRED: We met Kelly in ... well, when he was four years old.

TOODY: No, in Stuttgart with Dead Moon.

FRED: He came to see us and goes, "I'm the son of Gary Halliburton, I'm Kelly," and I go, "Oh my god, you're the little kid that used to come down to the basement and listen to us practice." We started talking to him and I go, "What're you doing over here?" and he starts explaining. "I play bass in a band but right now I'm kind of playing drums a little bit." Then about two years later we were in Portland to see the documentary (Unknown Passage: The Dead Moon Story).

TOODY: We ran into him there.

FRED: He goes, "Yeah I just moved back." I kept that in the back of my mind. About a year after that we got ahold of him and said, "Hey, man, you want to come out and jam with us on drums?" We had him come out and oh my god, it was horrible, that first practice.

TOODY: He goes, "I haven't played for probably two years or longer! I'm really a bass player." Fred goes, "Well, sorry, we already got a bass player" (laughs).

FRED: "Let's set up another practice and do it again." So he came out a second time and was great. You could tell he'd been working like hell to figure out what he's supposed to be doing on drums, and we practiced again and go, "Hey, man, this might work out." We had another practice and I go, "Hey you wanna do a gig? Let's get some songs together."

TOODY: At that point we were getting huge offers from different people to please, please get the original Dead Moon back together.

FRED: We said no.

It reinvents itself.

TOODY

TOODY: Then, Jerry A. had just gotten another version of Poison Idea together. We'd always been good pals with Heather, the sound girl down at Ash Street (Saloon).

FRED: So we opened up that show.

TOODY: People were so curious to see what the hell we were up to after being out of the scene for six months that it was sold out. That pretty much got our rep as a band that could draw people in again. We still had all those contacts from Dead Moon, so we really had a leg up with Pierced Arrows and were able to take it quite a ways because of all that. It's cool to go back to playing these more intimate-sized places. It reinvents itself.

So Pierced Arrows starts, and you start the cycle again. Then there's the Dead Moon reunion shows that happen.

TOODY: We'd known Reverend Jimi at the Crystal from way back. In 2014 they were gonna have the hundred-year anniversary of the Crystal. He knew what the Crystal meant to us, so he made us this outrageous offer and we got ahold of Andrew and did a few rehearsals. They sounded pretty good. The show came off well and then he says, "Hey, how'd you like to make an annual event of it?" We ended up doing three altogether. We did the first two with Andrew and the third one we had to do with Kelly Halliburton because Andrew was battling cancer by then. He just wasn't able to do the physical part of playing drums anymore, unfortunately. So the last show that we played with Andrew was in May in Holland, a little festival there. That was in 2015.

So how did it feel doing those 1,300-people, sold-out Crystal Ballroom shows?

TOODY: It was amazing. It was really amazing, especially for me. My most fond memories of the Crystal are from when I used to just be out there in the audience way, way back in the day. I played there a few different times and it was always so intimidating, but this was ... It was like Portland's way of saying thank you. It was very personal. It was really incredible.

FRED: It was very cool.

TOODY: So many people that we've known for so many years were all there and it was like a family reunion.

★

DEAD

NNER
MUSIC
PARTY
GO!!

TOODY: We started the whole duo thing when we had a couple of shows that Fred and I really wanted to play. We were doing it periodically when the occasion arose or when Kelly was on tour and that's how that whole thing happened. At some point it was great to have it to fall back on when it got to be a bit much for Fred to be standing that long.

FRED: Yeah.

TOODY: People can actually hear and understand the lyrics, where before they'd hear the chorus part and that was it. They'd get like the five catchwords and that was pretty much all, which has been one of the main reasons he's been an advocate of printing the lyrics to songs on the albums.

FRED: I'm digging that. A lot of people like the fact that we're not playing so loud and they don't have to worry about a mosh pit.

TOODY: So loud and so late and so this and so that. Everybody else has grown up too, you know?

FRED: Yeah, and it really blows me away that we're getting so many young kids that have just turned twenty-one. Their parents have been talking about our shit forever, and they're going, "I've heard you guys since I was six years old." You know? Pretty cool.

TOODY: A lot of these kids are discovering somebody and then tracing back to who influenced them back to back to and then they end up in our neck of the world.

FRED: Toody just did an interview with somebody at a radio station in Auckland.

TOODY: New Zealand. It sounds like a KBOO-type station. She goes, "Yeah, we have to play a Fred Cole song every hour. It's tradition now. Doesn't matter what band, what vintage, whatever, or people call up and give us shit about it.

I think I wouldn't trade any of the songs I've written for anybody else's.

FRED

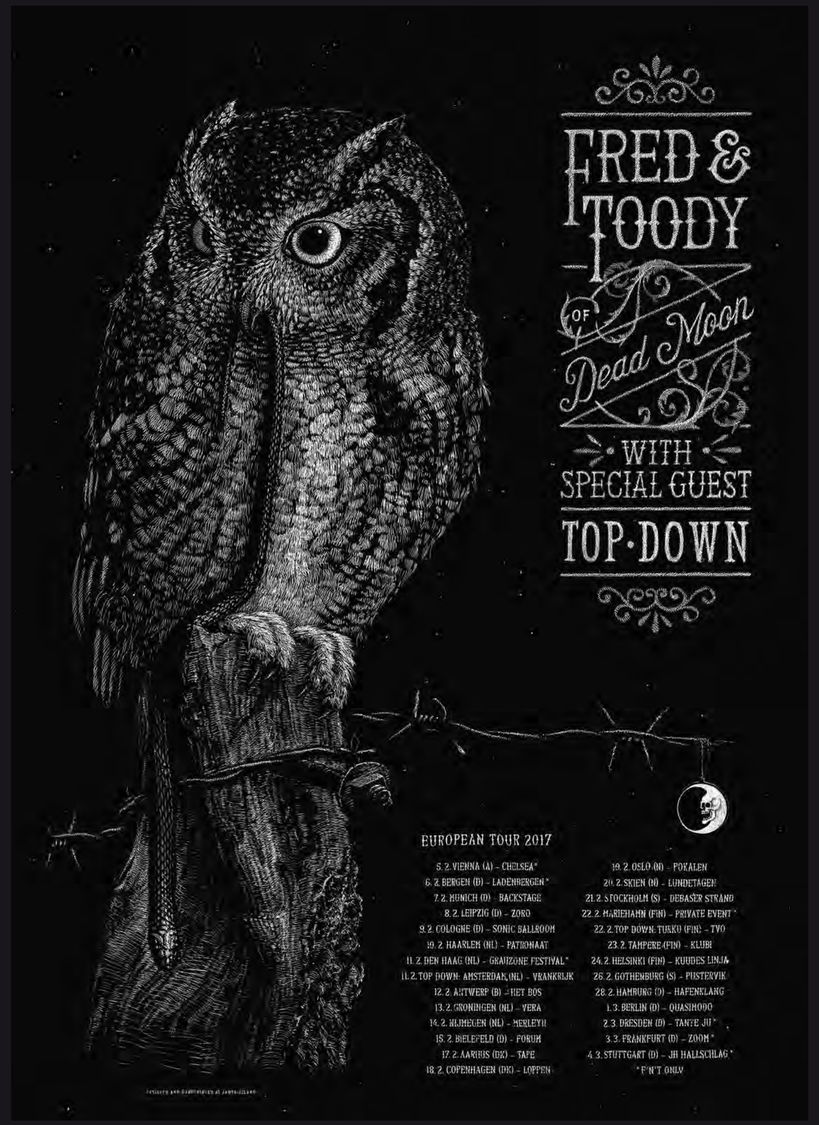
FRED: I always think how many songs that I hear that other songwriters have written that I wish to god I had written. But then I think I wouldn't trade any of the songs I've written for anybody else's. I'm thanking god that I wrote these songs instead of Roky Erickson or Mick Jagger and Keith Richards or Dylan.

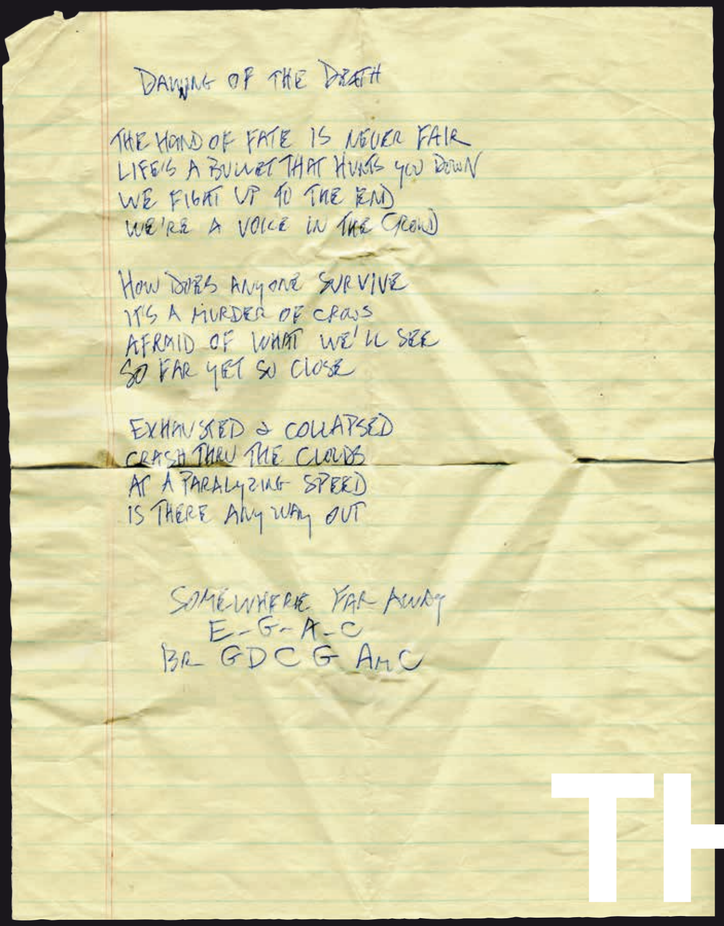
TOODY: Thank god you did them and not somebody else.

FRED: But I'm glad I'm the one that did it, cause if they had written them I would be jealous.

TOODY: You'd be covering them.

FRED: Yeah.


FRED &
TOODY
OF
Dead Moon
WITH
SPECIAL GUEST
TOP·DOWN
EUROPEAN TOUR 2017
5. 2. VIENNA (A) – CHELSEA*
6. 2. BERGEN (D) – LADENBERGEN*
7. 2. MUNICH (D) – BACKSTAGE
8. 2. LEIPZIG (D) – ZORO
9. 2. COLOGNE (D) – SONIC BALLROOM
10. 2. HAARLEM (NL) – PATRONAAT
11. 2. DEN HAAG (NL) – GRAUZONE FESTIVAL*
11. 2. TOP DOWN: AMSTERDAM (NL) – VRANKRIJK
12. 2. ANTWERP (B) – HET BOS
13. 2. GRONINGEN (NL) – VERA
14. 2. NIJMEGEN (NL) – MERLEYN
15. 2. BIELEFELD (D) – FORUM
17. 2. AARHUS (DK) – TAPE
18. 2. COPENHAGEN (DK) – LOPPEN
19. 2. OSLO (NO) – POKALEN
20. 2. SKIEN (NO) – LUNDETAGEN
21. 2. STOCKHOLM (S) – DEBASER STRAND
22. 2. MARIEHAMN (FIN) – PRIVATE EVENT*
22. 2. TOP DOWN: TURKU (FIN) – TYO
23. 2. TAMPERE (FIN) – KLUBI
24. 2. HELSINKI (FIN) – KUUDES LINJA
26. 2. GOTHENBURG (S) – PUSTERVIK
28. 2. HAMBURG (D) – HAFENKLANG
1. 3. BERLIN (D) – QUASIMODO
2. 3. DRESDEN (D) – TANTE JU*
3. 3. FRANKFURT (D) – ZOOM*
4. 3. STUTTGART (D) – JH HALLSCHLAG*
* F'N'T ONLY



DAWNING OF THE DEATH

THE HAND OF FATE IS NEVER FAIR
LIFE'S A BULLET THAT HURTS YOU DOWN
WE FIGHT UP TO THE END
WE'RE A VOICE IN THE CROWD

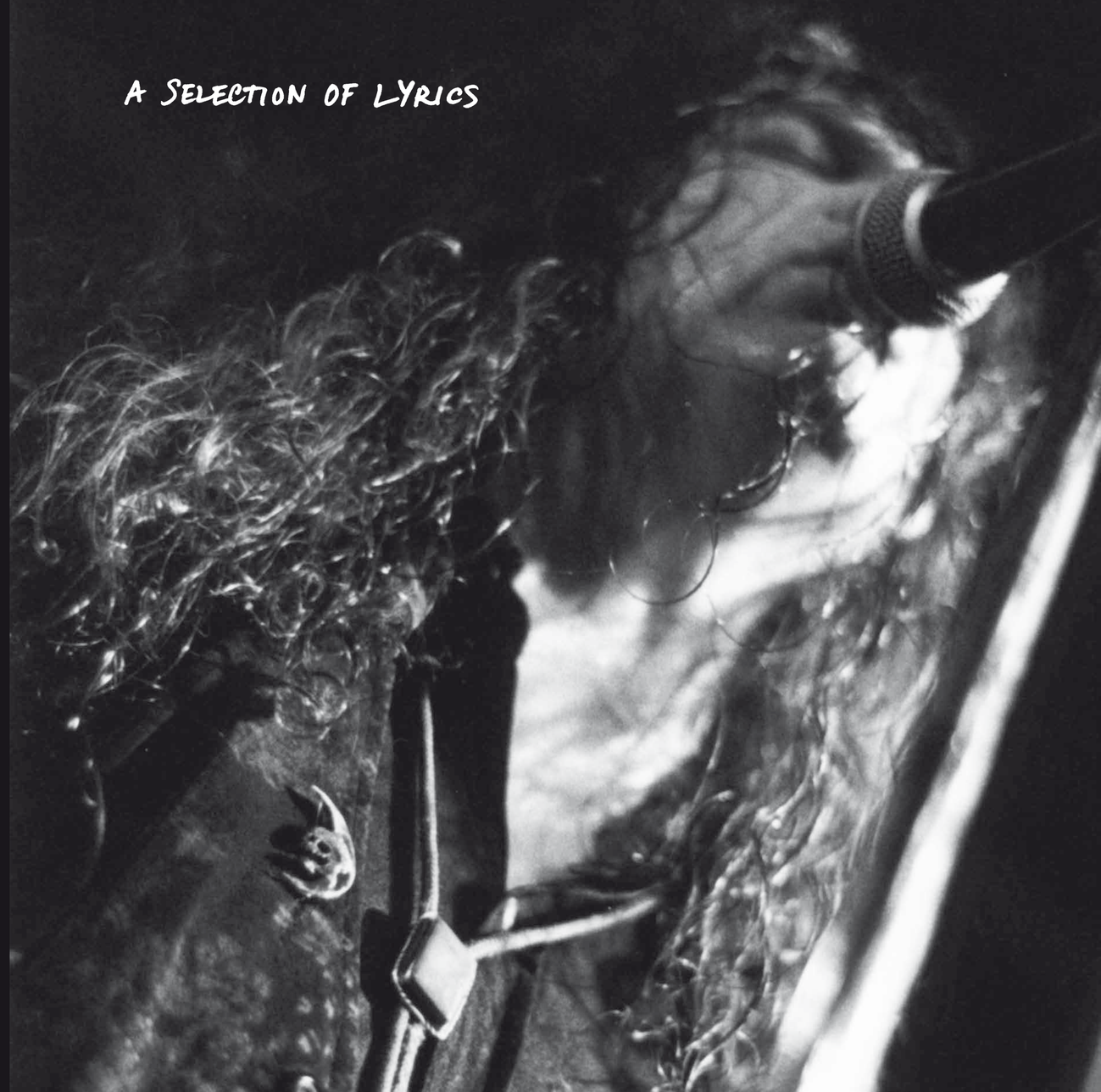
HOW DOES ANYONE SURVIVE
IT'S A MURDER OF CRAWS
AFRAID OF WHAT WE'LL SEE
SO FAR YET SO CLOSE

EXHAUSTED & COLLAPSED
CRASH THRU THE CLOUDS
AT A PARALYZING SPEED
IS THERE ANY WAY OUT

SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY
E-G-A-C
BR GDCG AmC

THE WORDS

A SELECTION OF LYRICS



Poor Born

I was poor born out in tin town
I'd sing along with Jerry Lee records
Trying to get my moves down
I was skinny, I was big-nosed
The only thing I had on my mind
Was trying to do the "please don't"
I'm pissed off, pissed off, pissed off
It's just the way I am

I was wasted, I was dumb-struck
I'd wake up in the bottom of something
Being loaded in a dump truck
I was so gone, I was dead-eyed
I've been screaming at the top of my lungs
Since 1965
I'm pissed off, pissed off, pissed off
It's just the way I am

I've been rocked out, I can't cool down
I've got a woman who still makes me crazy
With the shake of her nightgown
I'm still nervous, I ain't been broken
I'm still churning and burning inside
And I can't stop smokin'
I'm pissed off, pissed off, pissed off
It's just the way I am

Kicked Out, Kicked In

When I was 16 I was kicked out of school
They couldn't dig my anti-social attitude
When I was 20 looking for a job
They told me "kid, you got hair too long"
And things ain't changed a lot since way back when
I'm still a loner without many friends
Kicked out – kicked in, I can't open the door

When I got older and I learned the truth
Some things don't matter if they ain't no use
If you can't get there without playing games
Or pointing fingers at who's to blame
I'm only human but time will tell
Who's sold out and who is for sale
Kicked out – kicked in, I can't open the door

Now muddy water's running through my brain
That deep depression's coming on again
It's no secret why I'm so damn down
It's how you end up in the underground
I can't remember how I fell out of sight
It's like I'm on the other sight of the light
Kicked out – kicked in, I can't open the door

Cast Will Change

Wish I'd been born on a Georgia farm
Wish I'd never seen the city's harm
Wish I'd been sown like an innocent seed
Stranded in the country 'stead of on the street
Sooner or later the cast will change

Watched my face as it turned to stone
Thinkin' things be better if I went back home
My friends ain't different, it's me that's changed
To wait so long and feel so strange
Sooner or later the cast will change

Some may come and some may go
Nothing lasts forever don't you know
I've been waitin' such a long, long, long time
Had a lotta people try to break my stride
Sooner or later the cast will change

The Way It Is

Maybe we were meant to be like a heartbeat turning black
Wasted like the colors mixed while thieves steal out the back
It's like a broken smile, a step apart that gives you style
It doesn't need explaining you know it's fall when it starts raining
It's just the way it is

Touching through an open flame and sparks begin to fly
Looking for another way but you can't help passing by
It's not your enemy, it's the sense somehow you won't be free
It's only rank and file, trampled love, and walking wild
It's just the way it is

Within the crystal pains that we shattered long ago
Alone with what remains it's hard to let you know
In a no-win fight, I guess two wrongs don't make a right
We're in the dash between the way we are and what we've been
It's just the way it is

It's O.K.

It's okay
We all seen better days
It's okay
You don't have to run and hide away
It's okay
We love you anyway

For in those reckless moments
When doubt is creeping in your head
Feeling like you've lost your youth
And the dreams you had are cold and dead
I can't reach you anymore
That's gonna take a different man
I can't protect you like before
You've slipped beyond my hands
But it's okay ...

I wish that I could light the path
That leads to a life of no mistakes
Hold you from the damned be done
That living out of safety seems to take
I remember still the child in you
As if only yesterday
It was easy to break through
I only had to kiss the pain
But it's okay ...

This is my chance, this is my life
And my opening hour
This is my choice, this is my voice
There may be no tomorrow
This is my plea, this is my need
This is my time for standing free
This is my step, this is my depth
In a world demanding of me
But it's okay ...

Clouds of Dawn

We ain't got the feeling and dreams not at all
For those who come lately are in for a fall
We're told of our outcome in silent rage and anger
We're bent out of focus facing the chasing danger
Miles away, miles away, we're miles away
But the clouds of dawn will soon be gone

Hold it too close you'll squeeze it to death
For those who push hardest soon run out of breath
I know there's a reason for moments of sadness weeping
It's the pain of a lifetime, it's all we have worth keeping

Lose your illusions and you'll lose your chance
For those who control love have no romance
But I still don't know you for all the time we're taking
You're still in my eyes babe, the future's ours for waiting

Fire In The Western World

The red sky's moaning and the wind is blowing hard
Better take warning 'cause this time it's gone too far
We been smokin' it more but enjoyin' it less
We better stop using or there'll be nothing left
The eyes of defiance are slowly being crushed to death
There's a fire in the western world

House in shambles, trip wire under the door
18, wasted, trying to hide the crack in the floor
Don't know what you're doing, don't really care
School's just a miss-hit going nowhere
You're running for your life while the scandal's
are burning the stairs
There's a fire in the western world

Can't you hear the rooster crowing in the dead of the night
Don'tcha wanna trash'em, jackboots step out of line
It's a concrete jungle, stones and tears
Quickly becoming what everybody fears
It ain't just color the message keeps cuttin' clear
There's a fire in the western world

Psychodelic Nightmare

Oh, it ain't safe, you better watch out
They're coming to get you – sickle and shroud
They'll turn you to stone and burn out your sky
They've got your number – television eyes
The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights

You think you can fight, hold on to your ground
The fingers of doom – time's counting down
You think you can run from the mushroom cloud
Rain turns to cinder when the hammer comes down
The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights
You the cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights
You're living on the edge of a psychodelic nightmare

I covered my face, I closed my door
The skyline was falling like the armies before
In the dust and the heat, the sound of change
Hell bent for leather, nothing remained
The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights

D. O. A.

Into dark waters flow – bad dreams of long ago
Children who never knew – what doors would open to
Flights taking weary souls – life shakes of bitter cold
Love tears on golden shores – teenaged, no more

What made you take the trip
How could you go so quick
Out through the open door
I wish I'd loved you more
D. O. A.

Pure as the driven snow – innocence now quickly goes
Hard pressed between the folds – inside the overcoat
Warm hearts and homeless bound – beware the city sound
Lying there below the street – broken, hard and beat

In cries of angels fall – in time you hear them all
Each face a deeper down – each heard a highway sound
Bound for the twilight flash – in tears the blinding match
A moments flame now cold – I knew her long ago

Over the Edge

Innocence, yeah, we got no choices
We are the victims of a thousand voices
Say we're bad 'cause we do what we do
They don't know the way I feel about you
And every day there's a dark stranger
Who tries to lead us into danger
I don't know what I'm gonna do
They don't know what I'm going through
Over the edge

I look at you and your eyes are on fire
We both know we're going down to the wire
Touch me baby and I feel like thunder
We are the modern world from down under

I looked at you for the very first time
You're like a river running through my mind
They say we're young, we don't know what we do
But I can't make it if I can't have you

Dagger Moon

Release me from your wire dagger moon
Release me from your wire dagger moon
Release me from your wire
I'm the hang of your desire
Release me from your wire dagger moon

Release me from the chamber dagger moon
Release me from the chamber dagger moon
Release me from the collars
Shadows and the tarnish yeah
Leave me on the outside dagger moon

Ah now what you came for dagger moon
Tell me what you came for dagger moon
You came in with your needle
Deep inside my fevers
God above you dagger moon

Shadows are a-fading dagger moon
Shattered 'neath my patient attitude
Nervous sooner changes
Goddamn I hate you
Always on the outside dagger moon
Release me from your wire
Dagger moon

Going South

Bring me my whiskey
I'm checking out
Gonna be a long time, girl
I'm going south
Shot up the mountain
Robbed that train
No way out, little girl
To get away clean

The sheriff's like lightning
Raised from the dead
A bullet with my name, little girl
Came at my head
Two-time loser
Breaking the law
Can't get away, little girl, because
A somebody saw

The sheriff is coming – found me out
The lines of confusion are burning me down
I know what I done – lotta men do
But all that I wanted was to get home to you
Baby, I'm going south

So bring me my whiskey
In the tallest glass
Gonna be a long time, little girl
But it might be the last
Take me down to Folsom
Sheriff John Law
Flirting with death, little girl
Somebody talked

40 Miles of Bad Road

I've crossed the line
I've bent the rules
Home of the brave
Red, white, and blue
I've fought the fire
Running through my head
Stood by and watched
Believed in what they said

I'm 40 miles of bad road
A riverbed of potholes
I know, I know, I know where
The money goes
Down a shaft of ratholes
Lowered by my ankles
Where dear dogs lie in the
Afterglow

I've walked the cage
I've been in cuffs
I've done the time
Enough is enough
I know my rights
Know when I'm wrong
But nothing seemed to matter
Until you came along

I've wrapped my wounds
I've closed my eyes
Escaped to nowhere
Turning back the tide
I asked the sage
What it's gonna take
To get out of Jordan
With everything at stake

Don't Burn the Fires

Running away, I knew I was wrong
I tried to fit in where I didn't belong
Wearing their clothes, playing their games
Being a part of that urban decay
Don't burn the fires, I'm never coming home

When the morning sky was cold and grey
I could hear the whispers of my own mistakes
Those warning eyes, that final touch
No one seemed to care that much
So don't burn the fires, I'm never coming home

And when I'd reached my destination
I thought someday I might return
Cause deep inside was the need
to feel the home fires burn
But a faltering voice merely whispered
My name as if we'd never expected to
hear it again, and my heart grew
cold to that indifferent sound
as I slowly laid the receiver down

A Miss of You

I used to be so, so down
I thought I had been changed
So when I found you were running around
I too tried to play that game
I know the way now
This time it won't take long

We used to run around two by two
We tried to break our hearts
And in the mornin' when the corners are jaded
I too began to fall apart

So if I seem unable to cope
It's for a miss of you
If what we were was only for once
You were always worth the view

These Times With You

I had to trace the clouds with the dark side looking in
I couldn't play the lie, it's just the way it's been
I never wanted to clear the pages in my life
I just came across to try it one more time
I wanna live these times with you

I couldn't find the road, the signs had been wiped out
I couldn't hear you after silence stunned the crowd
I was ready for change before it slipped away
I wanna steal the heart that holds the break of day
I wanna live these times with you

With some false delay before we take the fall
We seem to capture the pain before we face the wall
I never understood the things that cause our plight
I guess shadows falling down won't make things right
I wanna live these times with you

Out in the Blue

Threw my coins out on the wind
Crossed my fingers and tried again
Straight ahead, a collision course
I can't control it anymore
Fate is but a rendezvous
Paths I followed to get to you
Wore my boots down to the heels
How bitter disappointment feels
Out in the blue

Memories like fires glow
Can we forget them, I don't think so
Marched in lines against the odds
I can't forgive the things I saw
Teardrops fall and arrows fly
How many times I've watched you cry
Promises I broke to you
All the things I'm going through
Out in the blue

Oh captain, steer me clear
Make the nightmares disappear
Some things better left alone
Let someone else carry the load
Every year takes it's toll
Time keeps cutting at my soul
I know you're out there just like me
Is this the way it's supposed to be
Out in the blue

Day After Day

Day after day we threw our cares away
Waiting for tomorrow, never living for today
We lined up in the trenches, holding higher ground
We looked away for answers but nothing could be found

And I swear, we won't keep standing still
Here to take your heat
The rain's about to fall
We're taking to the streets

Day after day nothing ever changed
Was it any wonder we all began to stray
Some of us for money, some of us for fame
Our goals were so impossible no one could take aim

Day after day the hours wore away
Regretting what we'd missed, closer to the grave
We're the broken generation, we don't know who we are
Fought for every losing cause and now we hide the scars

Johnny's Got A Gun

You've crushed the resistance before it's begun
Silenced the voices who've dared to confront
Laying your hands upon all that you rule
Becoming the man who you overthrew
Now you better watch out
'cause Johnny's got a gun

You've got all the armies, you've got all the arms
You've got all the armories
The harbor's blockaded, the streets barricaded
Every thought is under lock and key
There's an idea rising that you can't detect
From the same poor souls you claim to protect
There's a violent burning hatred in every mothers son
You better watch out, 'cause Johnny's got a gun

You've anchored your warships, cleared all the airstrips
Readied the seeds to decay
Stolen the youth to fill ranks in your troops
Keeping rebellion at bay
The fathers before you who now line the graves
Are being remembered before it's too late
And their sons you call rebels are coming one
You better watch out, 'cause Johnny's got a gun

The hour's upon you, the past will soon haunt you
Yesterday becomes today
The helpless, the hopeless, the lost ones, the homeless
The weak can afford to be brave
There's only so much a poor man can take
Before he no longer fears making mistakes
If dying's the answer, then dying be done
You better watch out, 'cause Johnny's got a gun

They've come from the country, the city and shore
They've come from the wind and the rain
The come from the fires who's ashes are cold
They come from the desert and snow
They fear they'll be dying but more than that fear
The cries of oppression that no ears can hear
Until every last rebel surrenders or runs
You better watch out, 'cause Johnny's got a gun

54/40 or Fight

I've got a train drivin' through my head
Got a fever burnin' in my bed
If my telephone's ringin', somebody's dead on the line
I'm gettin' mad I'm gettin' pissed
I can't handle much more of this
Everybody sets me off, man, I'm walkin' on ice
I need something strong to pull me through
I've got to find a way to kick these blues
It's that cold in the night and I've got blood in my eyes
I say 54/40 or fight

I've got a queesy feelin' in my guts
Can't you see that I've had enough
Everybody sets me off, man, I'm over the edge
I've got a time-bomb tickin' inside
Fire burnin' in my eyes
No where to hide and no where to turn
I've got a needle deep down in my soul
I've got nerves goin' out of control
My adrenalin's pumpin' and I'm ready to burst
I say 54/40 or fight

I've got a rocket trail in my mind
I've got a feelin' that I haven't much time
I've got a time-bomb tickin' with nowhere to turn
Now these restraints that you're puttin' on me
The dealin' with society
This – the final approach, is my cause for alarm
So don't tell me what I was before
Or expect me to be something more
I'm on the defense and I'm over the line
I say 54/40 or fight

Sabotage

It's the common cause
It's the bloody cross
It's a sabotage
It's a bomb threat
It's a code red
It's a thousand dead

It's a twisted thought
It's a fever caught
It's the kill and rot
It's the terror reign
It's the devil's game
It's the wrath of Cain

It's the taking of time, taking of time,
Taking of time, time, time

Murder in the sky
It's the sleeping lie
It's a suicide
It's a trash and burn

Not The Only One

I'm not the only one, the only lonely one
You know who you are, afraid to lose your hearts
You sit in the corners of a world gone square
You can see them but to them you are not there
Did you ever wonder why you are stranger than – close?

I'm not the only one who's tired of the gun
There must be something more than marching off to war
Bleeding in the trenches 'neath a 90 lb pack
18 years old and never coming back
How can their dying ever make us feel – free?

I'm not the only one trying to get ahead
Working everyday harder than I'm paid
Going through changes – working my job
Thinking things be better if I get on top
With everybody yelling "hey, what about me?"

Black September

The angry moon of August hung
As I wrapped myself in you
The winds of war had cut into
As I tried to fight the truth
And in that time I lost my youth
And now I bear the scars
With black September comin' on
You know you won't get far

Destruction lay before my eyes
In a generation beat
We seemed to be too high to see
What was dying in the street
We thought we'd change the world back then
Without becoming hard
With black September comin' on
You know you won't get far

We thought back then we'd be there now

How could I know what waits for me
How could I be so cruel
To know the best of days gone by
And the something I would lose
I watch the tides of summer fade
In memories 'neath the dark
With black September comin' on
You know you won't get far

Get on Board

Suicidal cement screams
I seen 'em all inside my dreams
I see them coming through my head
Make me wish I was dead
Ghosts chase silent foes
I never knew I'd get aboard
Cover me in ice
Til the edge of time
Can you see the stream, drowning in
The deep
Something so bad
Can you see the ship, sacrifice
Myself
Grab you instead
Get onboard

Painted child seldom seen
I've gone another way to be
Put the mark upon my head
Make me wish I was dead
The servants never called
The dog's been put in chains
They can't hear you anymore
They've all gone straight
No matter what they say
I guess it's really sad
To never get across
I looked into the eyes
The same as before
But i just got lost
Get on board

I Hate the Blues

You know my life would be easy
If people would leave me alone
Stop steppin' on my fingers
That I've been workin' to the bone
Maybe then I could get back with you
God damn I hate the blues

I've tried to put 'em in a bottle
Some people put 'em in their arm
Either way they're gonna kill you
Slowly eat away your heart
If only I could stop the thought of you
God damn I hate the blues

I never learned to listen
To the promises I'd made
I never thought you'd stay away
Leaving me to take the blame
I never thought you'd follow through
God damn I hate the blues

Raise the Dead

Out on the wing of another life
Reaching to raise up before you climb
Think you've got it made, I don't know why
Sooner or later, you're gonna fly
Into the night to raise up the dead
Put me on trial before I talk
I gotta get away before I walk
Running from a chainsaw in a dreaded dream
Your mouth's moving, they can't hear you scream
Into the night to raise up the dead
Can you see the rings inside their eyes?
Did you know that justice was never blind?
I know what the world is coming to
I've got a place in my heart for you
Into the night to raise up the dead

On My Own

In my way, I've had my day
I've touched it all and watched it as it fell away
Pressed my face to glass before I broke
I'm on my own
And as I lay in a twilight spell
I could sense something was coming as the comets fell
Out there something's moving in the lights
I'm on my own

A metal gray that glides away
The silver beads of heat that weld the night to day
That weightless, sinking feeling without time
I'm on my own

Demona

I thought i could avoid you but I was wrong
What seemed to be so innocent has long since gone
You took me to dependency, i tried to get clean
I'm not the only one who said it can't happen to me
You've got your colors over my eyes

I've tried to walk the narrows but it's no use
I find myself surrendering in dreams with you
Into the elevations where everything's clear
Demona comes in shallow light and disappears
She wraps her colors over my eyes

I've stood in open windows and watched the sky
I've waited to be rescued and then I've cried
Your eyes are so beguiling you whisper to me
And in that silent chamber you came over me
You wrap your colors over my eyes

I'm Out Nine

Runaway horses under my hood
Can't catch me when I fly
Blue sky over me, six feet under me
Touch me when you cry
I caught sight of you, I've got altitude
In my clouded eyes
Isn't that mainstream? Finding you empty
Socially I'm out nine

Innocent highway, stranger than my way
Turn me like a page
Taken a wrong turn, deafly won't be heard
Damaged but I'm okay
Checking the chamber, nervous I came here
Looking through colored blinds
Careful don't miss me, going out easy
Socially I'm out nine

Love Comes Once

I remember you a long time back
How you been doing, is that a fact
Times have changed but it don't show
You still look good but I guess you know
Love comes once then it goes

A lot of time in between
I thought of you, did you think of me
All my dreams like Mexico
Turned into dust, rose like smoke
'Cause love comes once then it goes

How long's it been, don't really know
I was on the move out there on my own
Maybe I was wrong who ever knows
Which bend we take, the lonely road
Love comes once, than it goes

Never Again

I tried to tell you that there's always
Two sides to the blade
I saw my future cave in from the roots of decay
The dark cloud started dancing all over the sun
Whatever it took to make my blood run
I had a ways to go
Sorrow that you'll never know
But lately it's beginning to show
And I tell myself never again

The armies of doubt were playing war in my head
I couldn't recover from the things that they said
Crash landed in the safehouse under the stairs
Last place on earth where anyone cares
Never dreamed I'd fall to this
Something that I couldn't resist
And now I just clench my fists
And I tell myself never again

Run silent, run deep, run as fast as you can
Let the rest of the world slide through your hands
Old habits die hard like a fatal disease
They cut you so deep, you can never come clean
I've got a past to pay
I got demons to face
I can't just run away
But I tell myself never again

Somewhere Far Away

I don't know what happened
But somehow I got lost
They'd showed me all of the pitfalls
The lines I shouldn't cross
But I was young and so unstrung
Living day by day
If you ever feel you don't want me
I'll be out there somewhere far away

How much does it matter
Battles won or lost
When you add up all of your failures
How much does succes cost
You and me fell like portland rain
Orphans gone astray
If you ever feel you dan't want me
I'll be out there somewhere far away

How vaguely time remembers
How slowly we forget
We all pass through this wilderness
Never know where we'll be sent
I don't know all the reasons
Why you've always held my gaze
If you ever feel you don't want me
I'll be out there somewhere far away

Two Fell Away

I have been through this before
It can't hurt me anymore
Where does it start to end
Why do we then pretend
Someone who still believes
But that ain't me

I'm still shipwrecked and confused
Why does someone have to lose
Awaiting that nowhere flight
Watching as you go by
Someone's about to leave
But that ain't me

And on the pilot's screen
You rid your life of everything
You're on your way
And as the trapdoor closed
I said my prayers before you rose and fell away
Fell away, fell away, o no no no

Time forgets, I never will
And I can't help the way I feel
Strange how we seem to know
Which way our lives will go
Someone's about to leave
But that ain't me

Walking On My Grave

I can't stay knowing what's going down
I can't stay, darkness on the edge of town
Streetwise kids in an act of defiance
Out to defeat what's already behind us
Rattle and shake their political cans
Giving directions without any plans
There's a new kid on the block
And he's taking my place
Walking on my grave

I can't stay staring down a .44
I can't stay dying on the killing floor
A man in blue and he's drawing a gun
A child in the shadows too scared to run
Crack on the mirror of a teenage dream
Like a lost generation on L.S.D.
There's a new kid on the block
And he's taking my place
Walking on my grave

I can't stay knowing what's going down
I can't stay, darkness on the edge of town
The brain's still twitching but the eyes are closed
My best friends dying from an overdose
Red light flares unaccounted for
It's happening now and it's happened before
There's a new kid on the block
And he's taken my place
Walking on my grave

Running Out Of Time

There ain't no mystery here
We just try to get by
No use in having a plan
They'll only cut up your sky
You can't open their eyes
Once you give in to the lie
Baby, I know we're running out of time

We've seen them come and go
There's been so many I know
We used to feel like that a long, long time ago
We ain't really so different
We're all walking the line
And baby, we too are running out of time

We ain't the first to be braced
And we won't be the last
By the moment we'd stop
It's already gone past
We've been living a thrill
In the blink of an eye
But baby, we too are running out of time

Crystal Is Falling

The nights are lifting like colored glass
The dawn that breaks might be the last
For pointless views that I was after
Leave me struggling with disaster
With pen in hand, the thoughts that fled
Seemed to shatter in my head
Tell someone, crystal is falling

Your paperbacks and mag-by-lines
Seasick writers no one finds
The feeling that we know they'll censure
For fear they'd be caught in adventure
The rumors we could not defend
Will find a climax in the end
Tell someone, crystal is falling

For all the blood that's turned to ink
For quicksand moods when spirits sink
For all the years I've been neglected
My eyes are naked, inspected, infected
My god are we all twisted glass
Catching pieces of the past
Tell someone, crystal is falling

Spectacle

You are a spectacle
You upon your pedestal
Electricity flows through your veins
You forget why it was from where you came
The midnight sermon, the morning rain
You're touching down on earth again
Crashdown, crashdown
Into the light
You are the destiny
You are eternity
Children, how can you know
You've come so long ago
This lightway corridor
Flash lightening thunderstorm
Into the light

Windows Of Time

The windows of time are frozen
Where are the teardrops going
Another heartbeat is slowing
Plain as day, something is broken
And the wheels inside my head are turning
Like the lines I keep relearning
I can't stay, no I can't stay
This time I have to go

I thought that we would last forever
Superstitions never say never
And I feel I've been abandoned
With a lack of understanding
I might regret the steps I'm taking
I can't stay, no I can't stay
This time I have to go

Out of the cape of disappointment
Where I'm bound, I don't know yet
The winds that change direction
The harbors of rejection
And the blade inside of me is twisting
I've spent my live resisting
I can't stay, no I can't stay
This time I have to go

Shot Away

Like a falling star
Remember who you are
If life is but a dream
Somewhere in between
Time moves on so fast
We take off and we crash
Before the gates are closed
It all comes rushing past
Shot away

We'll all meet here again
We can't remember when
A glimmer in an eye
That makes you wonder why
It came and then it left
It left no evidence
It brushes up so close
Then withers like a rose
Shot away

So babe, let's make the most
Remember all of those
No matter where they are
They'll never be that far
With crashes on the wind
Here we go again
Watch the falling star
And wonder who they are
Shot away

DEAD MOON NIGHT

Thunderbolts and nightsticks
Coming out of the sky
Flames overhead
Rain until you cry
My baby's on a highway

Come in from the cold
Never going home,
Never going home

D for disaster
E for my eyes
A for my anger
D before I die

M for Mona
O oh good
O oh good
N for the night
dead moon night

Call me if you need me
Down in New Orleans
Cant release the victims
Have you seen what I've seen

In New York City
Don't you cross the line
Guard it from the light, guard it from the light

D for disaster
E for my eyes
A for my anger
D before i die

M for Mona
O oh good
O oh good
N for the night
Dead Moon Night

Hazard on the highway
Breaking down slow
They thought she was looking
Now I'm all alone
I'm often abandoned
Won't you take me home
Now I'm all alone, Won't you take me home

D for disaster
E for my eyes
A for my anger
D before I die

M for Mona
O oh good
O oh good
N for the night
Dead Moon Night

D for disaster
E for my eyes
A for my anger
D before i die

M for Mona
O oh good
O oh good
N for the night
Dead Moon Night
Dead Moon Night
Dead Moon Night

DOWN THE ROAD

Stranded in the storm trying to see through the rain
Looks like my life's coming 'round again
I wouldn't stop it now even if I thought I could
I was one of the remnants from a burned out scene
Trying to recover from the years between
What they didn't want then is what they think they want now

Down the road, down the road
I can still remember being here a long time ago

I'd been pickin' up the pieces from another hard fall
Waitin' by the phone for an overseas call
They wanted my past and they wanted it now
I could sense it in the air, feel it in my veins
Something was coming to take me away
I'd been lost for so long, maybe it's the price we all pay

Down the road, down the road
I can still remember being here a long time ago

I looked in the mirror trying to see
What it was they had killed in me
And why can't I no longer believe
I wandered around and I swore by God
I would never give in no matter how hard they fought
I've waited too long to have it any other way

Down the road, down the road
I can still remember being here a long time ago

UNKNOWN PASSAGE

There's a red light on the hill
And a bridge out going down
There's a city limits marker
Of an unfamiliar town
With my head slightly bent
I can see it in the light
Unknown passage
Cuttin' like a knife through the night

Headlights on the highway
There's a mist coming down
I can hear someone crying
I know that sound
It's the morning before daybreak
A hundred miles down the line
Unknown passage
Cuttin' like a knife through the night

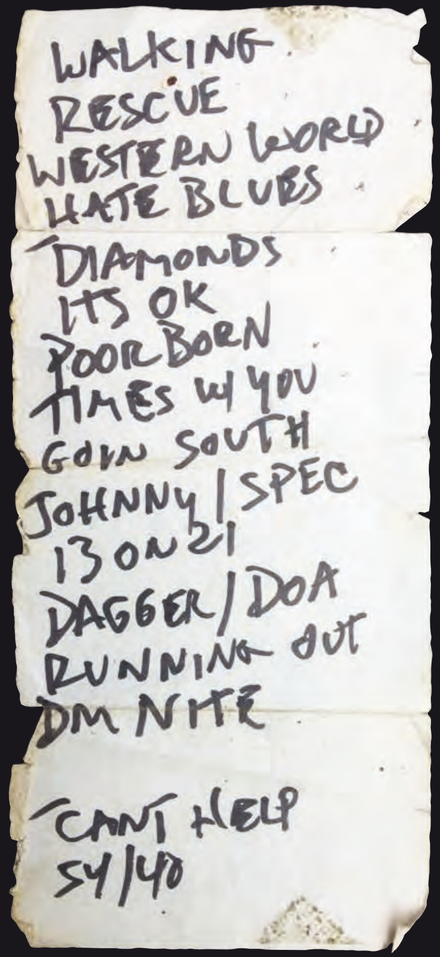
Asked "where are you going?"
Somewhere far away
She was standing at the window
I won't forget her face
With my suitcase and my old car
I'm driving somewhere blind
Unknown passage
Cuttin' like a knife through the night
Cuttin' like a knife through my eyes

LAST TRAIN

The last train is leaving
Can't you read the signals in my eyes?
I'm standing on the platform
Waiting for the ones I left behind
If I'd foreseen the future
Could I or would I have changed a thing?
Down a million miles of empty track
Just trying to get beyond what people think
And I don't know where I'm at

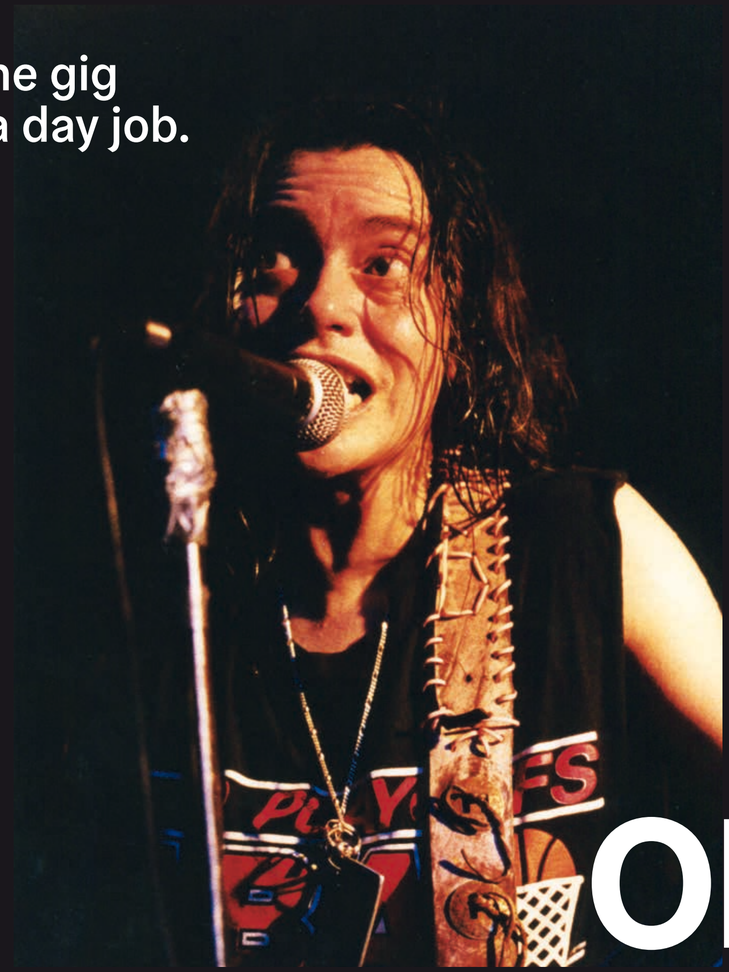
I'm heading down the hallway
Trying to find that doorway lost in time
I'd been here once before
But through the years it slowly left my mind
I know you're out there somewhere
Waiting for me just beyond the rise
And if I ever find my way back to you
This time I'll realize
I don't know where I'm at

Imprisoned in a window
Passengers looking down the line
I wonder what they're thinking
I wonder what they'll find
As I lit another cigarette
Watching for the wind across your hair
And for that fleeting moment
I swear, I saw you standing there
And I don't know where I'm at



Keepin' one gig ahead of a day job.

FRED COLE



ON TOUR

From: "Fred Cole" <>
To: "Simone Mueller" <>
Subject: Re: a quick hello
Date: Mon, 28 Oct 2002 10:09:35 -0800

Hey Simone just got back from the US tour.Alternator went out in Minneapolis and took me all day to get it in then drove like hell to make the gig in Chicago. got there 15 minutes before we were supposed to play. I was covered with grease and dead from the drive.It was a sold out show and rocked like a mother fucker. So much for adrenaline. Alternator went out again in Phoenix. Ran over a huge screw in Denton Texas and had to leave it in the tire because we didn't have a spare. It was leaking but if we took it out It would be flat so we just kept putting air in it til Reno and got it patched. Glad to be home, real tired...Fred

GRONINGEN 14/6/2000

HI ALL,

HOW ARE THINGS ON YOUR SIDE OF THE OCEAN?
THANX FOR THE PICS OF WEEDEN AND HIS KID.
WISH HIM ALL THE BEST FROM US. HERE ARE A FEW
PICS FROM HANNAH AS WELL. EVERYTHING'S FINE
HERE, JUST TOO DAMN BUSY ALL THE TIME.
WHEN YOU READ THIS YOU'LL ALREADY HAVE RECEIVED
A FAX FROM ME ABOUT THE TAX MONEY, BUT AS IT
IS PHOTOGRAPHS HAVE TO TRAVEL SNAIL MAIL!
I THINK IT'S A VERY GOOD IDEA TO NOT DO A
EUROPEAN TOUR THIS YEAR, BY NOW PEOPLE ARE
STARTING TO ASK ME WHEN DEAD MOON IS COMING
BACK! LET THEM GET HUNGRY A BIT!!!
IT'S A PITY THOUGH THAT IT WILL BE A WHILE
BEFORE WE CAN HAVE A FEW BEERS TOGETHER,
BUT I'LL HAVE A FEW ON YOU AND WEED'S
KID ANYHOW!
BLAZERS KINDA CHOOKED IN THAT LAST GAME
DIDN'T THEY, LOOKS AS IF THEY DON'T WANT TO
WIN IT!! AND TO TOP IT OF LOOKS LIKE THE LAKERS
GOING TO WALK AWAY WITH IT!! I HOPE THEY WON'T HOUS!!

HI FROM
EDWIN
& ALICE & HANNAH

MISS YOU ALL!

All dates are copied from old tour books and itineraries we found in boxes in Fred and Toody's attic. This might not be a complete list of all tours. Typos and mispellings are possible. Also, there might have been changes of cities or venues during the tour.

1990

Europe

AUG	Thu	16	off/travel	to Berlin		
	Fri	17	Exstasy	Berlin	D	
	Sat	18	Forum	Enger	D	
	Sun	19	Rose Club	Köln	D	
	Mon	20	Rock Fabrik	Ubach Palenberg	D	(supporting Sylvia Juncosa)
	Tue	21	Trust	Nürnberg	D	
	Wed	22	Schwimmbad	Heidelberg	D	
	Thu	23	Longhorn	Stuttgart	D	
	Fri	24	Circus	Gammelsdorf	D	
	Sat	25	show	t.b.a.	D	
	Sun	26	Negativ	Frankfurt	D	
	Mon	27	off	in Tübingen	D	
	Tue	28	Spot	Kassel	D	
	Wed	29	FZW	Dortmund	D	
	Thu	30	Molotow Music Club	Hamburg	D	
	Fri	31	Haus Der Jugend	Düsseldorf	D	
SEP	Sat	01	Wehrschloss	Bremen	D	
	Sun	02	off	in Tübingen	D	
	Mon	03	off	in Tübingen	D	
	Tue	04	travel	to Italy	D/I	
	Wed	05	L'esperimento	Roma	I	
	Thu	06	Bloom	Mezzago	I	(support for Henri Rollins)
	Fri	07	Jazzhaus	Freiburg	D	
	Sat	08	Sedel	Luzern	CH	
	Sun	09	Reithalle	Bern	CH	
	Mon	10	off	in Bern	CH	
	Tue	11	Restaurant Rote Fabrik	Zürich	CH	
	Wed	12	off	in Tubingen	D	
	Thu	13	Burgerweeshuis	Deventer	D	
	Fri	14	ghttown	Rotterdam	NL	
	Sat	15	De Melkweg	Amsterdam	NL	
	Sun	16	Vera	Groningen	NL	
	Mon	17	Fly home.			

1991

Europe

AUG	Fri	02	Fabrik	Coesfeld/D		(1st: The Rain, 2nd: Dead M.)
	Sat	03	Eurock Festival	Alsdorf	D	
	Sun	04	off in Staufenberg	Langenhagen	D	
	Mon	05	Trust	Nürnberg	D	
	Tue	06	Spot	Kassel	D	
	Wed	07	Maxim Gorki	Stuttgart	D	
	Thu	08	Katakombe	Karlsruhe	D	
	Fri	09	Reithalle	Bern	CH	
	Sat	10	Sedel	Luzern	CH	
	Sun	11	Kammgarn	Schaffhausen	CH	
	Mon	12	off			
	Tue	13	U 4	Wien	A	
	Wed	14	Kino	Ebensee	A	
	Thu	15	Theaterfabrik	München (Unterfohring)	D	(Last D. /Dead M./Lemonheads)
	Fri	16	Blue Velvet	Tittmoning	D	(local act/Last D./Dead M.)
	Sat	17	Museumshof/Vorderaumuseum	Fulda	D	
	Sun	18	Jazzhaus	Freiburg	D	(Last D./Dead M.Lemonheads)
	Mon	19	off			
	Tue	20	Jugendtreff Blaustein	Blaustein	D	(Last Drive/Dead M.)
	Wed	21	Negativ	Frankfurt	D	
	Thu	22	Forum	Enger	D	(Last Drive/Dead M.)
	Fri	23	Fabrik	Hamburg	D	(Painted Air/Last D./Dead M.)
	Sat	24	Schlachthof/Kesselhalle	Eremen	D	
	Sun	25	Rose Club	Köln	D	
	Mon	26	off			
	Tue	27	Ead	Hannover	D	
	Wed	28	FBZ	Braunschweig	D	(The-Me Janes/Dead M.)
	Thu	29	Ecstasy	Berlin	D	(Last D./Lombego S./Dead M.)
	Fri	30	off	Travel to Rotterdam	NL	
	Sat	31	Metropolis Festival	Rotterdam	NL	(see seperate page)

	Sun	01	OOC	Venlo	NL	
	Mon	02	off			
	Tue	03	Tivoli	Utrecht	NL	
	Wed	04	VPRO Radio session	Hilversum	NL	(afternoon)
	Wed	04	De Effenaar	Eindhoven	NL	(evening)
	Thu	05	Vera	Groningen	NL	
	Fri	06	Patronaat	Haarlem	NL	
	Sat	07	Doornroosje	Nijmegen	NL	
	Sun	08	De Melkweg	Amsterdam	NL	
	Mon	09	off			
	Tue	10	De Media	Eeklo	B	
	Wed	11	Paard	Den Haag	NL	

1992

Europe

"Strange Pray Tell" Tour

OCT	Tue	27	Villa 65	Hilversum	NL	Radio
	Wed	28	"off"	at Groningen	NL	
	Thu	29	De Melkweg	Amsterdam	NL	
	Fri	30	De Effenaar	Eindhoven	NL	
	Sat	31	Futurama Festival,	Deinze	B	
			De Brielpoort			
NOV	Sun	01	Metropool	Hengelo(Ov)	NL	
	Mon	02	Off			
	Tue	03	Schlachthof	Bremen	D	
	Wed	04	Lappen	Kopenhagen	DK	
	Thu	05	Off			
	Fri	06	RockÄll	Oslo	N	
	Sat	07	Hulen	Bergen	N	
	Sun	08	Travel to Germany(Ferry)			
	Mon	09	Huxley's	Berlin	D	
	Tue	10	Batschkapp	Frankfurt	D	
	Wed	11	FBZ	Braunschweig	D	
	Thu	12	KOMM	Nürnberg	D	
	Fri	13	Roxy	Ulm	D	
	Sat	14	Ballhaus	Saarbrücken	D	
	Sun	15	Puke 92 Festival	Edegem	B	
	Mon	16	Rock Fabrik	Übach Palenberg	D	
	Tue	17	travel/off	Tübingen	D	
	Wed	18	Arge Nonntal	Salzburg	A	
	Thu	19	Arena	Wien	A	
	Fri	20	Z 6	Innsbruck	A	
	Sat	21	Schuur	Luzern	CH	
	Sun	22	off	near Bern	CH	
	Mon	23	Reithalle	Bern	CH	
	Tue	24				
	Wed	25		Flight to Athina	GR	
	Thu	26	An Club	Athina	GR	
	Fri	27	An Club	Athina	GR	
	Sat	28	An Club	Athina	GR	
	Sun	29		Flight to München	D	
	Mon	30	off	in Tubingen	D	
DEC	Tue	01	Vaudeville	Lindau	D	
	Wed	02	B 52	München	D	
	Thu	03	Schwimmbad	Heidelberg	D	
	Fri	04	Kulturfabrik	Krefeld	D	
	Sat	05	Rolling Stone	Voerde	D	
	Sun	06	Maxim Gorki	Stuttgart	D	
	Mon	07	Luxor	Köln	D	
	Tue	08	Markthalle	Hamburg	D	
	Wed	10	Tivoli	Utrecht	NL	
	Thu	11	Doornroosje	Nijmegen	NL	
	Fri	12	Paard	Den Haag	NL	

1994

Europe

JUN	Thu	23	Burgerweeshuis	Deventer	NL	
	Fri	24	Bingen Festival	Bingen	D	
	Sat	25	Herk-de-Stad	Rock Herk Festival	B	
			Rhein Rock Festival	Bonn	D	
	Sun	26	Berghmans Maastricht/NL			
	Mon	27	off	Groningen	NL	
	Tue	28	off	Groningen	NL	
	Wed	29	JZ Kamp	Bielefeld	D	
	Tue	30	Wehrschloss	Bremen	D	
JUL	Fri	01	off	travel	DK	
	Sat	02	Roskilde Festival	Roskilde	DK	

1994

Europe

"Break out the Jack" Tour

MAR	Sun	13		Fly in	
	Mon	14		off	
	Tue	15	off		
	Wed	16	!		
	Thu	17	off		
	Fri	18	An Club	Athens	GR
	Sat	19	An Club	Athens	GR
	Sun	20	An Club	Athens	GR
	Mon	21	off/travel		
	Tue	22	Huxley's	Berlin	D
	Wed	23	Fabrik	Hamburg	D
	Thu	24	Batschkapp	Frankfurt	D
	Fri	25	Roxy	Ulm	D
	Sat	26	Sudhaus	Tübingen	D
	Sun	27	Muffathalle	München	D
	Mon	28	off/travel		
	Tue	29	Arena	Vienna	A
	Wed	30	Arge Nonntal	Salzburg	A
	Thu	31	Spielboden	Dornbirn	A
APR	Fri	01	Reithalle	Berne	CH
	Sat	02	Bikini Test	La Chaux	CH
	Sun	03	off	travel	
	Mon	04	off	travel	
	Tue	05	Le Local	Lyon	F
	Wed	06	FMR	Toulouse	F
	Thu	07	Le Jimmy	Bordeaux	F
	Fri	08	l'Arapaho	Paris	F
	Sat	09	Lintfabriek	Kontich	B
	Sun	10	Metropool	Hengelo	NL
	Mon	11	off	travel	
	Tue	12	Rock All	Oslo	N
	Wed	13	Rock All	Oslo	N
	Thu	14	off/travel		
	Fri	15	Loppen	Copenhagen	DK
	Sat	16	Bad	Hannover	D
	Sun	17	Star Club	Dresden	D
	Mon	18	off/travel		
	Tue	19	Komm	Nürnberg	D
	Wed	20	Schwimmbad	Heidelberg	D
	Thu	21	Stollwerk	Köln	D
	Fri	22	Kulturfabrik	Krefeld	D
	Sat	23	Patronaat	Haarlem	NL
	Sun	24	Effenaar	Eindhoven	NL
	Mon	25	off/travel		
	Tue	26	VPRO	Hilversum	NL
	Wed	27	Penix	Sittard	NL
	Thu	28	Paard	Den Haag	NL
	Fri	29	Tivoli	Utrecht	NL
	Sat	30	Melkweg	Amsterdam	NL
MAY	Sun	01	Vera	Groningen	NL
	Mon	09	Fly out		

1995

Europe

"Nervous Sooner Changes" Tour

OCT	Tue	03	arrival		
	Wed	04	nowhere!		
	Thu	05	Patronaat	Haarlem	NL
	Fri	06	Nijdrop	Opwijk	B
	Sat	07	Metropool	Hengelo	NL
	Sun	08	Stadsschouwburg	Sittard	NL
	Mon	09	off		
	Tue	10	Fabrik	Hamburg	D
	Wed	11	off		
	Thu	12	Loppen	Copenhagen	DK
	Fri	13	Studentersamfunnet	As	N
	Sat	14	Hulen	Bergen	N
	Sun	15	So What Oslo		N
	Mon	16	off/travel		
	Tue	17	Tavastia	Helsinki	FIN
	Wed	18	Ratihala	Oulu	FIN
	Thu	19	Tanssisali Lutakko	Jyvaskyla	FIN
	Fri	20	I-Klubi	Tampere	FIN
	Sat	21	Turku	S-osis	FIN
	Sun	22	Studion	Stockholm	S
	Mon	23	off/travel		
	Tue	24	Altes Kino	Rendsburg	D

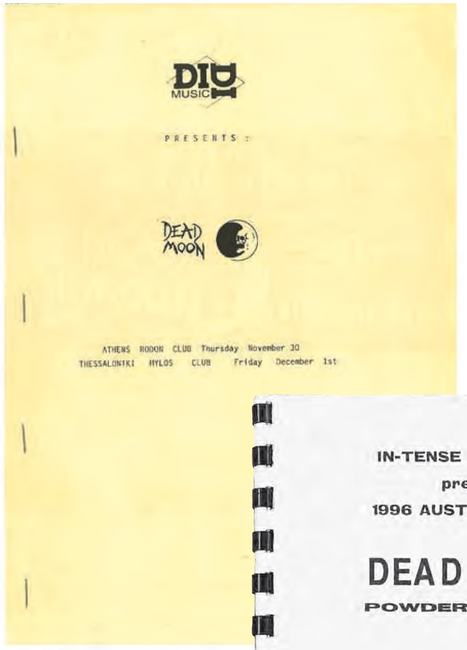
	Wed	25	Huxley's	Berlin	D
	Thu	26	Starclub	Dresden	D
	Fri	27	Backstage	München	D
	Sat	28	Roxy	Ulm	D
	Sun	29	Röhre	Stuttgart	D
	Mon	30	off/travel		
	Tue	31	Wuk	Vienna	A
NOV	Wed	01	Ebensee Kino	tbc	A
	Thu	02	Menza/Studentsko N.	Ljubljana	SLO
	Fri	03	Da Roots Klub	Übersee	D
	Sat	04	Bikini Test	La Chaux	CH
	Sun	05	off		
	Mon	06	off		
	Tue	07	off		
	Wed	08	En Canal	Bilbao	E
	Thu	09	Mas Y Mas	Pamplona	E
	Fri	10	El Sol	Madrid	E
	Sat	11	Magic	Barcelona	E
	Sun	12	Le Jimmy	Bordeaux	F
	Mon	13	off/travel		
	Tue	14	Underground	Köln	D
	Wed	15	Tivoli	Utrecht	NL
	Thu	16	B. v.d. K.		NL
	Fri	17	Effenaar	Eindhoven	NL
	Sat	18	Melkweg	Amsterdam	NL
	Sun	19	Vera	Groningen	NL
	Mon	20	off		
	Tue	21	Bad	Hannover	D
	Wed	22	Schwimmbad	Heidelberg	D
	Thu	23	Zebra	Staffelstein	D
	Fri	24	Jazzhaus	Freiburg	D
	Sat	25	Reithalle	Bern	CH
	Sun	26	off		
	Mon	27	Batschkapp	Frankfurt	D
	Tue	28	Zeche Carl	Essen	D
	Wed	29	Eland	Delft	NL
	Thu	30	Rodon Club	Athens	GR
DEC	Fri	01	Milos	Thessaloniki	GR
	Sat	02	Beest	tbc Goes	NL
	Sun	03	off		
	Mon	04	departure		

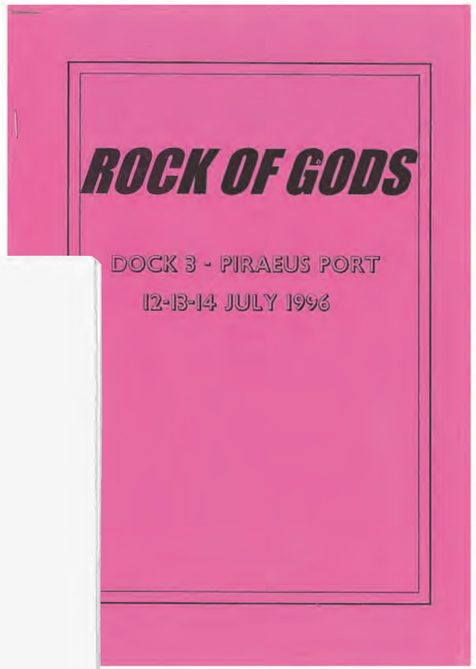
1996

AUS / NZ

Part I

MAR	Mon	11	arrive Melbourne		
	Tue	12	press day		
	Wed	13	press day		
	Thu	14	Mordialloc Hotel	Mordialloc	
	Fri	15	Esplanade Hotel	St Kilda	
	Sat	16	Barwon Club Hotel	Geelong	
	Sun	17	Corner Hotel	Melbourne	
	Mon	18	day off		
	Tue	19	The Tote	Collingwood	
	Wed	20	Terminus Tavern	Canberra	
	Thu	21	Feedback	Newtown	
	Fri	22	Nth Gong Hotel	Woollongong	
	Sat	23	Time & Tide Hotel	Dee Why	
	Sun	24	Annandale Hotel	Sydney	
	Mon	25	day off		
	Tue	26	day off		
	Wed	27	departure		
AUG	Sun	08	day off	no travel, no media, no show	
	Mon	09	Fly to Auckland, NZ	depart Melbourne 9.25am (check in 7am) arrive Auckland 2.50pm	
	Tue	10	NZ show day		
	Wed	11	departure	depart Auckland 5.55pm arrive LA 10.45pm	





1996

Europe

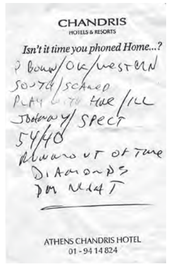
Part II

JUL	Fri	05	Doornroosje	Nijmegen	NL
	Sat	06	Hard Pop Days	Bremen	D
	Sun	07	Cafe Rust	Copenhagen	DK
	Mon	08	off/travel to Leipzig		
	Tue	09	Anker	Leipzig	D
	Wed	10	Huxley's	Berlin	D
	Thu	11	off in Berlin		
	Fri	12	KFZ	Marburg	D
	Sat	13	ROCK OF GODS	Athens	GR

ROCK OF GODS
ITINERARY / DEAD MOON

Sat 13: 14:30 arrival at the Athens' airport. LH 3738
Welcoming from DI DI & ANOSI people
Transfer to the venue
15:30 load in
16:00 soundcheck
18:20-19:05: DEAD MOON on stage

Sun 14: 11:45: transfer to the airport
13:45: departure LH 3749



	Mon	15	off/travel		
	Tue	16	Appelsiini	Turku	FIN
	Wed	17	Tavastia	Helsinki	FIN
	Thu	18	Tammerfestival	Tampere	FIN
	Fri	19	Kafe44	Stockholm	S
	Sat	20	Arvikafestivalen	Arvika	S
	Sun	21	Exodus	Oslo	N
	Mon	22	off/travel		
	Tue	23	Iusy Festival	Bonn	D
	Wed	24	Schwimmbad	Heidelberg	D
	Thu	25	Reithalle	Bern	CH
	Fri	26	tent	Ulm	D
	Sat	27	Peesten Open Air	Staffelstein	D
	Sun	28	off/travel		
	Mon	29	off/travel		
	Tue	30	Skopje	tbc	MK
	Wed	31	off/travel		
AUG	Thu	01	Pula Festival	Pula	SLO
	Fri	02	off/travel		
	Sat	03	tent	Kaufbeuren	D
	Sun	04	off/travel to Groningen		

Europe

Part III

AUG	Wed	14	Effenaar	Eindhoven	NL (w. Motorpsycho)
	Thu	15	Melkweg	Amsterdam	NL (w. Motorpsycho)
	Fri	16			
	Sat	17	Popkomm	Köln	D
	Sun	18	Tivoli	Utrecht	NL (w. Motorpsycho)
	Mon	19	off		
	Tue	20	off		
	Wed	21	off!		
	Thu	22	off		
	Fri	23	Kinosaal	Mieste	D
	Sat	24	Trash	Berlin	D
	Sun	25	Fabrik	Hamburg	D
	Mon	26	Live Music Hall	Köln	D
	Tue	27	off		
	Wed	28	Starclub	Dresden	D
	Thu	29	Rock Babylon	Mönchen-Gladbach	D
	Fri	30	Kalasjnikov	Terneuzen	NL
	Sat	31	de Botte Hommel	Bergen op Zoom	NL
SEP	Sun	01	Popwerk festival	Den Bosch	NL
	Mon	02	off	Groningen	NL
	Tue	03	Atlantis	Alkmaar	NL
	Wed	04	Unitas	Wageningen	NL
	Thu	05	Patronaat	Haarlem	NL
	Fri	06	Azijnfabriek	Roermond	NL
	Sat	07	Gigant	Apeldoorn	NL

DEAD MOON
EUROPEAN TOUR 1990
Special Guests
SYLVIA JUNCOSA & BAND
Montag
20.8
Buckfabrik
Einlaß:

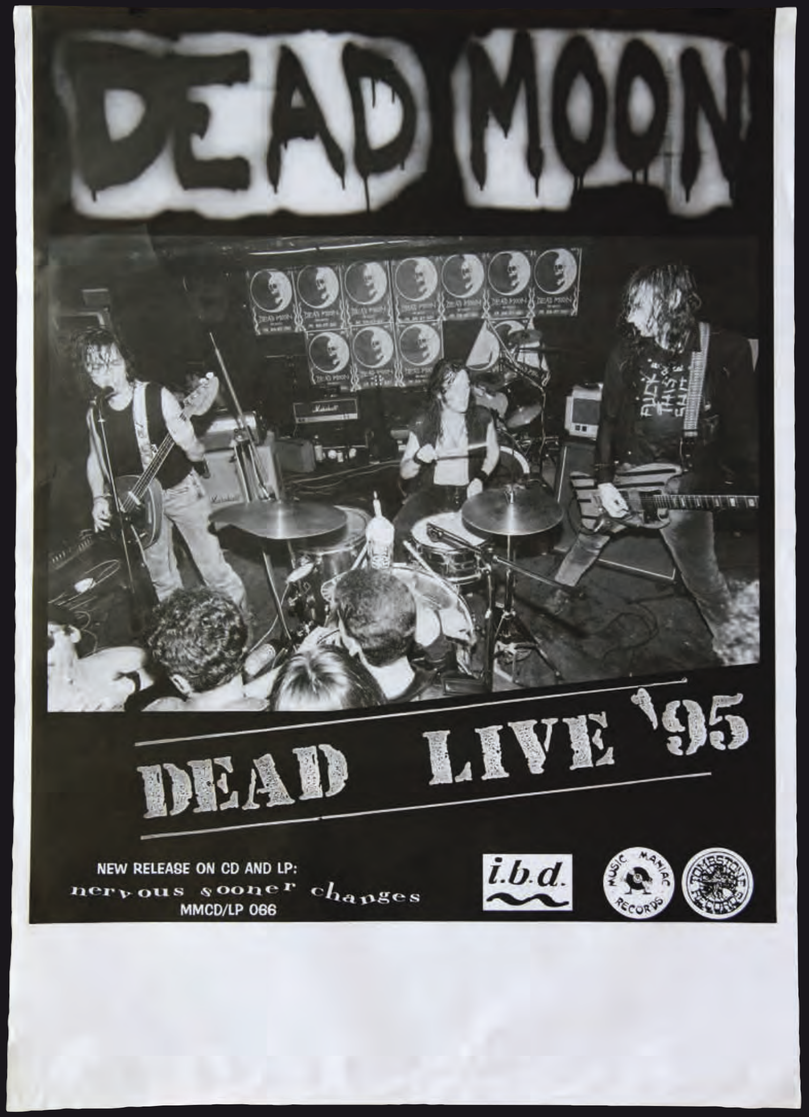
DEAD MOON
PHOTO BY MONI KELLERMAN

DEAD MOON
8.11. SAARBRÜCKEN
BALLHAUS
11.11. DRESDEN
STARCLUB
15.11. MÜNCHEN
MUFFATHALLE
9.11. KÖLN
LIBERTAS
13.11. BERLIN
HUXLEY'S
16.11. STUTTGART
ROCKE
10.11. FRANKFURT a.M.
BATSCHKAPP
14.11. NÜRNBERG
TRUST
17.11. AACHEN
AUTODROMS ZENTRUM
i.b.d.

DEAD MOON
HARD WIRED IN LJUBLJANA

DEAD MOON
ECHOES OF THE PAST
48
SUB POP
noiseontour
laut.de
ROAD

DEAD MOON
LIMITED! 200 TICKETS ONLY!
14.07. STEINHAUS BAUTZEN
VVK 20DM / AK 25DM
Vorverkauf im Steinhaus
STEINSTR.37 / FON.03591-41686


DEAD MOON
DEAD LIVE '95
NEW RELEASE ON CD AND LP:
nervous sooner changes
MMCD/LP 066
i.b.d.
MUSIC MANIAC RECORDS

1997
Europe

AUG	Thu	14	Keimarkt	Groningen	NL	open air
	Fri	15	Kalasjnikov	Terneuzen	NL	
	Sat	16	Waterpop	Wateringen	NL	open air/free festival
			Bizarre Festival-Hangar	Köln	D	aftershow party
	Sun	17	Sjwaampop	Swalmen	NL	
	Mon	18	day off		NL	
	Tue	19	day off		NL	
	Wed	20	day off		NL	
	Thu	21	Sudhaus	Tübingen	D	
	Fri	22	Altburg Festival	Zürich	CH	open air
	Sat	23	Forum	Enger	D	
	Sun	24	Wehrschloss	Bremen	D	
	Mon	25	day off		D	
	Tue	26	Büchsenstadl	Ulm	D	
	Wed	27	Klangwerk	Traunreuth	D	
	Thu	28	Incognito	München	D	
	Fri	29	Jazzhaus	Freiburg	D	
	Sat	30	Nandrain Festival	Nandrain	B	festival
	Sun	31	Starclub	Dresden	D	
SEP	Mon	01	day off		D	
	Tue	02	Bad	Hannover	D	
	Wed	03	Fabrik	Hamburg	D	
	Thu	04	Loppen	Copenhagen	DK	
	Fri	05	tba	tba	N	
	Sat	06	Veita Scene	Trondheim	N	
	Sun	07	So What	Oslo	N	
	Mon	08	day off/travel			
	Tue	09	day off/travel			
	Wed	10	tba.	Rostock	D	
	Thu	11	Blackout	Chemnitz	D	
	Fri	12	Festscheune	Schernikau	D	
	Sat	13	Reussicher Hof	Gorkwitz	D	
	Sun	14	Hirsch	Nürnberg	D	
	Mon	15	day off		D	
	Tue	16	Arge Nonntal	Salzburg	A	
	Wed	17	Festival Dvorana	Ljubljana	SLO	festival
	Thu	18	Festival del Unita	Bologna	I	festival
	Fri	19	Coupole	Bienne	CH	
	Sat	20	Luv	Zürich	CH	
	Sun	21	Schweinehalle	Hanau	D	
	Mon	22	day off		D	
	Tue	23	Rockfabrik	Übach-Palenberg	D	
	Wed	24	Metropool	Hengelo	NL	
	Thu	25	Beest	Goes	NL	+ Onya's & Cosmic Psychos
	Fri	26	Tivoli	Utrecht	NL	
	Sat	27	Willem II	s'Hertogenbosch	NL	
	Sun	28	Melkweg	Amsterdam	NL	+ Onya's & Cosmic Psychos
	Mon	29	day off NL			
	Tue	30	Huxley's	Berlin	D	
OCT	Wed	01	Kulturfabrik	Krefeld	D	
	Thu	02	Paard	s'Gravenhage	NL	
	Fri	03	Asomati	Athens	GR	
	Sat	04	Asomati RODAN	Athens	GR	
	Sun	05	Mylos	Saloniki	GR	
	Mon	06	Mylos	Larissa	GR	tbc.
	Tue	07	Patronaat	Haarlem	NL	
	Wed	08	Doornroosje	Nijmegen	NL	
	Thu	09	day off		NL	
	Fri	10	fly out		NL	

1998
Europe

"A Long Weekend In Europe"

JUN	Thu	04	Fly-in			
	Fri	05	off			
	Sat	06	Tower	Bremen	D	
	Sun	07	Forum	Enger	D	
	Mon	08				
	Tue	09	Docks	Hamburg	D	
	Wed	10	Stengade 30	Copenhagen	DK	
	Thu	11	Hultsfred Festival	Hultsfred	S	
	Fri	12	So What	Oslo	N	
	Sat	13	off/travel			
	Sun	14	Glocksee	Hannover	D	
	Mon	15	Huxley's	Berlin	D	
	Tue	16	Star Club	Dresden	D	
	Wed	17	Muffathalle	München	D	
	Thu	18	KOZ	Frankfurt	D	
	Fri	19	Effenaar	Eindhoven	NL	
	Sat	20	Kinosaal	Mieste	D	
	Sun	21	Vera	Groningen	NL	
	Mon	22				
	Tue	23	4AD	Diksmuide	B	
	Wed	24	fly-out			

US

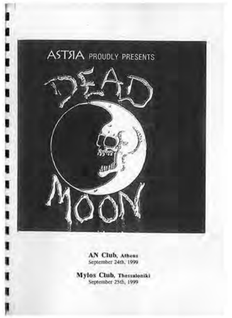
APR	Sun	26	Jays Upstairs	Missoula	MT	
	Mon	27		Off		
	Tue	28	Gabes Oasis	Iowa City	IA	
	Wed	29	400 Bar	Minneapolis	MN	
	Thu	30	1116 Main St. Green Bay	Green Bay	WI	
MAY	Fri	01	O'Cayz Corral	Madison	WI	
	Sat	02	Empty Bottle	Chicago	IL	
	Sun	03	off			
	Mon	04	off			
	Tue	05	Sudsey Malones	Cincinnati	OH	
	Wed	06	Bemies Distillery	Columbus	OH	
	Thu	07	Magic Stick	Detroit	MI	
	Fri	08	Pats In The Flats	Cleveland	OH	
	Sat	09	31st St. Pub	Pittsburg	PA	
	Sun	10	off			
	Mon	11	Elvis Room	Portsmouth	NH	
	Tue	12	Middle East	Cambridge	MA	
	Wed	13	Coney Island High	New York	NY	
	Thu	14	Pontiac Grill	Philadelphia	PA	
	Fri	15	Otto Bar	Baltimore	MD	
	Sat	16	Black Cat	Washington	D.C.	
	Sun	17	Off			
	Mon	18	Local 506	Chapel Hill	NC	
	Tue	19	40 Watt Club	Athens	GA	
	Wed	20	Star Bar	Atlanta	GA	
	Thu	21	Young Avenue Deli	Memphis	TN	
	Fri	22	Spellcaster Lodge	New Orleans	LA	
	Sat	23	Blue Iguana	Houston	TX	
	Sun	24	Emo's	Austin	TX	
	Mon	25	Green Onion	San Antonio	TX	
	Tue	26	The Clinic	El Paso	TX	
	Wed	27	Launch Pad	Albuquerque	NM	
	Thu	28	Tempe Bowl	Tempe	AZ	
	Fri	29	Moguls	Hollywood	CA	
	Sat	30	Bottom Of The Hill	San Francisco	CA	

1999
Europe

"Destination X"

AUG	Fri	13	Open Air Bielersee	Vinelz	CH	
	Sat	14	Tuinfeesten (festival)	Lierop	NL	
	Sun	15	Zomerparkfeesten	Venlo	NL	
	Mon	16	Koombeurs	Delft	NL	
	Tue	17	off			
	Wed	18	Paradiso (bovenzaal)	Amsterdam	NL	
	Thu	19	Rotown	Rotterdam	NL	
	Fri	20	Musikbunker	Aachen	D	
	Sat	21	Büchsenstadl	Ulm	D	
	Sun	22	Flex	Wien	D	
	Mon	23	off			
	Tue	24	Open air	Sezana	SLO	
	Wed	25	off			
	Thu	26	Starclub	Dresden	D	
	Fri	27	Jugendzentrum	Herzberg	D	
	Sat	28	Kesselhaus	Berlin	D	
	Sun	29	Glocksee	Hannover	D	
	Mon	30	Fabrik	Hamburg	D	
	Tue	31	off			
SEP	Wed	01	KB	Malmø	S	
	Thu	02	Café 44	Stockholm	S	
	Fri	03	Sentrum Rockcafe	Halden	N	
	Sat	04	Akademiske Kvarter	Bergen	N	
	Sun	05	So What	Oslo	N	
	Mon	06	Blå Rock Cafe	Tromsø	N	
	Tue	07	off			
	Wed	08	Speicher	Husum	D	
	Thu	09	013	Tilburg	NL	
	Fri	10	Ekko	Utrecht	NL	
	Sat	11	Metropool	Hengelo	NL	

	Sun	12	Vera	Groningen	NL	
	Mon	13	off			
	Tue	14	Forum	Bielefeld	D	
	Wed	15	off			
	Thu	16	Reithalle	Bern	CH	
	Fri	17	Zebra	Staffelstein	D	
	Sat	18	Rootsclub	Übersee	D	
	Sun	19	off			
	Mon	20	Hirsch	Nürnberg	D	
	Tue	21	Röhre	Stuttgart	D	
	Wed	22	Schwimmbad	Heidelberg	D	
	Thu	23	Incognito	München	D	
	Fri	24	AN Club	Athens	GR	
	Sat	25	Saloniki	Mylos	GR	
	Sun	26	Kantine	Köln	D	
	Mon	27	off			
	Tue	28	Gladhouse	Cottbus	D	
	Wed	29	Tower	Bremen	D	
	Thu	30	De Kelder	Amesfoort	NL	
OCT	Fri	01	BWH	Deventer	NL	
	Sat	02	Lintfabriek	Kontich	B	
	Sun	03	Doornroosje	Nijmegen	NL	



US

OCT	Fri	29	3-B Tavern	Bellingham	WA	
	Sat	30	Break Room	Seattle	WA	
NOV	Wed	03	Empty Bottle	Chicago	IL	
	Thu	04	Magic Stick	Detroit	MI	
	Fri	05	31st Street Pub	Pittsburgh	PA	
	Sat	06	Westbeth Theater	New York	NY	
	Sun	07	Grog Shop	Cleveland Heights	OH	
	Mon	08	Off			
	Tue	09	Replay Lounge	Lawrence	KS	
	Wed	10	15th Street Tavern	Denver	CO	
	Thu	11	off			
	Fri	12	Casbah	San Diego	CA	
	Sat	13	The Garage	Hollywood	CA	
	Sun	14	Bottom Of The Hill	San Francisco	CA	

2001

Europe

APR	Wed	18	Schwimmbad	Heidelberg	D	
	Thu	19	Büchsenstadl	Ulm	D	
	Fri	20	Fabrik	Hamburg	D	
	Sat	21	Dresden	Starclub	D	
	Sun	22	Hannover	Glocksee	D	
	Mon	23	off			
	Tue	24	So So What	Oslo	N	
	Wed	25	Blå Rock	Tromsø	N	
	Thu	26	Bergen	Hulen	N	
	Fri	27	Kick	Skien	N	
	Sat	28	Feelgood	Halden	N	
	Sun	29	off			
	Mon	30	Maria am Ostbahnhof	Berlin	D	
MAY	Tue	01	Forum Bielefeld		D	
	Wed	02	013	Tilburg	NL	(+ Reverend Horton Heat)
	Thu	03	Eindhoven	Etrenaar	NL	
	Fri	04	Deventer	Burgerweeshuis	NL	
	Sat	05	't Beest	Goes	NL	
	Sun	06	Ekko	Utrecht	NL	
	Mon	07	off			
	Tue	08	Kantine	Köln	D	
	Wed	09	Atlantic	Freiburg	D	
	Thu	10	Feierwerk	München	D	
	Fri	11	Südhaus	Tübingen		
	Sat	12	Zebra	Staffelstein	D	(north of Bamberg)
	Sun	13	Nürnberg	Hirsch	D	
	Mon	14	off			
	Tue	15	Kuglana	Koprivnica	HR	
	Wed	16	Orto Klub	Ljubljana	SLO	
	Thu	17	no show		CH	
	Fri	18	An Club	Athens	GR	
	Sat	19	Reitschule	Bern	CH	
	Sun	20	Lyon		F	
	Mon	21	off			
	Tue	22	Razzmatazz	Barcelona	E	

	Wed	23	El Sol	Madrid	E	
	Thu	24	Jam	Bergara	E	
	Fri	25	off			
	Sat	26	4AD	Diksmuide	B	
	Sun	27	off			
	Mon	28	off			
	Tue	29	Südstadt	Cottbus	D	
	Wed	30	F-Haus	Jena	D	
	Thu	31	Nighttown	Rotterdam	NL	
JUN	Fri	01	Vera	Groningen	NL	
	Sat	02	Paradiso	Amsterdam	NL	
	Sun	03	Doornroosje	Nijmegen	NL	

Europe

JUN	Fri	29	off/travel			
	Sat	30	Biker Festival	Lendava	SLO	
JUL	Sun	01	off/travel			
	Mon	02	Atomic Café	München	D	
	Tue	03	Röhre	Stuttgart	D	
	Wed	04	off/travel			
	Thu	05	Marquee	Hamburg	D	
	Fri	06	Patronaat	Haarlem	NL	
	Sat	07	FZW	Dortmund	D	
	Sun	08	Gierle (afternoon)	Sjock Festival	B	
			Dour (evening)	Dour Festival	B	
	Mon	09	Frankfurt a.M.	Cooky's	D	
	Tue	10	off/travel			
	Wed	11	Regensburg	Alte Mälzerei	D	
	Thu	12	Chemnitz	Kraftwerk	D	
	Fri	13	Berlin	Silver Wings	D	
	Sat	14	Bautzen	Steinhaus	D	
	Sun	15	off/travel			
	Mon	16	off/travel			
	Tue	17	fly-out			

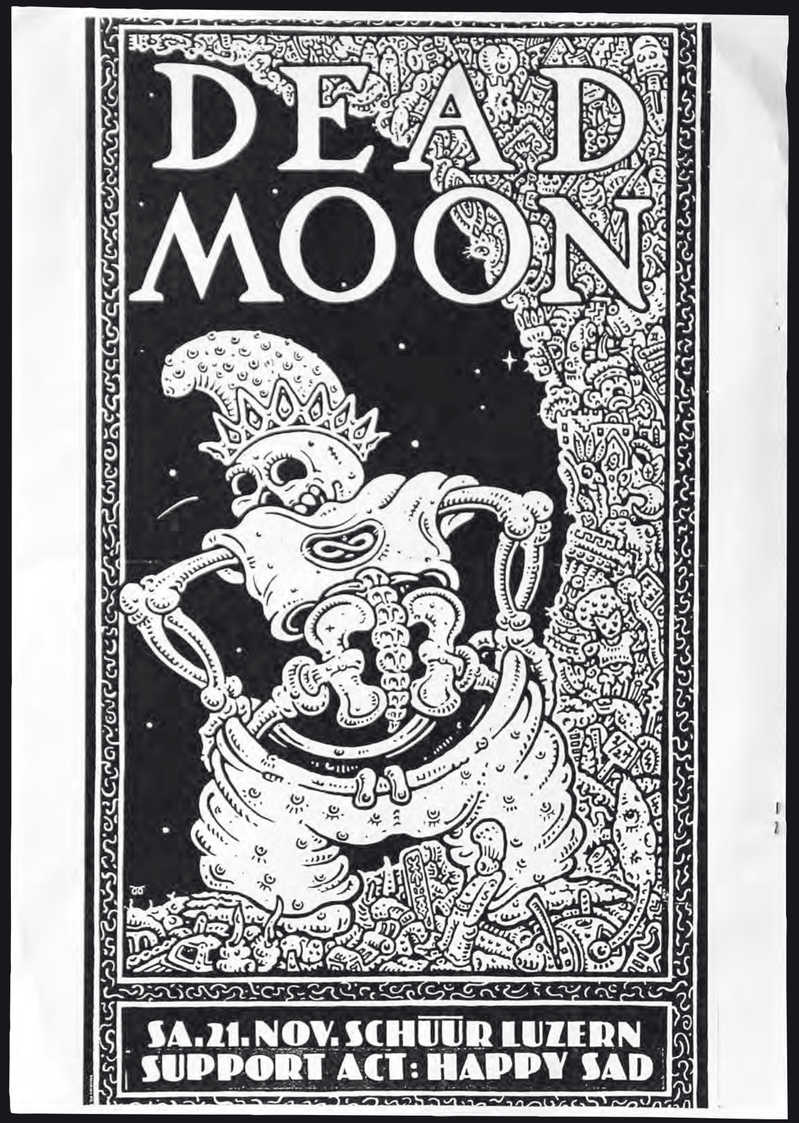
US

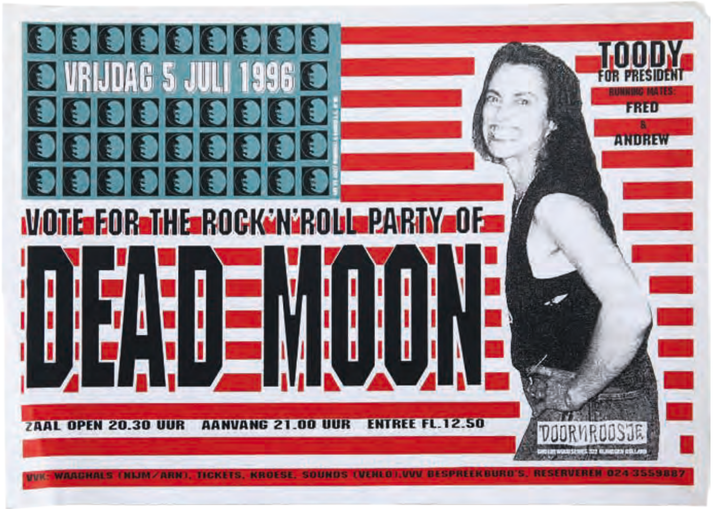
NOV	Fri	07	Sit and Spin	Seattle	WA	
	Sat	08	Jay's Upstairs	Missoula	MT	
	Tue	11	Concert Café	Green Bay	WI	
	Wed	12	The Entry/First Avenue			
	Thu	13	Mac's	Lansing	MI	
	Fri	14	Empty Bottle	Chicago	IL	
		15	off		MI	
		16	off		MI	
	Mon	17	Sudsy's	Cincinnati	OH	
	Tue	18	The Distillery	Columbus	OH	
	Wed	19	Upstairs at Nick's	Philadelphia	PA	
	Thu	20	Black Cat	Washington	D.C.	
	Fri	21	Brownies	New York	NY	
	Sat	22	Continental Club	New York	NY	
	Mon	24	Replay Lounge (?)*	Lawrence	KS	
	Fri	28	EJ's (?)*	Portland		
Dec	Fri	05	La Luna (?)* handwritten	Portland		

2002

Europe

APR	Thu	18	Kantine	Köln	D	
	Fri	19	Tower	Bremen	D	
	Sat	20	Monsters of Rock'n'Roll	Hof ter Lo/Antwerpen	B	Festival
	Sun	21	All Tomorrow's Parties	Camber Rye	GB	Festival
	Mon	22	travel day			
	Tue	23	Le Cat	Bordeaux	F	
	Wed	24	Peniche Makara	Paris	F	
	Thu	25	Tivoli	Utrecht	NL	
	Fri	26	Bolwerk	Sneek	NL	
	Sat	27	013	Tilburg	NL	
	Sun	28	All Tomorrow's Parties	Camber Rye	GB	Festival
	Mon	29		travel day		
	Tue	30	Hirscheneck	Basel	CH	
MAY	Wed	01	Schwimmbad	Heidelberg	D	
	Thu	02	Die Röhre	Stuttgart	D	
	Fri	03	Forum	Bielefeld	D	
	Sat	04	Paard	Den Haag	NL	
	Sun	05	Metropool	Hengelo (Ov.)	NL	
	Mon	06	Paradiso	Amsterdam		


DEAD MOON
SA. 21. NOV. SCHÜÜR LUZERN
SUPPORT ACT: HAPPY SAD


VRIJDAG 5 JULI 1996
TOODY
FOR PRESIDENT
RUNNING MATES
FRED
&
ANDREW
VOTE FOR THE ROCK 'N' ROLL PARTY OF
DEAD MOON
ZAAL OPEN 20.30 UUR AANVANG 21.00 UUR ENTREE FL.12.50
DOORNROOSJE

DEAD MOON
(USA)

2002
Europe

	Tue 07		day off	
	Wed 08	KOZ	Frankfurt am Main	D
	Thu 09	Büchsenstadl	Ulm	
	Fri 10	Starclub	Dresden	D
	Sat 11	Kesselhaus	Berlin	D
	Sun 12	Fabrik	Hamburg	D
	Mon 13		day off	
	Tue 14	Moritzbastei	Leipzig	D
	Wed 15	Hirsch	Nürnberg	D
	Thu 16	F-Haus	Jena	D
	Fri 17	Georg Elser Halle	München	
	Sat 18	Boa	Luzern	CH

2003
New Zealand

JAN	Fri 03	JetSet Lounge	Christchurch	
	Sat 04	TBC	Nelson Loft	
	Sun 05	Indigo	Wellington	
	Mon 06	North Harvesters	Palmerston	
	Tue 07	Mad Toms	New Plymouth	
	Wed 08	Brewers Bar	Mt Maunganui	
	Thu 09	View Hotel	Raglan Harbour	
	Fri 10	Arms	Auckland Kings	
	Sat 11	Cafe	Leigh Sawmill	
	Sun 12	TBC	Auckland	

2004
Australia

AUG	Wed 04	DAY OFF	Band arrive Sydney	
	Thu 05	Annandale Hotel	Annandale	
	Fri 06	Ding Dong Lounge	Melbourne	
	Sat 07	Ding Dong Lounge	Melbourne	

only one page in the itinerary

Europe

"If it's Tuesday
this must be Belgium" Tour

Part I

MAR	Sun 28	Vera Downstage	Groningen	NL	(secret gig!)
	Mon 29	travel/off			
	Tue 30	La Maroquinerie	Paris	F	
	Wed 31	travel/off			
	Thu 01	ferry Ancona	Patra(s)		
APR	Fri 02	Stage Club	Patra(s)	GR	
	Sat 03	Mylos	Thessaloniki	GR	
	Sun 04	An Club	Athina	GR	
	Mon 05	ferry Igoumenista	Venezia		
	Tue 06	Poste a Galene	Marseille	F	
	Wed 07	Subsonic	Montpellier	F	
	Thu 08	MJC Perrache	Lyon	F	
	Fri 09	La Malterie	Lille	F	
	Sat 10	Paaspop Festival	Schijndel	NL	
	Sun 11	De Bogaard	Geel	B	
	Mon 12	De Pits	Kortrijk	B	
	Tue 13	travel/off			
	Wed 14	travel/off			
	Thu 15	El Pequeno Diablo	Valencia	E	
	Fri 16	El Sol	Madrid	E	
	Sat 17	Helldorado	Gasteiz (Vitoria)	E	
	Sun 18	Playa Club	A Coruña	E	
	Mon 19		travel/off		
	Tue 20		travel/off		
	Wed 21	Sudhaus	Tübingen	D	
	Thu 22	Alte Kaserne	Landshut	D	
	Fri 23	NU Bahnhof	Neu-Ulm	D	
	Sat 24	Doors 72	Biel/Bienne	CH	
	Sun 25	Vau de Ville	Lindau	D	
	Mon 26	Substanz	München	D	
	Tue 27		travel/off		
	Wed 28	Forum	Bielefeld	D	
	Thu 29	Kantine	Köln	D	
	Fri 30	FZW	Dortmund	D	
MAY	Sat 01	Kulturhaus Neukirchen	Eisenach (Thuringen)	D	
	Sun 02	off			
	Mon 03	off			
	Tue 04	off			
	Wed 05	off			
	Thu 06	off			

	Fri 07	Orto Klub	Ljubljana	SLO
	Sat 08	Dom Omladine	SC Beograd	
	Sun 09	Pauk	HR Zagreb	
	Mon 10	travel off		
	Tue 11	Südstadt	Cottbus (Chosébuz)	D
	Wed 12	Starclub	Dresden	D
	Thu 13	Maria am Ostbahnhof	Berlin	D
	Fri 14	Goudvishal Arnhem		NL
	Sat 15	Tivoli	Utrecht	NL
	Sun 16	Halle 2	Heidelberg	D
	Mon 17	travel off		
	Tue 18	Ex-Haus	Trier	D
	Wed 19	F-Haus	Jena	D
	Thu 20	Glocksee	Hannover	D
	Fri 21	KOZ	Frankfurt am Main	D
	Sat 22	Tower	Bremen	D
	Sun 23	Fabrik	Hamburg	D
	Mon 24	Studenterhuset	København	DK
	Tue 25	KB	Malmø	S
	Wed 26	Blå Rock Cafe	Tromsø	N
	Thu 27	Hulen	Bergen	N
	Fri 28	Garage	Oslo	N
	Sat 29	Maanefestivalen	afternoon: Fredrikstad	S (Moon Festival)
		Sticky Fingers, Top Floor	evening: Göteborg	
	Sun 30	Stockholm	Debaser	S
	Mon 31	Tavastia	Helsinki	FIN
	Tue 01	travel off		
	Wed 02	Vera	Groningen	NL
	Thu 03	Hedon	Zwolle	NL
	Fri 04	W2	's-Hertogenbosch	NL
	Sat 05	't Beest	Goes	NL
	Sun 06	Patronaat	Haarlem	NL
	Mon 07	off		

US

No itinerary
only handwritten dates

Minneapolis
Chicago
Madison
Ft. Wayne
Columbus
Pittsburgh
New Port, KY
Detroit
Cleveland
Athens, OH
Rochester
New Haven
Philly
NYC
Hoboken
DC
Baltimore
Chapel Hill
Atlanta
Knoxville
Nashville
Memphis
New Orleans
Houston
Austin
Ft. Worth
Lawrence
Denver
Tuscon
San Diego
LA
San Francisco

2006
Europe

SEP	Tue	12	arrival		
	Wed	13	off		
	Thu	14	Vera	Groningen	NL
	Fri	15	Patronaat	Haarlem	NL
	Sat	16	Metropool	Hengeloo	NL
	Sun	17	FZW	Dortmund	D
	Mon	18	off		
	Tue	19	off		
	Wed	20	Loppen	Kopenhagen	DK
	Thu	21	Pustervіksbaren	Goeteborg	S
	Fri	22	John Dee	Oslo	N
	Sat	23	Folken	Stavanger	N
	Sun	24	Bla Rock	Tromso	N
	Mon	25	Garage	Bergen	N
	Tue	26	Blaest	Trondheim	N
	Wed	27	off	Stockholm	
	Thu	28	Debaser	Stockholm	S
	Fri	29	lnkonst	Malmø	S
	Sat	30	off		

OCT	Sun	01	Kling Klang	Wilhelmshaven	D
	Mon	02	Tower	Bremen	D
	Tue	03	Forum	Bielefeld	D
	Wed	04	Fabrik	Hamburg	D
	Thu	05	Glocksee	Hannover	D
	Fri	06	SO36	Berlin	D
	Sat	07	F-Haus	Jena	D
	Sun	08	Starclub	Dresden	D
	Mon	09	Off		
	Tue	10	Batschkapp	Frankfurt	D
	Wed	11	Hirsch	Nürnberg	D
	Thu	12	Backstage Club	München	D
	Fri	13	JUKUZ	Aschaffenburg	D
	Sat	14	Kaserne	Landshut	D
	Sun	15		Luzern	CH
	Mon	16	off		
	Tue	17	Chelsea	Vienna	A
	Wed	18	PMK	Innsbruck	A
	Thu	19	Orto Club	Ljubljana	SLO
	Fri	20	Mostovna	Gorica	SLO
	Sat	21	Pauk	Zagreb	CRO
	Sun	22	off/travel to Greece		
	Mon	23	off/travel to Greece		
	Tue	24	off		
	Wed	25	Mylos	Thessaloniki	GR
	Thu	26	Domus	Alexandroupoli	GR
	Fri	27	B Live	Larissa	GR
	Sat	28	Underworld	Athens	GR
	Sun	29	off Greece		
	Mon	30	off Greece		
	Tue	31	En Plo	Agrinio	GR

NOV	Wed	01	off		
	Thu	02	Ferry to Italy		
	Fri	03	off		
	Sat	04		Sienna	I
	Sun	05		Bern	CH
	Mon	06	off/travel		
	Tue	07	Savoy	Gijon	E
	Wed	08	Oye Tu	Ponferrada	E
	Thu	09	Playa Club	A Coruña	E
	Sun	10	Tropicana Santana		E
	Mon	11	Helldorado Vitoria		E
	Tue	12	Gruta 77	Madrid	E
	Wed	13	off/travel		
	Thu	14	off/travel		
	Fri	15	Kulturladen	Konstanz	D
	Sat	16	Sudhaus	Tübingen	D
	Sun	17	NU Bahnhof	Neu Ulm	D
	Mon	18	K19	Kassel	D
	Tue	19	Moritzbastei	Leipzig	D
	Wed	20	Café Atlantic	Freiburg	D
	Thu	21	off		
	Fri	22	Underground	Köln	D
	Sat	23	P60	Amstelveen	NL
	Sun	24	4AD	Diksmuide	B
	Mon	25	tba.		D/NL

	Tue	26	Vera	Groningen	NL
	Wed	27	off		
	Thu	28	off		
	Fri	29	fly-out		NL

2014
Reunion Show

JAN	Sat	04	Crystal Ballroom	Portland	with Andrew on drums

2015
Reunion Shows

JAN	Sat	03	Crystal Ballroom	Portland	with Andrew on drums
	Sat	17	Go Sinner Go Festival	Madrid	with Andrew on drums
MAY	Fri	15	Dauwpop Festival	Hellendorn	last show with Andrew in Europe
AUG	Fri	28	Dante's (Fred's birthday)	Portland	with Kelly Halliburton on drums
SEP	Sun	06	Bumbershoot	Seattle	with Kelly on drums

2016
Reunion Show

JAN	Sat	02	Crystal Ballroom	Portland	with Kelly on drums

Country codes:

A — Austria
B — Belgium
CH — Switzerland
CRO — Croatia
DK — Denmark
D — Germany
E — Spain
F — France
FIN — Finland
GB — Great Britain
HR — Croatia
I — Italy
GR — Greece
MK — Macedonia
NL — Netherlands / Holland
S — Sweden
SLO — Slovenia
N — Norway

Fred's early stage shirt, as worn on the LP cover of Strange Pray Tell.

Too Tough To Die, European tour shirt, 1991 (back)

Crack in the System, European tour shirt, 1994 (front)

Crack in the System, 1994 (back)

Strange Pray Tell, European tour shirt, 1992 (front)

Nervous Sooner Changes, European tour shirt, 1995 (front)

Nervous Sooner Changes, 1995 (back)

Capt. Whizeagles, store shirt

Dead Ahead, European tour shirt, 2004 (front)

One-off painted shirt for the band (by Eric Geevers).
Taken from the dead wax off of the B-side of Defiance (also see page 91).

Logo shirt, mid 2000s (front)

Netherlands & Germany tour, 2002

Around the album release, 1997 (back), design by Peter Pontiac

Echoes Of the Past, tour shirt, 2006 (front)

Crystal Ballroom reunion show shirt (front), Jan 3rd, 2015
Variation of the Peter Pontiac Trash & Burn tour shirt from 2001

PS:

CITY OF
PORTLAND

Whereas

Whereas, in 1966 Fred Cole and his band The Weeds unexpectedly landed in Portland, Oregon, where at a coffeehouse called The Folksinger on SW 13th Avenue, he spotted a young Toody Conner from the corner of his eye, and Toody later heard Fred's haunting vocals from the Midtown Ballroom stage. Two decades later the couple would meet the charming Andrew Loomis at rock club Satyricon on NW 6th Avenue, and the trio were destined to form the band they'd call Dead Moon in 1987; and

Whereas, Dead Moon was woven into the fabric of this city and its community: Fred and Toody selling sticks and strings at their Dekum Building music shop and hangout, Captain Whizeagle, starting band after band with Portland musicians, the two-sharing rock 'n' roll war stories while raising their three kids. Meanwhile, Andrew was a well-known fixture around town at places like Satyricon and EJ's. Dead Moon even cut their vinyl masters on the same lathe that cut the Kingsmen's Louie Louie at Portland's Northwestern recording studio -- pioneers of a fiercely independent Do-It-Yourself spirit; and

Whereas, Dead Moon has been an economic force, helping sustain, inspire and grow Portland's music scene, its record stores, music shops, its poster artists and sound engineers, the hard-working bartenders slinging drinks at clubs, the people booking bands, the countless musicians sharing the stage, and the fans coming from down the street and across the globe to support Portland music, build its business ecosystem, and foster a one-of-a-kind camaraderie and supportive home; and

Whereas, Dead Moon is more than just a band. It is a whole greater than the sum of its parts, an ethos and identity for an international tribe, many emblazoned with the same iconic skull and moon. Some of that tribe are still with us, some only in the spirit of a pre-show huddle. The band and the unwavering candle flicker of its wax laden Jack Daniel's bottle is a beacon to the DIY underdog. Dead Moon truly are musical ambassadors of Portland

Now, therefore, I, Ted Wheeler, Mayor of the City of Portland, Oregon, the "City of Roses," do hereby proclaim October 5th, 2017 to be

Dead Moon Night

in Portland, and encourage all residents to observe this night.

Program:

6:30: Reading of the Proclamation

6:40: Musical Tribute to Dead Moon

These Times with You // Top Down
Szim (guitar, vocals), Chuck Struggler (bass, vocals),
Erin Yanke (guest drummer)

Graveyard // Dead Moon Lite
Sean Croghan (guitar, vocals), Eric Isaacson (bass),
Erin Yanke (drums)

Fire in the Western World // Johnny's Got His Gun
Eli Johnson (bass), David Rives Curtright (guitar, vocals),
Kyle E. Huth (drums), special guest vocals

Evil Eye // Muddy River Nitemare Band
Dirty J (guitar, vocals), Kelly (guitar, vocals), Bunty (bass, vocals),
JoDystroyer (drums, vocals)

Spectacle // Lucky Thirteens
Mark Sten (bass), Jeff Larson (guitar), Brian Kozenik (guitar),
Greg O'Dell (drums), Bradly Battin (vocals)

Parchment Farm // The Tenses
Ju Suk Reet Meate (electric lap steel guitar), Oblivia (vocals),
Christen Durr (guest drummer)

Psychodelic Nightmare // The Ransom with Jerry A
Faith Davenport (drums), David Nelson (guitar) and
Charley Nims (bass), Jerry A (guest vocals)

Dead Moon Night // Marisa, Sam and Sara
Marisa Anderson (guitar, vocals), Sam Coomes (keyboards, vocals),
Sara Lund (drums, vocals)

I Hate the Blues // Chris Newman Deluxe Combo
Chris Newman (guitar, vocals), Nathan Jorg (bass), Doug Naish (drums)

Animal // Dr. Amazon

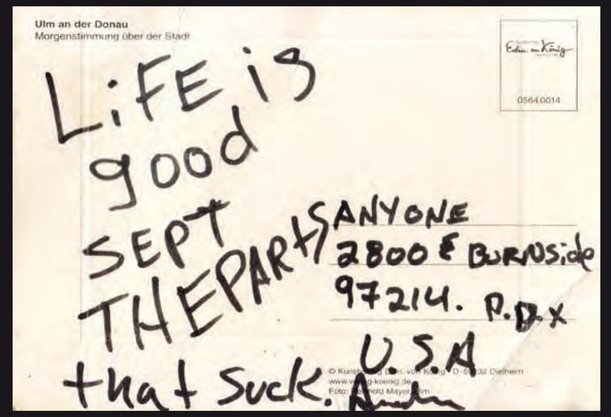
Love Comes Once // Michael Hurley
Michael Hurley (guitar, vocals)

Down the Road // Jenny Don't and the Spurs
Jenny Don't (guitar, vocals), Kelly Halliburton (bass),
Sam Henry (drums), Christopher March (guitar and lap steel)

Can't Help Falling in Love // Ural Thomas
Ural Thomas (vocals), Scott Magee (drums, vocals), Arcellus Sykes
(bass), Brent Martens (guitar), Steve Aman (keys), Bruce Withycomb
(baritone sax), Willie Matheis (tenor sax), Dave Monnie (trumpet)

9:00: Official afterparty at Dante's

October 5th, 2017. The official City Hall head count of the crowd was 1,100 people – making it the most attended non protest event in the history of City Hall.


Ulm an der Donau
Morgenstimmung über der Stadt
0564.0014
LiFE is good
SEPT THEPARTS
ANYONE
2800 E BURNSide
97214. P.D.X
U.S.A
that Suck.

ANDREW BRIAN LOOMIS
NOV. 17, 1961 - MAR. 8, 2016
Cherished Son,
Brother, Uncle. Cousin & Friend

Music
Too Tough
To Die

DISCO GRAPHY

FRED: We had this guy Zorn take a picture. We went up to the graveyard and had to wait around to take it with the full moon in the back.

TOODY: You probably can't tell, it looks like a streetlight.

FRED: We couldn't get everything to fit in there right. I moved the moon over to here. I put this whole mess together.

TOODY: Naturally, Fred says, "Let's get out the scissors and crop it." It's not a flaw. It had to fit underneath the drippy Dead Moon.

FRED: I sprayed "Dead Moon" on a poster board.

TOODY: That's the natural drip. He went, "Hey, that looks pretty cool. Let's keep that." Trust me, most of what we ever did was purely by accident. Or necessity, one of the two.

FRED: The stuff that has Louie Samora on it was the fourth Rats album.

TOODY: We decided, rather than rerecord it, to use the one that was already in the bag.

"Parchment Farm"

TOODY: It was straight out of Fred's memory, which is why the lyrics and the title are incorrect, OK?

FRED: And I came up with a different riff.

TOODY: He did it from memory. We wanted to use that powerful Blue Cheer kind of thing. But you remember the original blues songs as well. We've always been big fans of Howlin' Wolf especially. That stuff just still just gives me chills and the fact that the music and the vocals themselves are so simple but just hit you where you live. Less is more, which he's always been a big fan of. And "Hey Joe", obviously that was just kind of flipping back to the old days of the Weeds / Lollipop Shoppe. That's basically where that version came from.

"Can't Help Falling in Love"

TOODY: We needed the extra songs to put on there and Fred hadn't really started writing songs for me per se. I was doin' a little bit of backup. So, he wanted to start this thing where every album would have a song that I sang lead on. That was my christening. I still am doing it to this day.

FRED: She sounded like Elvis to me.

TOODY: I sound like a twelve-year-old girl in the Catholic church choir. Which is kind of the point.

SIDE A
1. GRAVEYARD * F. COLE
2. OUT ON A WIRE * F. COLE
3. CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE WEISS, PERETTI, CRAYFORD ⊕
4. PARCHMENT FARM * ALLISON
5. DEAD IN THE SADDLE ⊕ F. COLE
SIDE B
1. HEY JOE * PUBLIC DOMAIN
2. DON'T BURN THE FIRES ⊕ F. COLE
3. WHERE DID I GO WRONG * F. COLE
4. REMEMBER ME ⊕ F. COLE
5. I HATE THE BLUES ⊕ F. COLE
WHIZERGIC MUSIC ©℗ 1988
TOMBSTONE RECORDS
DEAD MOON IS: FRED COLE GUITAR/VOCALS TOODY COLE BASS/VOCALS ANDREW LOOMIS DRUMS
ALL SONGS BY FRED COLE ARE ASCAP
LOUIE SAMORA (DRUMS) ON GRAVEYARD
PRODUCED / MASTERED BY FRED COLE
* RECORDED AT FRESH TRACKS ENGINEERED BY JOHN LINDAHL
⊕ RECORDED RIVER RECORDING ENGINEERED BY STEVE PARKER
PHOTO BY ZORN
— BACK COVER — BY KELLY NANAHAN
T-11 LP

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"Dead Moon Lives!"

Side B:
"Write to Dead Moon. We thank you."

original artwork

TOODY: Fred came up with the back cover concept.

FRED: I just put the moon in the middle and I did the drawing and all the rest of it around there. I used the rub-off lettering. I had to do them each one at a time, and then got it to shrinking it down to this size. This photo was upstairs at Pine Street. Yeah. When we played with DOA.

"54-40 or Fight"

FRED: The concept I had, its an old slogan from when the Spaniards ...

TOODY: From his memory, anyway, so ... this is his story of it.

FRED: 54-40 is the parallel for Oregon and California. The Spanish were trying to come up into Oregon at that point. The pioneers, that was their slogan. If you cross the 54-40 parallel, there's gonna be a fight. It's like drawing a line in the sand—you cross the line, we go to war. So I used that as a slogan, like, as long as you stay on the other side of that fucking line we're fine, but if you come across that line we go to blows. Anything in life, whatever. It's like these fucking record companies, you know, you go, "Hey, man, you don't let me do my artwork? 54-40 or fight! The toe does not go here, take two feet back.

TOODY: Besides it just sounded really cool. He remembered it cause he went to school in Klamath Falls. At that particular point you studied a little bit of Oregon history in school. I basically remember it too.

"Dead Moon Night"

FRED: It was one of Andrew's least-favorite songs. I think everybody caught onto that song because they could sing it.

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
Nothing

Side B:
"Hi to the Moon Lizards, esp Dicki & Maragarite. Remaster Dead Moon – Pre-dawn 93."

original artwork

TOODY: Especially in Europe.

FRED: At least they could do the D, the E, A, D!

TOODY: We'd always have somebody come up and go, "So what are those other words in that? And who's Mona?"

FRED: I go, "Well, don't tell Toody!" Everybody always wanted to know who Mona was. I don't know who Mona was.

TOODY: Mona was just used so much in old '50s stuff, you know?

original artwork

TOODY: It looks like Andrew just had his hair frosted. So did Fred, so did I.

FRED: Is that the one that's reversed? I think on the original I'm over here and Andrew's over there. And Toody's still in the middle.

Is that a hand-drawn font?

FRED: Yeah.

TOODY: He does stick men too (laughs). Fred came up with this border. He cut up all this different stuff.

Starts with this pretty straight up "Milk Cow Blues"

FRED: We used to do that in the Weeds. Probably the Kinks version.

TOODY: But a bit gnarlier (laughs).

"Johnny's Got a Gun"

TOODY: He wrote that and tried recording it himself and wasn't happy with his vocals. He goes, "Toody, you're singing this one, and I'm like, "No no no." He goes, "Let's at least give it a try," and so naturally he prodded me into doing it and I was like "uuuggh."

FRED: I hated the way I sang it, so ...

TOODY: He goes, "Do it like how you were doing Tactics Plan," almost snotty talking kind of thing that I did in The Rats. We ended up with that version and then over time it changed a bit, once I got a lot more comfortable with signing onstage and kind of took on a different level.

FRED: I basically wrote that in the concept of Civil War stuff.

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"Toody says hi. Andrew says bye."

Side B:
"Dead Moon – Defiance. Against all odds."

original artwork

TOODY: He uses Civil War references a lot – Johnny Rebel, you know ...

Because it talks about the folly of ...

TOODY: War, period. Yeah, no matter when it was.

"Unknown Passage"

FRED: I wrote that on one of our Reno trips. Recorded on our little battery-operated cassette recorder. I had the whole song but I needed just a little bit at the end of the album and so I just used the last verse or the first verse. Just off the cassette that I recorded down in Reno. I just had to transfer it over, onto regular bigger tape to get it onto this.

TOODY: Did we ever do a full version of that live?

FRED: Yes, we did later on. You, me, and Andrew worked the song out.

TOODY: I love that song. It's such an infectious riff.

"Dagger Moon"

FRED: I didn't have any lyrics, so I said, "Man, let's just play this fucking thing and see what happens." That was the first take and that was my fake vocals.

TOODY: He had the line "Release me from your wire dagger moon" because that was the inspiration, but the rest of it just came off the top of his head. Then he went back, and he goes, "It sounds like I'm saying blah blah blah. That's close enough, we'll use that."

FRED: We had to put it on and try to figure out what the lyrics were.

Poem on the B-side label reads:

It is on the eve, the brink
Poets lost forever
Walls shrink to rubble
Chaos looms over guns and reason
Echos of the rebel are heard
I cast no evil or pain
But those of us know different
Run while you can I say
Freedom waits not now or ever
Like tones we set
Inside these grooves
Like boots kick speed
The horse's hooves
Like flashes glaring
Blind and moved
Behind Dead Moon

original artwork

Poem on back cover and
B-side label reads:

Beneath this foul of slum and doom
The waking cries that come too soon
Where false dreams wander 'neath your skin
To bring your depths back up again
For shallow graves of thought repast
Shield us from the doubt they cast
13 lie beneath these tombs
Where outcasts stand and anger looms
It hooks my mind this silver spoon
Scratched into the marred Dead Moon

TOODY: That was Hans's idea. We had already released the first three albums. He wanted all the extra cuts, like everybody else. That's how the Rats material got in there, "War Baby" and "Social Contender." He wanted to hear everything.

FRED COLE – Guitar & Vocals
TOODY COLE – Bass & Vocals
ANDREW LOOMIS – Drums except **
LOUIS SAMORA – Drums on **
Cover art – KELLY MANAHAN
Cover picture painting – TAK
Recorded - produced - mastered by FRED COLE
All songs by FRED COLE – Whizzagle Music © ℗ 1990
except Milk Cow Blues
(Public Domain)
Too Many People (Pons-Rinehart)
Congo/Poohart
BMI
STEREO
MMLP 032
Side 1
Kicked Out – Kicked In 2:33
D. O. A. 2:28
War Baby ** 4:00
I'm Out Nine 4:34
Street Of Despair ** 3:11
Too Many People 3:15
Bonus track:
Milk Cow Blues 3:19
Beneath this foul of slum and doom
The waking cries that come too soon
Where false dreams wander 'neath your skin
To bring your depths back up again
For shallow graves of thought repast
Shield us from the doubt they cast
13 lie beneath these tombs
Where outcasts stand and anger looms
It hooks my mind this silver spoon
Scratched into the marred Dead Moon
Side 2
Revenge 2:02
Social Contender ** 4:20
Running Scared ** 3:43
Unknown Passage 1:46
We Won't Change 2:58
Walking On My Grave 2:50
Not The Only One 3:59
Bonus track:
Claim To Fame 2:51
Music Maniac Records
Markgrafenstr 37, D-7400 Tübingen, West Germany
Tel. (07071) 23456, or 27116, Telex 7262779 ramp d, Fax (07071) 51420
MUSIC MANIAC RECORDS
8414

Poems from gatefold cover and labels read:

In the midnight's path where wings collide
Thunder Sounds and lightening hides
The moon so red above the clouds
It must be bleeding, dying now
Where wires barbed into the skies
The maniac with tombstone eyes
Within the walls an evil lives
Into the dust in crumbing slips
The longhorn scream, this moment trapped
Beyond all this in Dead Moon tracks

Tread not upon these neon streets
Where ideas die before you dream
Where age have bent the wild will
And violent voices have been stilled
I ache inside this silent tomb
For youth's been taken much too soon
Adrift as morbid thoughts explode
Of things misjudged so long ago
This distant plan where thoughts revolt
Descend into the Dead Moon soul

TOODY: This was basically Hans's idea, Hans Kesteloo from Music Maniac Records. He went on 90 percent of the dates, tagged along with the band.

FRED: Hans wanted to do a color cover. And I thought, ehhhh ...

TOODY: One of Hans's best friends there is wheelchair bound. He gave the picture to Hans and he loved it so much.

FRED: He was planted right in front of Andrew's bass drum.

TOODY: He goes, "This is what I want on the front of the album." I go, "Man, that's great, it was a great shot."

FRED: It worked.

TOODY: Yeah, it came out really good.

Did Hans pick the songs?

TOODY: Basically. I think a lot of the material was probably taken from the Longhorn gig in Stuttgart which is our first really, really big gig over there, about three thousand people. That was amazing. Hans was recording and videotaping every night off the board, to a DAT. He was a gear junky. The idea was to put out a live album. It ended up turning into a double album because we were playing so long, and he wanted to have a little bit of that audience response.

FRED: That's the one with my horrible guitar parts. I told Hans, "If I'm out of tune or whatever, start shooting the flashlight." Well, the whole audience out there had lights. Fuck.

Record 1 / Side 1:
1. DEAD MOON NIGHT
2. GRAVEYARD
3. REMEMBER ME
4. PARCHMENT FARM
5. TIME HAS COME TODAY
6. HEY JOE
7. SIGNED D. C.
Record 1 / Side 2:
1. NOT THE ONLY ONE
2. DON'T BURN THE FIRES
3. DEAD IN THE SADDLE
4. CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE
5. 54 / 40 OR FIGHT
6. I'M WISE
Record 2 / Side 1:
1. YOU MUST BE A WITCH
2. ANIMAL
3. COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN!
4. D. O. A.
5. DAGGER MOON
6. OUT ON THE WIRE
7. JOHNNY'S GOT A GUN
Record 2 / Side 2:
1. FOLSOM PRISON
2. I'M ON MY OWN
3. A MISS OF YOU
4. BLACK SEPTEMBER
5. ECHOES TO YOU
6. RUNNING SCARED
7. WALKING ON MY GRAVE
8. GRAVEYARD
MMLP 038
Music Maniac Records
Marktgasse 17
D-7400 Tübingen, West Germany
Tel. (07071) 24560 or 27515
Telex 7262779 ringo d
Telefax (07071) 51420
MUSIC MANIAC RECORDS

It's the first time that one of your poems appears that isn't a song on the record.

TOODY: That became a tradition because Hans asked Fred to specifically write a poem, and so Fred did for each one of the Music Maniac Records releases. The poems that he ended up coming up with were really apropos to the time.

There's some covers on this that weren't on the other records, like "Folsom Prison."

TOODY: A lot of covers that we did were crowd-pleasers and when we were playing two and a half, three hours every night, you needed a lot of songs if they're only two minutes, you know, two minutes forty.

"Signed D.C." – by Love?

FRED: We played that one from the beginning.

TOODY: Big influence to Fred back in the '60s.

FRED: I knew Sky better than Arthur. Arthur was real distant to me, but a great influence, and I just thought he was just killer.

TOODY: Incredible songwriter and performer, yeah.

An Impression . . .
. . . of Expression.
In midnight's path where wings collide
Thunder sounds and lightening hides
The moon so red above the clouds
It must be bleeding, dying now
Whose wires barbed into the skies
The maniac with insidious eyes
Within the veil an evil lives
Into the dust in crumbling slips
The longhorn scream, this moment trapped
Beyond all this is Dead Moon cradle
Tread not upon these nazu streets
Where ideas die before you dream
Where age have beat the wild will
And violent voices have been stilled
Lucius holds this silent tomb
For youth's hero taken much too soon
Adrift as morbid thoughts explode
Of things misjudged so long ago
This distant plea where thoughts revolt
Descend into the Dead Moon soul

original artwork

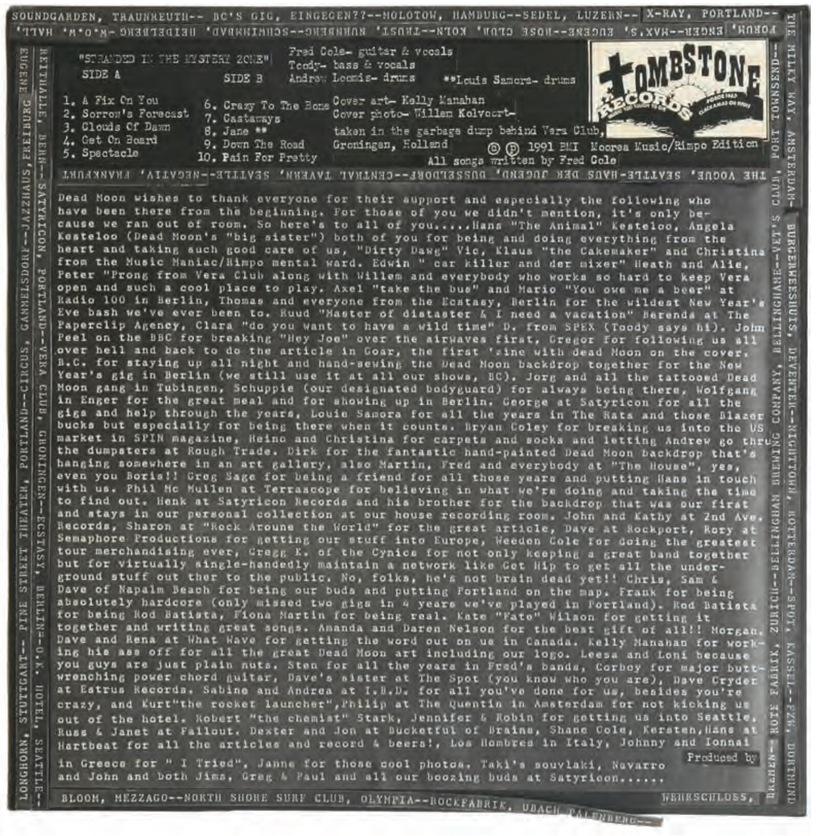
TOODY: We made this record so we could go back and tour Europe again. It had to be done before we could book the tour. The front was Kelly Manahan's concept. He brought it in with the bottles and the flames. I love that. The titles were probably a combination of Fred and Kelly with different fonts. The photo I think Willem took outside of Vera in Groningen, Netherlands. Fred did the thank you list. This is basically everybody that made things happen for us in Europe and the states both—everywhere, you know. Hans and Angela owned the label, Vick and Klaus worked at Rempo, and so did Christina. Peter was the one who brought us over the first time. Willem was the guy who did all the postering for Vera. Thomas and Radio 100 were the first ones that we ever heard play "Walking on My Grave" over the air.

FRED: In Berlin.

TOODY: Every one of these people really meant something amazing to us and had made something incredibly important happen in our lives. Talki's souvlaki, Navarro, that's Dave Navarro. John, both Jims, Greg and Paul and all our boozing buddies at Satyricon. Awesome.

FRED: I thought, "People have got to be burned out on us by now." We'd already done all these other albums. I was amazed we got that far. I figured that was our last shot.

TOODY: Oh my god, we've got Dirk on here and he's the one who made the first Dead Moon backdrop that got stolen in fucking Hamburg. The guys in Switzerland, Martin and Fred and all these people were connected with this little artist community that would do all the bookings and all the artwork and everything in Switzerland. We just met these amazing clutches of people that were really inspiring. For their


SOUNDGARDEN, TRAUNREUTH-- BC'S GIG, EINGEGEN??--HOLOTON, HAMBURG--SEDEL, LUZERN-- X-RAY, PORTLAND--
"STRANDED IN THE MYSTERY ZONE"
SIDE A
SIDE B
Fred Cole- guitar & vocals
Teody- bass & vocals
Andrew Loomis- drums
**Louis Samora- drums
TOMBSTONE RECORDS
1. A Fix On You
2. Sorrow's Forecast
3. Clouds Of Dawn
4. Get On Board
5. Spectacle
6. Crazy To The Bone
7. Castaways
8. Jane **
9. Down The Road
10. Pain For Pretty
Cover art- Kelly Manahan
Cover photo- Willem Kolvoort-
taken in the garbage dump behind Vera Club,
Groningen, Holland
© ℗ 1991 BMI Moorea Music/Rimpo Edition
All songs written by Fred Cole
Dead Moon wishes to thank everyone for their support and especially the following who have been there from the beginning. For those of you we didn't mention, it's only because we ran out of room. So here's to all of you.....Hans "The Animal" Kesteloo, Angela Kesteloo (Dead Moon's "big sister") both of you for being and doing everything from the heart and taking such good care of us, "Dirty Dawg" Vic, Klaus "the Cakemaker" and Christina from the Music Maniac/Rimpo mental ward. Edwin " car killer and der mixer" Heath and Alie, Peter "Prong from Vera Club along with Willem and everybody who works so hard to keep Vera open and such a cool place to play. Axel "take the bus" and Mario "You owe me a beer" at Radio 100 in Berlin, Thomas and everyone from the Ecstasy, Berlin for the wildest New Year's Eve bash we've ever been to. Hood "Master of distaster & I need a vacation" Berends at The Paperclip Agency, Clara "do you want to have a wild time" D. from SPEX (Toody says hi). John Peel on the BBC for breaking "Hey Joe" over the airwaves first, Gregor for following us all over hell and back to do the article in Goar, the first 'zine with dead Moon on the cover. B.C. for staying up all night and hand-sewing the Dead Moon backdrop together for the New Year's gig in Berlin (we still use it at all our shows, BC). Jorg and all the tattooed Dead Moon gang in Tubingen, Schuppie (our designated bodyguard) for always being there, Wolfgang in Enger for the great meal and for showing up in Berlin. George at Satyricon for all the gigs and help through the years, Louie Samora for all the years in The Rats and those Blazer bucks but especially for being there when it counts. Bryan Coley for breaking us into the US market in SPIN magazine, Heino and Christina for carpets and socks and letting Andrew go thru the dumpsters at Rough Trade. Dirk for the fantastic hand-painted Dead Moon backdrop that's hanging somewhere in an art gallery, also Martin, Fred and everybody at "The House", yes, even you Boris!! Greg Sage for being a friend for all those years and putting Hans in touch with us. Phil Mc Mullen at Terrascope for believing in what we're doing and taking the time to find out. Henk at Satyricon Records and his brother for the backdrop that was our first and stays in our personal collection at our house recording room. John and Kathy at 2nd Ave. Records, Sharon at "Rock Around the World" for the great article, Dave at Rockport, Rory at Semaphore Productions for getting our stuff into Europe, Weeden Cole for doing the greatest tour merchandising ever, Gregg K. of the Cynics for not only keeping a great band together but for virtually single-handedly maintain a network like Cat Nip to get all the underground stuff out ther to the public. No, folks, he's not brain dead yet!! Chris, Sam & Dave of Napalm Beach for being our buds and putting Portland on the map. Frank for being absolutely hardcore (only missed two gigs in 4 years we've played in Portland). Rod Batista for being Rod Batista, Fiona Martin for being real. Kate "Fate" Wilson for getting it together and writing great songs. Amanda and Daren Nelson for the best gift of all!! Morgan. Dave and Rena at What Wave for getting the word out on us in Canada. Kelly Manahan for working his ass off for all the great Dead Moon art including our logo. Leesa and Loni because you guys are just plain nuts. Stan for all the years in Fred's bands, Corboy for major butt-wrenching power chord guitar, Dave's sister at The Spot (you know who you are), Dave Cryder at Estrus Records, Sabine and Andrea at I,B,D, for all you've done for us, besides you're crazy, and Kurt"the rocket launcher",Philip at The Quentin in Amsterdam for not kicking us out of the hotel. Robert "the chemist" Stark, Jennifer & Robin for getting us into Seattle, Russ & Janet at Fallout. Dexter and Jon at Bucketful of Brains, Shane Cole, Kersten,Hans at Hartbeat for all the articles and record & beers!, Los Hombres in Italy, Johnny and Ionnai in Greece for " I Tried", Janne for those cool photos, Taki's souvlaki, Navarro and John and both Jims, Greg & Paul and all our boozing buds at Satyricon.....
Produced by
BLOOM, MEZZAGO--NORTH SHORE SURF CLUB, OLYMPIA--ROCKFABRIK, UBACH PALENBERG--
WEHRSCHLOSS,

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"Into the light."

Side B:
"This one's for Toody."

original artwork

organization and their camaraderie and their volunteering and making the music scene happen in their area, really supporting, encouraging, and promoting different bands that they thought were worth the effort. It really made a big difference in our career. Without most of these people we would never have gotten to the level that we did or gotten the exposure that we did. Way back when, you needed that kind of networking and people that believed in you enough to do it. There was no internet, there was no YouTube, there was no nothing. People don't believe us that we virtually remember every club every gig and pretty much most everybody we've ever met that we've talked to more than once. It's true. It means as much to us as it does to them.

FRED: "Jane" is actually another one of the Rats songs that we put on with Louie.

Is there a real Jane?

TOODY: No.

FRED: She's Mona's friend.

TOODY: The only two that really made it was "Down the Road" and "Clouds of Dawn." It's always been a crowd-pleaser with the "Miles away!" (laughs).

FRED: Well that's one we sing together.

TOODY: There's a lot of them that became our classic songs that we couldn't drop, or if we did, we had to throw something else in there that had that same effect on people. We heard the crowd reaction.

Poem on the back reads:

Destination no ones seen
Flights where no one else has been
Drawn by dark beneath the floors
The echos faintly call once more
Ill of the dead who speaks in breaths
No longer fear arresting death
Existing in these walled up tombs
Strangely praying in this doom
I've heard that fleeting, crying sound
Wondering where they're going now
For those forgotten can't remain
Alone their silence fills the space
Death is waiting unforeseen
For those who dare not live their dreams
How could I come so far so soon
My life, my blood, my dying moon

This has exceptionally strong songs: "Fire in the Western World"

FRED: Basically just the chaos of the times. Kids vs. parents. Punk rock vs., you know, the '90s. At that time there was a lot of nazi punks in Europe and here too. They were pissing me off. I really can't stand it when kids that are aren't old enough want to get political and violent about shit that they don't even have a clue as to what the fuck's going on. That's "Fire in the Western World." Same thing that's going on now with terrorists. I'm against all this shit.

I just don't understand it when you got kids now running around with AK-47s and shit. I say kids, I'm talking about anybody younger than me, which would be sixty-seven and younger. Fuck, you know!

TOODY: Especially anybody thirty and younger, OK?

"Can't Do That"

FRED: I wrote that for our son, Shane.

"Out in the Blue." You still play that all the time. Where did that come from?

TOODY: Bittersweet memories?

FRED: Toody and I went through a lot of different shit. She inspired that song, OK?

TOODY: There's a lot of references that I can tell that are from things that happen to him when he was younger but they're still fresh, they're still there. It becomes a blend of a lot of different things. But what gives it that universal feel that it's not about one moment in particular. It's about all those moments in your life that make you feel that way.

FRED COLE – guitar & vocals
TOODY – bass & vocals
ANDREW LOOMIS – drums
SIDE A:
1. FIRE IN THE WESTERN WORLD
2. UNTIL IT RAINS
3. CANT' DO THAT
4. 13 GOING ON 21
5. LOVE COMES ONCE
6. ROOM 213
SIDE B:
1. GOING SOUTH
2. ILL OF THE DEAD
3. PLAY WITH FIRE
4. DON'T LOOK BACK
5. OUT IN THE BLUES
6. DESTINATION X
Cover Photos - SCOTT SMITH
Barbed wire artwork by KELLY MANAHAN
All songs written by FRED COLE
except •Play With Fire• by Nanker Phelge
Produced by Fred Cole
MissionSpot/Change Records
Tel - (503) 282 - 2990
5202 N Albina Ave. Portland OR 97217
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MRP - 041

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"Thanks to all of you for supporting us – Fred, Toody and Andrew."

Side B:
"This one's for Hans Kesteloo – Happy Birthday!"

Fred's greatest talent is being able to pick the right words and the right music for the feel to get across.

FRED: Well I got the right dictionary.

TOODY: Good. By the way sorrow is s-o-r-r-o-w not s-a-r-r-o-w (laughs). I used to have to change it every time it came up.

FRED: Are you sure? I think it's s-a-r-r-o-w.

TOODY: This is a common disagreement.

FRED: Fucking dictionary sitting there. We have arguments all the time.

What is "Room 213" about ?

TOODY: Dahmer. That was his apartment number.

FRED: Room 213 was the room that he was in in Milwaukee when they caught him. Something strange is going on in room 213. He's putting bodies in his refrigerator or whatever.

It's one of the few songs you ever wrote where there's no redemptive quality.

TOODY: That's why. Because he was basically thinking about this guy when he wrote it. As opposed to himself, or his own life experience. We all get down and we all get depressed. There's always that light at the end of the tunnel. Hope pulls you out of it.

FRED: I'm an optimistic pessimist.

Dedication on the back reads:

"Crack in the System" is dedicated to those everywhere who, against all odds, have stuck to their beliefs and made a difference.

original artwork

One of the most-loved songs, "It's O.K."

FRED: I wrote that basically for our daughter Amanda. Then I wrote the second verse for Toody because that's where she was at.

TOODY: Amanda was born in 1967. A huge bulk of our audience were kids from right around that same little generation. It seemed to be an anthem for them.

Then you got "The Times They Are A-Changin'" which is an interesting one considering it's a song that is hammered into the ground.

FRED: Dylan has just written so much fucking killer shit.

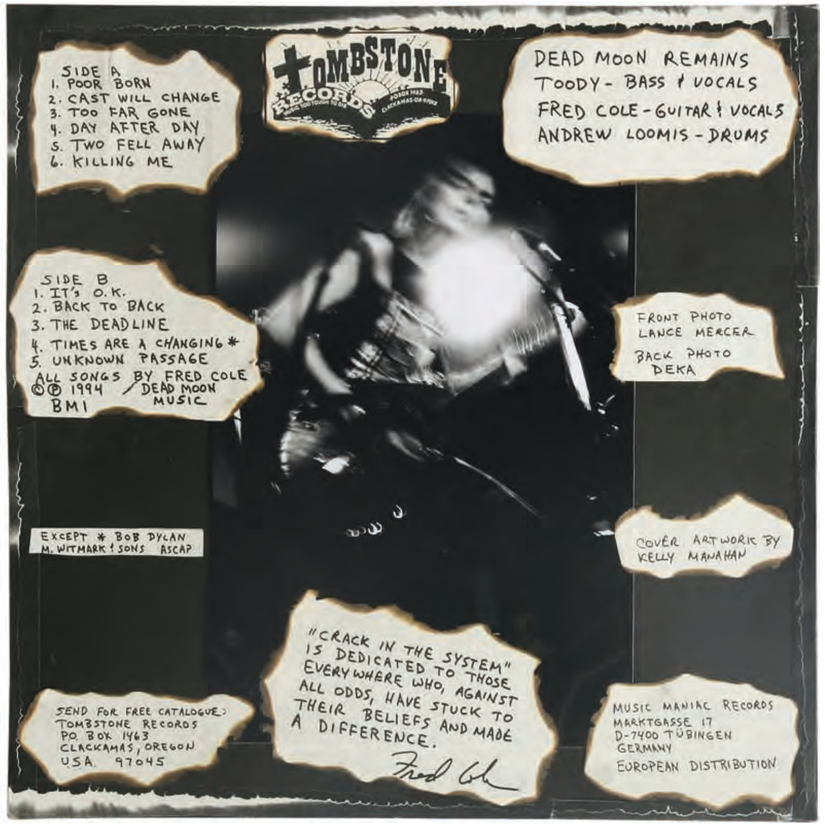
TOODY: We grew up with Dylan. The other one he's always wanted to work up at some point is "Chimes of Freedom."

FRED: We did another Dylan song way back. We've never recorded it and Andrew always wanted us to record it.

"Day after Day" is also a standout.

TOODY: That's more about us growing up.

FRED: Time goes on, marches on and day after day the same shit is still going on. People are still going to war and people are still making love and people are still having fun or being depressed or whatever. People have been the same forever and as far as we've evolved with technology our emotions haven't changed. We still cry about the same things we still laugh about the same things. It's not all good it's not all bad. It's basically what that song is. Sometimes your puffer works, sometimes it doesn't, okay?



Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"For the broken generation."

Side B:
"For all fathers who had daughters to deal with."

original artwork

"Poor Born"?

FRED: That's just me since I've been born. Autobiographical. Extremely literal. That's self-inspired.

I always liked "The Deadline" for that.

TOODY: That was basically written as an end-of-tour song, a recap. We never performed it live but yeah, I liked that one too.

Where's that back cover photo from?

TOODY: That's a tour shot somebody did. Cover by this kid that used to work at The Rocket. He did this double exposure thing. He took three or four pictures at once and we picked this one. This is a typical tour shot. I've got fifty million photos that look exactly like that. It might be since it's got the blurry imaging that Gary's wife Daria did.

12
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11

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Poem on the back cover reads:

Beware the scarecrow lost in flight
Things that shift though out of sight
Fear the beast that hides within
Where deadly nervous doubts begin
For sooner shall the cycle tread
Like footsteps of the walking dead
Subtle changes seeming mere
Grave mistakes so seldom clear
The imperfection diamond rough
Will be a different diamond cut

TOODY: The original picture was from the An Club. That was the gig we rave about. It was packed.

FRED: They didn't have any capacity in Athens. If you could get in there they would let you pay to get in. The club held four hundred people and they had about six hundred. You couldn't move.

TOODY: It was an amazing rowdy gig. Everybody was drenched. We were drenched.

FRED: Maybe ten minutes into the show, all the posters started falling off the walls because there was so much water. Water was coming down the walls.

TOODY: The original photograph was in color and we loved it so much. It had a different impact in color so we just decided to keep it like that.

There's a ton of ballads on this one.

TOODY: "Diamonds in the Rough." "Say It Isn't So." "I Won't Be the One." "Can't Let Go." "Running out of Time" was this late? Wow. "Psychodelic Nightmare." It's one of his dream songs.

FRED: I had this dream when I was about six years old. I'm out in this field, and all of the sudden I see this big flash in the sky and this green fog start coming towards me. I'm running from it and this fog is coming along the ground. I just knew if this fog caught me I'm gonna be dead. I'd wake up screaming about it. My mom goes, "Fred! What is going on with you?" I told her about this thing. She goes, "I don't know what you're thinking, Freddy." I had this dream for about a year and a half about every two weeks. Wake up screaming and crying and everything. My dad was digging a bomb shelter. He got about six feet deep and about eight feet around and gave up

FRED COLE
guitar & vocals
TOODY
bass & vocals
ANDREW LOOMIS
drums, tambourine and bottle
SIDE A
1. DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH 3:38
2. SAY IT ISN'T SO 3:35
3. I WON'T BE THE ONE 2:53
4. CAN'T LET GO 3:21
5. RUNNING OUT OF TIME 3:45
SIDE B
1. PSYCHODELIC NIGHTMARE 2:53
2. AREA 51 3:30
3. SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY 3:06
4. I'M NOT AFRAID 3:10
5. WINDOWS OF TIME 4:07
All songs written by Fred Cole
©+℗ 1995 Monora Music / Edition Rimpo (GEMA)
Dead Moon Music (BMI)
Cover photo by Leonidas Dimakopoulus, Merlin's Music Box – taken live at the An Club in Athens, Greece.
Many thanks to Steve and Petros (An Club), Yannis & Demetria, Emilios at Hitch-Hyke, Alex, George & Christos of Last Drive.
This album is dedicated to Toody Jantje Busscher, born January 16, 1994 in Holland.
You Are The Future
I Won't Be The One
Running Out Of Time
Psychodelic Nightmare
Somewhere Far Away
I'm Not Afraid
Diamonds In The Rough
Area 51
Windows Of Time
Say It Isn't So
Can't Let Go
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MMLP 066

cause we had nothing but clay and gravel on our place.

TOODY: This is when you'd go through drills for nuclear bombs and hide under your desk.

FRED: I just kept remembering this green fog chasing me – hearing and seeing this flash in the sky. I couldn't get it out of my head. So that's what that song is basically about. You know, "living on the edge of a psychodelic nightmare".

"Area 51"

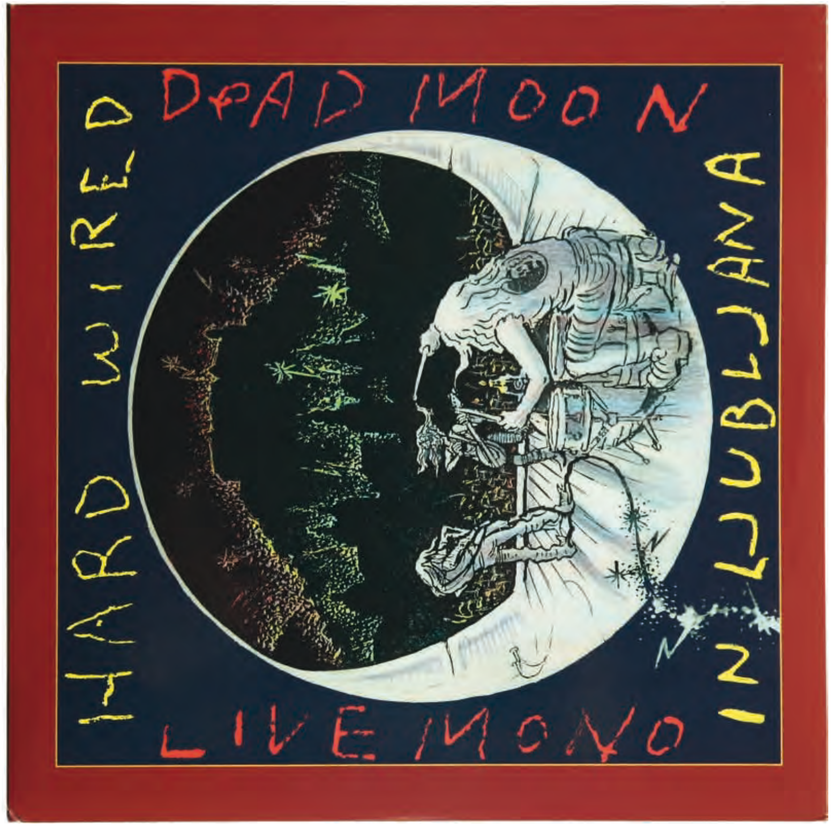
TOODY: We've always been fascinated with the whole alien thing. I don't know whether we were watching a bunch of movies. A lot of the other songs are just ballads. That was just where his head was at.

There's that great line about Cape of Disappointment.

TOODY: It's probably the one in Tacoma.

FRED: No, that's Cape Defiance. I probably couldn't get anything to rhyme with Cape Defiance so I used Cape Disappointment.

TOODY: Sometimes it's just that simple, folks, OK?



Poem on the gatefold reads:

When all the things worth dying for
Have crossed onto a different shore
When time has spent it's last remains
Never to return again
When wired hard in thoughts so cold
We lose ourselves of long ago
When innocence is laid to rest
While desperation takes the best
Down narrow tracks we come of age
Should we forget from where we came

Hans's idea?

TOODY: Yeah, he wanted live versions of a bunch of stuff.

FRED: I went through and picked out the songs that we didn't have on the other live album. About 80 percent was recorded live in Ljubljana. Toody goes, "Man, Fred we been playing the same set for ten years."

TOODY: With a few exceptions.

Where did the cover drawing come from?

FRED: Oh that was incredible. That's Peter.

TOODY: Peter Pontiac. He's a really famous Dutch cartoonist and artist.

FRED: Comes up with this concept and gives it to Hans, and Hans goes, "Oh my god, wait till you guys see." From a distance he goes, "Hey, what do you guys think about this?" I go "Why'd he fuck up our Dead Moon?" Then goes like this and I go, "Holy shit!"

TOODY: It's just killer. The skyline of downtown Ljubljana in the background.

FRED: It just blew me away! He goes, "What do you think?" and I go, "Fuck yeah! That's so fucking creative."

TOODY: Peter's passed now but he's incredibly revered in Holland. He just did it on his own without being commissioned.

FRED: One of the reasons that we play "Clouds at Dawn" live is because that was his favorite song.

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"That's one!"

Side B:
"It's what makes life interesting."

Side C:
"That's two!"

Side D:
"It's a labor of love"

When all the things worth dying for
Have crossed onto a different shore
When time has spent its last remains
Never to return again
When wired hard in thoughts so cold
We lose ourselves of long ago
When innocence is laid to rest
While desperation takes the best
Down narrow tracks we come of age
Should we forget from where we came

We're always nervous before we take the stage. We pass the bottle, a smoke, and shake hands. It makes us one. Something runs through us that's unexplainable, an electric spirit maybe. Sometimes it goes beyond us and touches the audience. When that happens it's worth everything to us. Ljubljana was one of those moments. Most of these recordings are from that concert. Thank you all for being in the audience, no matter what city.

Fred, Toody, & Andrew
Dead Moon

Dedication on the back reads:

This album is dedicated to all the bands who've remained true to their music no matter what your destination may be.

TOODY: Freight and everything was just getting so ridiculous. Hans said, "Work with Empty and do your U.S. release there, and then I'll do Europe on Music Maniac Records." Kelly Mannahan and a couple other artists did the design. Clackamas Fat Boys. They were doing artwork together under that for band posters and all kinds of different stuff.

FRED: Kelly (Manahan) shot the cover right outside of the old Tombstone.

TOODY: With Fred's deer-in-the-headlights fuckin' pose. Which I hated.

Side 1
1. Down TO The Dogs
* 2. It's A Long Way To The Top
3. To Nowhere Down
4. On Another Plane
5. Bad Cage
6. Raise Up The Dead
MONO
Side 2
Rescue 1.
Only Want To Be Your Man 2.
As Teardrops Break 3.
Point Of No Return 4.
Last Train 5.
Fred Cole - Guitar & Vocal
Toody - Bass & Vocal
Andrew Loomis - Drums
DEAD END
This album is dedicated to all the bands who've remained true to their music no matter what your destination may be.
Cover photo by Kelly Manahan
Back photo by Doug Colon
Both by polaroid
Cover layout & design by Clackapuss Fat Boys
fatboys@insideportland.com
All songs written by Fred Cole except*
Lyrics on "Rescue" Written by Toody
c'p 1999
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* Written by Young,Young & Scott
published by E. B. Marks Corp. , BMI
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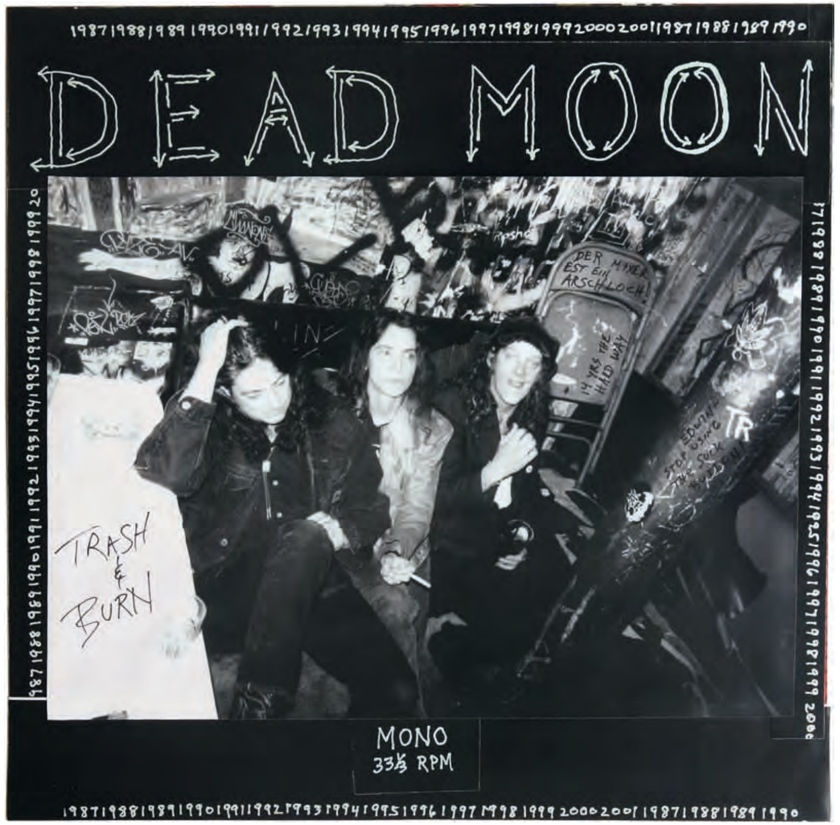


Dedication on the back reads:

This album is dedicated to all of those who shot away and all of you who stayed.

original artwork

TOODY: That's the green room at Satyricon.

FRED: That's when I got back into doing the artwork again, I had time.

TOODY: That's Fred's hand-done stuff. That was from the beginning of the band to when this came out, 1987–2000. The back cover was a shrine wall that two brothers from Seattle had in their apartment.

FRED: They sent us this picture and just like, oh man!

TOODY: Yeah, that's awesome. Fred wrote in the picture all this different stuff you say, just to make it personal. The German was our joke with Edwin, which means the mix is an asshole. One of me and Fred's favorite ones has always been "fourteen years the hard way."

FRED: Rodney Dangerfield.

"40 Miles of Bad Road"

TOODY: I love that chorus and the refrain in that one just kills me: "40 miles of bad road, a riverbed of potholes, and I know, I know where the money goes." It's one of the most visual ones I think that he's probably ever written. It's just like, whoa. "Lowered by my ankles ..."

A friend thought you wrote the song about 9/11 and got it out immediately.

TOODY: We were actually on tour when 9/11 happened. We were just outside of Denver when it happened and they canceled that gig.

original artwork

FRED: Before we played in New York we played at WFMU. We could see the smoldering. We played a half hour up there and "40 Miles of Bad Road" was one of the songs.

TOODY: It was about ten days after 9/11.

FRED: We didn't know if we were gonna even get there. They checked us going into the Holland Tunnel.

TOODY: You couldn't go through the Holland Tunnel. They were using that for all the dump trucks, so we had to go across the George Washington Bridge.

FRED: Bullshit, they put us through the Holland Tunnel.

TOODY: No way. The Holland Tunnel was closed for months. It was the George Washington Bridge. Never mind, I don't want to argue about fine points.

FRED: Yeah, fuck you. I'm sure we went through the Holland Tunnel. Somebody checked us. I had to go in the back and unlock the back door. I go, "Man, it's gonna smell like we got a fertilizer bomb in there cause we've been on the road, but its nothing but gear." I opened the back door and they go, "Whoa! Yeah, OK. Yeah, you're fine." They closed the doors they didn't look any further.

"Janus"

TOODY: Andrew's wife Jennifer McKnight, that was her favorite song. We never did that one live.

"Shot Away"

TOODY: "Shot Away" is about my brother Carl. He died that year from brain cancer at fifty-nine.

FRED: I wrote that for him, yep.

Poem on the back cover reads:

The paths we choose
Have narrowed now
The moon has slipped
Behind a cloud
And as these changes
Still unfold
Who can know
What futures hold
Down the winding
Twisting turn
Where once you tread
There's no return
Make no mistake
What lies beyond
Is Dead ahead
And on and on

TOODY: It's a little more depressive and reflective than everything before.

FRED: It was pretty much the C'est la vie album. I could feel the end was there, I really could. That's why it's called Dead Ahead. Because just around the corner the band is gonna be dead. I thought it was a pretty good title to have as our last album.

TOODY: There's a lot of songs we only played to tour the album and then dropped. There are ones that are really cool to sit back and listen to. Every time we put that album on I go, "Whoa, that's amazing."

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
Nothing

Side B:
"Thank you all for the support over the years."

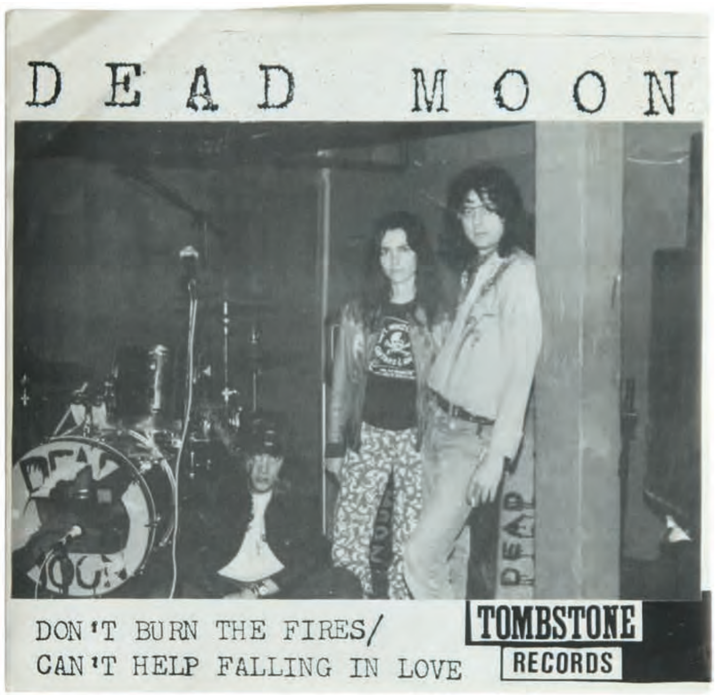
FRED: Really good recording and everything. I was amazed at Dean Fletcher. He came up with those recordings.

TOODY: Dean Fletcher has been a music fan, photographer, recorder, you know ... He's pretty much documented everything in the punk rock scene from day one. He made a lot of copies way back in the day and sold 'em. They ended up filtering around Portland like crazy ... It used to be one of our road tapes and I always thought it was one of the best gigs we played and also the one of the best live recordings.

FRED: That's when we could still play.

TOODY: Part of it was the fact that hadn't put anything out for so long, and part was because of our history with Tres [Shannon, Voodoo Doughnut cofounder] and the fact that he requested it. We originally knew Tres from the X-Ray [Cafe] and then being in bands, playing gigs with him, and just him being an iconic fixture in the Portland scene.

TOODY: I'm really glad Sub Pop did that. They gave Fred free rein on what songs he wanted to include and the order. It was cool just to have everything all on one thing.



Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"Watch for our album –
Thanks for listening – F.C."

Side B:
"Greeting from Portland, Oregon. Write."

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"*Dead Moon Lives.*"

Side B:
"*Watch for D.M.'s 2nd album.*"

* Sleeve states "Echos To You" and label states "Echos Of You"
It should be "Echoes Of You".

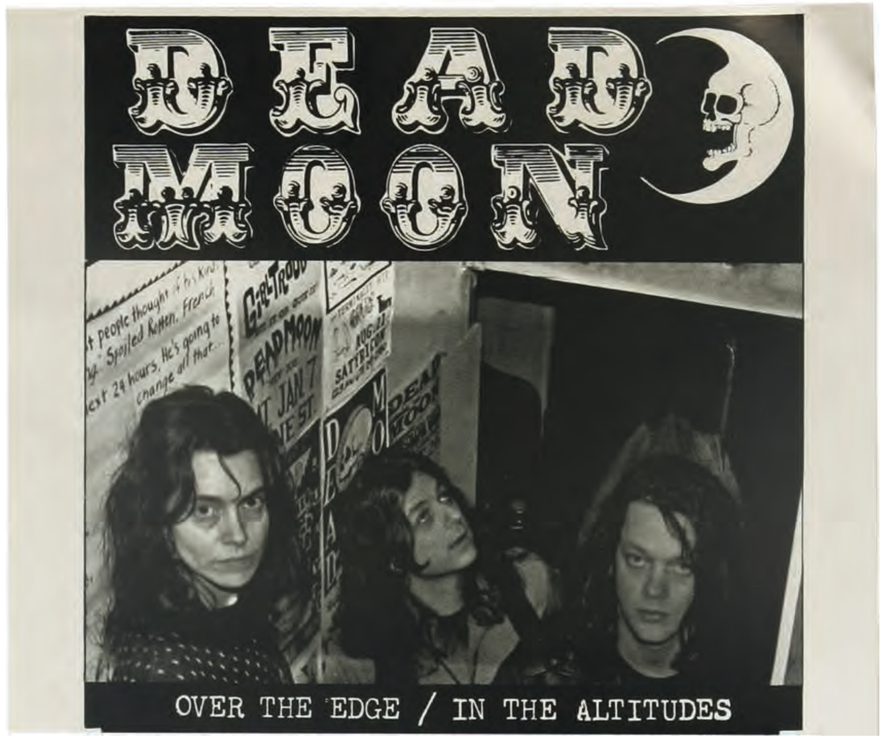
original artwork

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
Nothing

Side B:
"*Thanks to all of you – Dead Moon.*"

1991 Over The Edge / In The Altitudes 7"

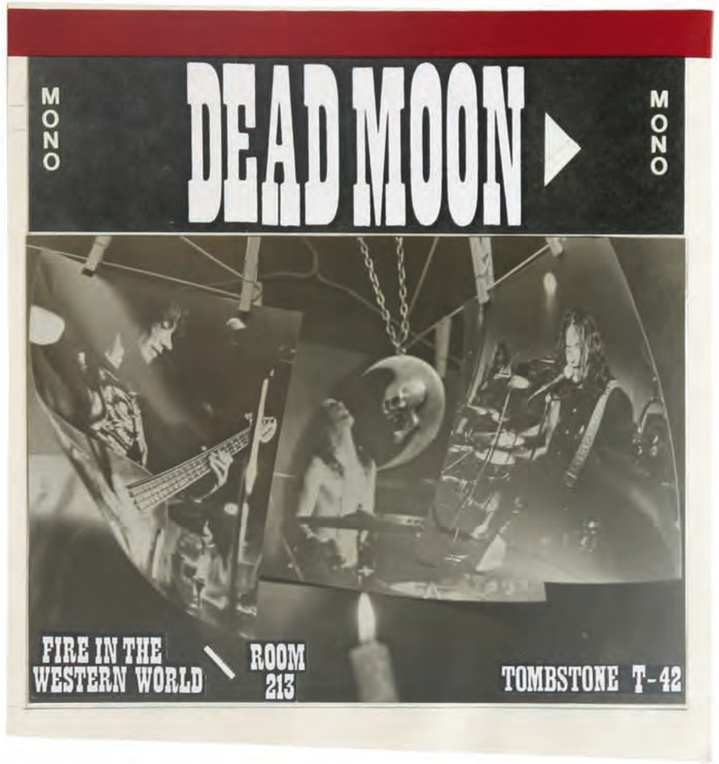


Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"This song was a nightmare to cut!"

Side B:
"Fuck CD's – Except the ones Hans puts out on Music Maniac Records for Dead Moon."

7" Fire In The Western World / Room 213 1992



original artwork

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
"Burned out and wasted – this one's for Bert!"

Side B:
"Sicker than Vic!"

Dead wax reads:

Side A:
Nothing

Side B:
"For Amanda – because we love you anyway!"

Notes on Discography

This discography is designed to be complete as possible, but not to the point of regurgitating every credit and thank you given on every record. Our goal with this discography is to create a feel for the oeuvre of the musicians and to give a framework for the band to tell more of their story. We also included a catalog of Fred, Toody, and Andrew's releases that happened before and after Dead Moon. We have no pretensions of this being complete. The true shape of the Dead Moon discography will always be a bit of a fog. Stranded in the Mystery Zone. We will be grateful to any and all who can provide us with additional information.

A few explanations:

Starting with the first Tombstone single, Fred Cole carved a handwritten "secret message" in the dead wax of each release. The "dead wax" is the run-out groove between the last song on a record and the label.

Record label information, catalog numbers, as well as photo and graphics credits – We have omitted the catalog number and dates for reissues of LPs, and only give that information about the first release. The Mississippi Records represses of the Dead Moon catalog are more or less true to the originals, so no extra notes are needed.

We also only gave individual entries to compilation LP's that feature a Dead Moon recording that is unique to that compilation.

1 PRE DEAD MOON RELEASES

THE LORDS (no cover)
Ain't Got No Self Respect
7", 1964
Tell Records

Presumably a 1-sided acetate for radio stations in Las Vegas to play – but there were never more than 1-5 made and it was never made commercially available.

DEEP SOUL COLE
Poverty Shack / Rover
7", 1964
Eldorado
Promotional acetate only

Poverty Shack was rereleased on "Sixties Rebellion Vol. 9: The Nightclub" (Way Back Records) on CD and LP in 1994. Fred cut an "edition of 2" acetate version in 2009.

CHARLIE WHITE EAGLE
(Accompanied by The Weeds)
Get off My Cloud /
Red Roses For A Blue Lady
7", 1966
Teenbeat Records , TB-1004

Fred on backing vocals and tambourine.

THE WEEDS
It's Your Time / Little Girl
7", 1966
Teenbeat Records, TB-1006

Rereleased by Behemoth Records in 1987. Also rereleased on Pebbles Vol. 1 and Nuggets Vol. 8: The Northwest.

LOLLIPOP SHOPPE
You Must Be A Witch / Close The Door
7", 1968
Uni Records, 55050

A-side rereleased on Pebbles Vol. 8

LOLLIPOP SHOPPE
Just Colour
LP, 1968
Uni Records, 73019

Rereleased by Breeder, Backtrack Archive Series, Big Beat, Flash, Universal and Way Back Records (as "The Weeds – aka the Lollipop Shoppe")

LOLLIPOP SHOPPE
Mr. Madison Avenue / Who's It Gonna Be
LP, 1969
Angels From Hell Soundtrack
Tower Records, ST 5128

Rereleased on the "Turds On A Bum Ride" compilation on LP and CD and on "The Weeds – aka the Lollipop Shoppe" LP on Way Back Records.

It is worth nothing that the band appeared in the film, but Fred was only shown from the neck down. It seems they forgot to have him sign a release form and instead of following up, opted to just cut the film so you never see his head.

LOLLIPOP SHOPPE
Someone I Knew / Through My Window
7", 1969
Shamley, S-44005

Rereleased on "The Weeds – aka the Lollipop Shoppe" LP on Way Back Records.

THE WEEDS
Stop / No Good News
7", 1971
NWI Records, 2745

Rereleased on "The Weeds – aka the Lollipop Shoppe" LP on Way Back Records.

ZIPPER
S / T
LP, 1975
Whizeagle Records, W-0001

Rereleased by Way Back Records and Permanent Records.

KING BEE
Hot Pistol / Zip Gun and Headache
7", 1978
Whizeagle Records, W-7001

First 1,000 copies are missing *Zip Gun* due to error at the pressing plant.

THE RATS
S / T
LP, 1980
Whizeagle Records, W-7003
Reissued by Mississippi Records.

THE RATS
Intermittent Signals
LP, 1981
Whizeagle Records, W-7004
Reissued by Mississippi Records

THE RATS
In A Desperate Red
LP, 1983
Whizeagle Records, W-7005

THE DESPERATE EDGE
Frustration / Tremelo
7", 1985
Whizeagle Records, W-7007

This is the worst Fred Cole product of all time (maybe the only thing that is not at least very good). Though it is rare, DO NOT spend a bunch of money trying to get it. You've been warned.

THE WESTERN FRONT
Orygun / Clementine
7", 1985
Whizeagle Records, W-7007

Rereleased on the "Toody / Western Front" 10" by Mississippi Records.

THE WESTERN FRONT
Stampede / Looking Back At Me
7", 1985
Whizeagle Records, W-8501

Rereleased on the "Toody / Western Front" 10" by Mississippi Records.

TOODY
Coming on Strong / Rather Be Your Lover
7", 1985
Whizeagle Records, W-8502

Rereleased on the "Toody / Western Front" 10" by Mississippi Records.

SNOW BUD AND THE FLOWER PEOPLE
S / T
Cassette, 1986
Sky High Records, no catalog number

Andrew Loomis on drums.

2

DEAD MOON RELEASES

PARCHMENT FARM / HEY JOE
7", 1988
Tombstone, no catalog number on 1st press, T-1 on later pressings

First 200 copies have the labels reversed.

DON'T BURN THE FIRES / CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE
7", 1988
Tombstone, T-8

IN THE GRAVEYARD
LP, 1988
Tombstone, T-11
Rereleased by Mississippi Records

Graveyard
Out On A Wire
Can't Help Falling In Love
Parchment Farm
Dead In The Saddle
Hey Joe
Don't Burn The Fires
Where Did I Go Wrong
Remember Me
I Hate The Blues

BLACK SEPTEMBER / ECHOES TO YOU
7", 1989
Tombstone, T-22

Black September was also released on the "What's the Fuzz About" cassette compilation, which was free with "What Wave Magazine" #8.

UNKNOWN PASSAGE
LP, 1989
Tombstone, T-25
Rereleased by Mississippi Records

Dead Moon Night
My Escape
A Miss Of You
54/40 Or Fight
I'm Wise
Evil Eye
I Tried
Time Has Come Today
Demona
On My Own

D.O.A. / DAGGER MOON
7", 1990
Tombstone, T-34

DEFIANCE
LP, 1990
Tombstone, T-35
Rereleased by Mississippi Records

Milk Cow Blues
Not The Only One
Crystal Is Falling
Revenge
Dagger Moon
Walking On My Grave
Johnny's Got A Gun
I'm Out Nine
Kicked Out – Kicked In
Unknown Passage

Walking On My Grave appeared on a 7" which came with an issue of Ptolemaic Terrascope Magazine, a split flexi (with La Secta) with an issue of Hartbeat! Magazine and on a compilation of Portland bands called "Keep Portland Weird" made in conjunction with a "Portland-themed festival" that happened in Paris in 2012.

DEAD MOON NIGHT
LP, 1990
Music Maniac Records, MMLP-022

Dead Moon Night
Dead In The Saddle
Time Has Come Today
Echoes Of You
54/40 Or Fight
I Hate The Blues
Graveyard
My Escape
I'm Wise
Black September
I Tried
Hey Joe

THIRTEEN OFF MY HOOK
LP, 1990
Music Maniac Records, MMLP-032

Kicked Out – Kicked In
D.O.A.
War Baby
I'm Out Nine
Street Of Despair
Too Many People
Milk Cow Blues
Revenge
Social Contender
Running Scared
Unknown Passage
We Won't Change
Walking On My Grave
Not The Only One
Claim To Fame

LIVE FROM BEYOND
Split box set with Napalm Beach
2 x 10", 1990
Dreamhunter, K001K10

Out On A Wire
Parchment Farm
Signed D.C.
Don't Burn The Fires
54/40 Or Fight
You Must Be A Witch
(I'm an) Animal
D.O.A.
Crystal Is Falling
Black September
Nightline
Kicked Out – Kicked In

I'M WISE (LIVE) / YOU MUST BE A WITCH
(live)
7", Flexi, 1990

Free with GOAR Magazine #3.
Split with the Lemonheads and Evan Dando and the "Speed Niggs". Yikes.

LIVE EVIL
2 x LP (also a 5" and 3" CD), 1991
Music Maniac Records
LP: MMLP 038, CD: CD-038

Dead Moon Night
Graveyard
Remember Me
Parchment Farm
Time Has Come Today
Hey Joe
Signed DC
Not The Only One
Don't Burn The Fires
Dead In The Saddle
Can't Help Falling In Love
54/40 Or Fight
I'm Wise
You Must Be A Witch
Animal
Communication Breakdown
D.O.A.
Dagger Moon
Out On The Wire
Johnny's Got A Gun
Folsom Prison
I'm On My Own
A Miss Of You
Black September
Echoes Of You
Running Scared
Walking On My Grave
Graveyard

Recorded on VHS by Hans Kesteloo.
Live show from the Longhorn in Stuttgart, Germany on August 23rd, 1990.

LIVE EVIL
VHS, 1991
Music Maniac Records, MMVHS-2

All the tracks from the LP plus between song chatter.

OVER THE EDGE / IN THE ALTITUDES
7", 1991
Tombstone, T-39

STRANDED IN THE MYSTERY ZONE
LP / CD, 1991
LP: Tombstone, T-40
CD: Music Maniac Records, MMCD-042
Rereleased by Mississippi Records

A Fix On You
Sorrow's Forecast
Clouds Of Dawn
Get On Board
Spectacle
Crazy To The Bone
Castaways
Jane
Down The Road
Pain For Pretty
Over The Edge (CD only)
In The Altitudes (CD only)

I'M ON MY OWN (LIVE)
The 4th Adventure Compilation
LP, 1991
Guiding Light Records, JEWEL 4

Free with Adventure Magazine #4

FIRE IN THE WESTERN WORLD / ROOM 213
7", 1992
Tombstone, T-42

STRANGE PRAY TELL (PROMO)
1-sided LP, 1992
Music Maniac Records

Going South
Ill Of The Dead
Play With Fire
(listed as "Playing With Fire")
Don't Look Back
Out In The Blue
Destination X

STRANGE PRAY TELL
LP / CD, 1992
Music Maniac Records,
LP: MMLP-048, CD: MMCD-048
Rereleased by Mississippi Records.

Fire In The Western World
Until It Rains
Can't Do That
13 Going On 21
Love Comes Once
Room 213
Going South
Ill Of The Dead
Play With Fire
Don't Look Back
Out In The Blue
(listed as "Out In The Blues")
Destination X
My Escape (CD only)
Demona (CD only)
I Hate The Blues (CD only)

First edition has a black and white cover.
Going South was also released on the "I – 5 Killer Volume #2" CD

DAY AFTER DAY / IT'S O.K.
7", 1993
Tombstone, T-52

RUMBLE IN RAIN CITY (live)
Tivili Ilovit compilation
CD, 1993
Kelt Records, KCD-004

A live version of *Rumble In Rain City*

DIRTY NOISE / DARK DECEPTION
7", 1993
SubPop, SP-200

GOING SOUTH (live)
Electric Carnival compilation
CD, 1993
Kinetic Records, KVCD-002

LIVE AT SATYRICON April 16th, 1993
Cassette, 1993
DTF-0772-020

Dead Moon Night
Don't Burn the Fires
Jane
Spectacle
Clouds Of Dawn
Dagger Moon
D.O.A.
Parchment Farm
Down The Road
Going South
Echoes Of You
(Mislabeled "Echos To You")
Room 213
Johnny's Got A Gun
Destination X
Black September
Fire in the Western World

Recorded by Dean Fletcher at Satyricon in Portland OR on 4/16/1993 (not 4/17/93 like VDR releases state). All material was later reissued by Voodoo Donuts recordings. Artwork by Mike (MX) King.

CLOUDS OF DAWN
7" EP, 1994
Subway 92/10

Unknown Passage
Kicked Out – Kicked In
A Miss Of You
Clouds Of Dawn

All live recordings. Issued with two different covers. This recording of *Kicked Out – Kicked In* was also released on the CD compilation "Found In The Subway" by Subway Records and Shock Records.

CRACK IN THE SYSTEM
LP / CD, 1994
Music Maniac Records
LP: MMLP-051, CD: MMCD-051
Rereleased by Mississippi Records.

Poor Born
Cast Will Change
Too Far Gone
Day After Day
Two Fell Away
Killing Me
It's O.K.
Back To Back
The Dead Line
Times Are A Changin'
Unknown Passage

Also released as a picture disc (Music Maniac Records, MMpic-051) and a clock (!) (Music Maniac Records, MMclock-051). European CD version fades out earlier on *Unknown Passage* than US version.

This version of *Unknown Passage* was also released on the "Effenaar 25 Jaar" compilation CD. This version of *Cast Will Change* was also released on the "Sperminator" compilation CD and book. *It's O.K.* also appears on "The All Areas Special", Sub Pop 20th Anniversary CD.

RICOCHET / RUNNING OUT OF TIME
7", 1994
Sympathy For The Record Industry,
SFTRI-276

CHRISTMAS RUSH
Happy Birthday Baby Jesus,
The Second Coming Compilation
10" / CD, 1994
Sympathy For The Record Industry,
SFTRI-349

Yes – it's a Christmas comp with a bunch of Sympathy For The Record Industry bands.

NERVOUS SOONER CHANGES
LP / CD / Cassette, 1995
Music Maniac Records
LP: MMLP-066, CD: MMCD-066
Tombstone, cassette has no catalog number,
Reissued by Mississippi Records

Diamonds In The Rough
Say It Isn't So
I Won't Be The One
Can't Let Go
Running Out Of Time
Psychodelic Nightmare
Area 51
Somewhere Far Away
I'm Not Afraid
Windows Of Time

IT'S O.K. (live)
7" (split with The Monsters), 1996
Record Junkie, JUNK-034

200 red vinyl, 800 black vinyl. Single was given away for free to everyone who was at the show at Reitschule, Bern. Recorded 11/25/95.

JOHNNY'S GOT A GUN (live)
Beat Up Bosnia Compilation
CD, 1996
C.R.A.S.H, 3011 96

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH
CD, 1996
Dog Meat, DOG079 CD

Diamonds In The Rough
Graveyard
Evil Eye
Walking On My Grave
Down The Road
Destination X
Unknown Passage

Australian and New Zealand 1996 Tour souvenir EP.

54 / 40 OR FIGHT (live)
Hype! The Motion Picture
Soundtrack Compilation
CD, 1996
SubPop, SPCD-371

LIVE MONO –
HARDWIRED IN LJUBLJANA
2 x LP / CD / CD ROM, 1997
Europe Release: Music Maniac Records,
LP: MMLP-67, CD: MMCD-067
American Release: eMpty Records,
MTR-360, CD ROM: MTR-361

Going South
Down The Road
Room 213
Clouds Of Dawn
Somewhere Far Away
13 Going On 21
Running Out Of Time
Poor Born
It's O.K.
I Won't Be The One
Killing Me
Fire In The Western World
Cast Will Change
Spectacle
Ill Of The Dead
Kicked Out – Kicked In
Out In The Blue
Milk Cow Blues
Play With Fire
Diamonds In The Rough

POOR BORN (live)
Yo Yo A Go Go Compilation
LP / CD, 1997
Yo Yo Records

GRAVEYARD (live)
Drinking From Puddles Compilation
LP / CD, 1999
Kill RockStars, KRS-318

Live from an KBOO Radio on air performance.

DESTINATION X
LP / CD, 1999
European release: Music Maniac Records,
LP: MMLP-070, CD: MMCD-070
American release: eMpty Records,
MTR-377

Down To The Dogs
It's A Long Way To The Top
To Nowhere Down
On Another Plane
Bad Case
Raise Up The Dead
Rescue
Only Want To Be Your Man
As Teardrops Break
Point Of No Return
Last Train

RUNNING SCARED (live)
Mushroom Music Monoliths
Compilation
LP, 1999
Swamp Room Records, 301133/058

DOWN TO THE DOGS (live)
Eye Rocks #1 : Garage Compilation
CD, 1999
Came free with "Eye Magazine"

WALKING ON MY GRAVE (live)
CD / VHS, 2000
X Ray Visions Soundtrack album
Kwali-T Records, KT-001

From the documentary about the hallowed club where Dead Moon played many times.

TRASH AND BURN
LP / CD, 2001
European release: Music Maniac Records,
LP: MMLP-072, CD: MMCD-072
American release: eMpty Records,
MTR-390
Rereleased by Mississippi Records.

Ricochet
The Way It Is
One-Way Ticket
These Times With You
Shadows Of The Night
40 Miles Of Bad Road
Out Of Reach
Never Again
Janus
Sabotage
Shot Away

WHERE ANYTHING GOES
Home Alive 2: Flying Sidekick
Compilation
CD, 2001
Broken Rekids, SKIT-91

Vocals by daugther Amanda and grand-daughter Morgan too!

ALIVE IN THE UNKNOWN
CD, 2002
V8 Records, V8011

54/40 Or Fight
Running Out Of Time
Destination X
Johnny's Got A Gun
Spectacle
Fire In The Western World
I Won't Be The One
Psychodelic Nightmare
Poor Born
It's O.K.
Down To The Dogs
Dagger Moon
D.O.A.
Dead Moon Night

PSYCHODELIC NIGHTMARE (live)
Untamed Music Compilation
7" EP, 2003

Free with Carbon 14 magazine, #22

SABOTAGE / THESE TIMES WITH YOU
7" acetate, 2003
Dropkick, Behind-025

Frist 100 copies are on green vinyl.

DEAD AHEAD
LP / CD, 2004
European release: Music Maniac Records
LP: MMLP-073, CD: MMCD-073
American Release: Tombstone, T-80

Signs Of Departure
One World
An Occupation With You
Dawning Of The Dead
Already Gone
War Is Blind
Go My Way
On And On
The 99's
All Sold Out
In The Waiting

DEAD AHEAD TOUR 2004 –
LIVE AT PAASPOP SCHIJNDEL
CD / DVD, 2004
Music Maniac Records, MMCDR-074

Diamonds In The Rough (audio & video)
Dawning Of The Dead (audio & video)
Running Out Of Time
Rescue
One World
54/40 Or Fight
It's O.K.
Dagger Moon
The 99's
Dead Moon Night

DEAD IN THE SADDLE (live) /
OUT ON A WIRE
(mistitled *Out On The Wire*)
Rumble Skunk # 1 Compilation
Greek fanzine with CD-R, 2004

1994 Live recordings from Athens, Greece

ECHOES OF THE PAST
2 x CD, 2006
Sub Pop Records, SPCD-706
(promos are ADVSP-706)

Graveyard
Evil Eye
I Hate The Blues
Dead Moon Night
My Escape
A Miss Of You
Walking On My Grave
Johnny's Got A Gun
I'm Out Nine
Kicked Out – Kicked In
Unknown Passage
Jane
Dagger Moon
D.O.A
Over the Edge
Running Scared
Room 213
54/40 Or Fight (live)
A Fix On You
Sorrow's Forcast
Castaways
Down The Road
Fire In The Western World
Can't Do That
13 Going On 21
Destination X
Black September
Poor Born
Caste Will Change
Running Out Of Time
Psychodelic Nightmare
Area 51
Somewhere Far Away
Diamonds In The Rough
Going South
I Won't Be The One
Point Of No Return
Last Train
Rescue
On Another Plane
Ricochet
The Way It Is
These Times With You
40 Miles Of Bad Road
Never Again
Sabotage
Day After Day
It's O.K.
Too far Gone

UNKNOWN PASSAGE –
THE DEAD MOON STORY
DVD, 2006
Magic Umbrella Films / Tombstone Records

Documentary Film directed by Jason Summers and Kate Fix. Theatrical version and 90 minutes of bonus footage.

DEAD MOON NIGHT /
THIRTEEN OFF MY HOOK
CD, 2006
Music Maniac Records, MMCD-022/32
Reissue of the 2 Music Maniac Records LPs from 1990.

Dead Moon Night
Dead In The Saddle
Time Has Come Today
Echoes Of You
54/40 Or Fight
I Hate The Blues
Graveyard
My Escape
I'm Wise
Black September
I Tried
Hey Joe
Kicked Out – Kicked In
D.O.A.
War Baby
I'm Out Nine
Street Of Despair
Too Many People
Milk Cow Blues
Revenge
Social Contender
Running Scared
Unknown Passage
We Won't Change
Walking On My Grave
Not The Only One
Claim To Fame

TOO MANY PEOPLE EP
7", 2011
Mississippi Records, MRP-001.
Rereleased tracks from the Music Maniac Records 1990 LPs. Cover by Dennis Dread.

Too Many People
Don't Hate Me
I'll Follow You
Claim To Fame

CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE /
RING OF FIRE
(Live At Knoxville's Pilot Light)
7", 2011
No Time For Life, no catalog number.

Lathe-cut edition of 50 copies. Released in Greece. The show was recorded on Oct. 6, 2002, and has bad sound quality, even by garage rock standards. For gross geeks only.

BLACK SEPTEMBER /
FIRE IN THE WESTERN WORLD
7", 2015
Voodoo Doughnut Recordings,
no catalog number.
Recorded by Dean Fletcher at Satyricon in Portland, OR on 4/16/1993.

LIVE AT SATYRICON
LP, 2015
Voodoo Doughnut Recordings, VDR-1501
Recorded by Dean Fletcher at Satyricon in Portland, OR on 4/16/1993.

Dead Moon Night
Don't Burn the Fires
Jane
Spectacle
Clouds Of Dawn
Dagger Moon
D.O.A.
Parchment Farm
Down The Road
Going South
Echoes Of You
(Mislabeled *Echos To You*)
Room 213
Johnny's Got A Gun
Destination X

WHAT A WAY TO SEE THE OLD GIRL GO
LP, 2017
Voodoo Doughnuts Recordings, VDR-1704

Poor Born
Demona
Cast Will Change
It's O.K.
Walking On My Grave
54/40 Or Fight
Killing Me
Running Out Of Time
Out In The Blue
Time Has Come Today

Recorded by Dean Fletcher at the X-Ray Cafe in Portland, OR on 7/16/1994 – the last night the X-Ray was open.

3

POST DEAD MOON RELEASES

PIERCED ARROWS
In My Brain / Caroline
7", 2007
Tombstone, T-81

PIERCED ARROWS
Straight To The Heart
LP, 2008
Tombstone, T-82

PIERCED ARROWS
Straight To The Heart
CD, 2008
Tombstone, TCD-03

PIERCED ARROWS
Sailor Jerry Vol. 3
Rock And Roll Media Sampler
CD, 2008
No label

PIERCED ARROWS
Paranoia / Ain't Life Strange
7" / CD, 2008
Tombstone, T-84

CD EP comes with two bonus tracks:
This Is The Day and *On Our Way.*

The PO box address is wrong (although the graphic artist insisted on proofreading ... which obviously didn't happen). For months Mississippi Records sent royalty checks to the wrong address thanks to referencing the back of this single for the address.

PIERCED ARROWS
Here We Go Again
Box Set, 2009

7 different items (printed matter) incl. one of the singles. Tour documentation of Pierced Arrow's first European Tour in 2008. Self-published (szim), limited edition.

PIERCED ARROWS
Descending Shadows
LP / CD, 2010
Vice Records,
LP: VCA-80014-1
CD: 80014-2

PIERCED ARROWS
Best Napkin I Ever Had / The Doorway
7", 2010
Scion Audio Visual / Vice Records,
SA / V G-04 10

Split 7" with the Black Lips
(Best Napkin I Ever Had).

RANGE RATS
S / T
LP, 2010
Mississippi Records, MR-063

Unreleased recordings from 1985.

PIERCED ARROWS
Keep Pushing / Little Did I Know
7", 2011
Tombstone, T-87

The band is called "Pierced Narrows"
on the label.

TOODY / WESTERN FRONT
S/T
10", 2013
Mississippi Records, MRP-045

Rerelease of material from the Whizeagle 7"s from 1985.

PIERCED ARROWS
This Is The Day / Zip My Lip
7", 2014
Watts Of Goodwill,

#5 Watts Of Good Will

FRED COLE
Time Flies
Where The Candy Beetle Dwells
Compilation
LP and book, 2015
Publishinghouse Philip Elchers
20150109 a/b

A children's book with an accompanying soundtrack. Fred Plays guitar and sings this tune solo.

FRED AND TOODY
Live at Third Man Records
7", 2016
Third Man Records, TMR-408

BOY WONDERS
Luv
LP, 2017
Resurrection Records, RR-066

Andrew Loomis on drums. Live recordings made by Greg Sage at Satyricon in Portland, OR. Recorded in 1984 and 1988.

ROCK AND ROLL
PIERCED
ARROWS
Mizuho

KENO

HO HO HODOWN
REBEL KIND
RANCHO NOTORIOUS
RANGE RATS
LONE STRANGERS
BADLANDS
DEC 20
SATYRICON
PATRONAAT
7/10/97 - SUPPORTACT: DE BOSSEN
DEAD MOON
MONICA BLOODSUGAR
monday
31st JULY
SATYRICON
PIERCED ARROWS
NAPALM BEACH
THE OBITUARIES
EASTSIDE SPEED MACHINE
DON'T & IRON LORDS
SAT. OCT. 30
SATYRICON
DEADMOON
HEIDENHOCHEN
SATYRICON
11.11. DRESDEN
11.11. BERLIN
15.11. MÜNCHEN
16.11. STUTTGART
17.11. AACHEN

DEAD MOON
DEAD MOON
DEAD MOON
DEAD LIVE '95
tivoli

Credits

DEAD MOON – The Book
Published by Mississippi Records
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2.000 copies

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This book does NOT make claims to cover anything near the complete historical record. We are aware of the fact that there are more stories, photographs and way more posters and ephemera out there for Dead Moon and all the other bands. It is more of an artistic jigsaw-puzzle. The curatorial decisions about what to include are based on the interview content, their aesthetics and in what way they help to support the words. There is no chronological order of events, just a complex story told by Fred, Toody and Andrew, jumping back and forth in time.

Idea & concept
Eric Isaacson
szim (Simone Müller), www.szim.de
Erin Yanke

Fred & Toody interviews
Eric, Erin, szim, Marat

Andrew interview
Kate Fix and Jason Summers
of Magic Umbrella Film Company
(copyright 2001)

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Please let us know so we can add credit
to future editions of the book.

Front cover:
Dead Moon logo
Kelly Manahan

Back cover:
VERA backyard, Groningen (NL)
July 1st, 1990
The photo was taken right after sound-check when Dead Moon played in Europe for the very first time. It also appears on the LP cover of Stranded In The Mystery Zone.
Willem Kolvoort

page 3
Logo design artwork
Peter Pontiac

4
VERA poster, 1993 (photo 1992)
Willem Kolvoort (aka Snorkel)

8
Max Felber, 1998

11
Huxley's Berlin
Jörg Metzner

12
Berlin
Ines Schaber

13
Ed Goralnick

14
Live at Beachland, Chicago

17
Alte Mälzerei, Regensburg, 2001
szim

18
Country road, Dillingen, 2001
szim

19
Fred and Toody's house, 2015
szim

1

22
Poster by EllaRay

23
Fred and Toody's wedding picture, 1967
Private

24
Photos of Andrew provided by Matt Loomis
Private

41
The Torpedos (bottom)
Janice Morlan or Toody

46
The Rats at Pacific Academy
Maggie Hirsch

48
Toody, Fred and Rod Rat inside
Capt. Whizeagles, 1979 (bottom, right)

48 / 49
Rats album photo session (color)
David Wilds

49
Cover idea for the 3rd Rats record
(bottom, left)

50–51
Provided by Resurrection Records

53
Toody 7" cover designed by Fred
Photos: Private

2

56
Moni Kellermann (JD bottle)

57
From a photo session near Willem's
house in Groningen, 1992
Willem Koolvort

58
Arla van de Marel (top)
Gabi Hofmann (bottom)

59
Arla van de Marel, 1992

61
Zgaga Rock Festival Litija, 1996
Jurij Vizintin

62–65
Logo drawings and poster
Kelly Manahan

68 / 69
Satyricon, Portland
One of the earliest DEAD MOON shows
David Ackerman

70
Moni Kellermann

71
Ding Dong Lounge, Melbourne, 2004
Heather MacDonald

72 / 73
One of the rare photos showing Fred cutting a master lathe and recording Andrew's drums in their practice space.
Private, probably Toody

75
Toody, Fred and Hans Kesteloo, 1990
Klaus Reihle

77
Inside the old Tombstone shop
Private, probably Toody

82 / 83
Peter Pakvis

84
Klaus Reihle, 1991

85–88
First European Tour, 1990
Private

89
Arla van de Marel, 1992

91–94
Eric Geevers, 1997

95
Interview with Dutch rock
journalist Bert Van De Kamp

96–99
Posters
Dirk Bonsma

100–103
Festival in Greece

104
Tombstone logo
Kelly Manahan

105
Old polaroids of Tombstone
Private

106–111
Main Tombstone building and
general store under construction
Private

112
Fred and Toody at Tombstone
Chan Marshall / Kevin Cascell / OTP

113
Tombstone handbill

114 / 115
Tombstone catalog (Fred's handwriting) and Dead Moon graphics probably designed by *Fred and / or Kelly Manahan*

116
Dead Moon's booker and promoter
John Baker welcoming the band at the
airport in New Zeland (top)

120
Berlin, 1999

121
Corner Hotel, Melbourne, 1996
Liz Reed

122
Huxley's, Berlin
Jörg Metzner

123 / 124
Ding Dong Lounge, Melbourne, 2004
Heather McDonald

125
Dominik Schunk

127
Satyricon, Portland
Ed Goralnik

128
Flyer, 1990
Angst Unlimited

130
Ding Dong Lounge, Melbourne, 2004
Heather McDonald

131
Markthalle Hamburg, 1992
Stefan Malzkorn

132
Band photo, 1991

135
Rainer Holz, Köln

136
VERA poster, 1999
Willem Kolvoort (Snorkel)

137
VERA poster, 2006
Last Dead Moon show
Willem Kolvoort (Snorkel)

139
Design by *Art Chantry*
Print by BLT

141
Jozzy and Andrew, 1993
Effenaar, Eindhoven, NL

142
Andrew & Toody in the tour van, 2002

143
Graffiti by Andrew Loomis

144
Backstage
Eric Geevers, 1991

145
Kees Visser's arm
Eric Geevers, 1991 (bottom)

151
Fan mail from a boy who Fred and Toody liked to call "Hermann, the German", probably early 2000s. He and his dad came to the Fred and Toody gig in Munich in February 2017

152
Kees Visser
Transcription from an interview at VPRO radio station, Hilversum, NL, April 26th, 1994. The guitar was sent by Kees and Hassum Visser from Medemblik, NL.

153
Collage with Fred's bands, hanging on a wall in his music room where the disc cutter is.

157
Cover photo for In The Graveyard (top)
VERA backyard (bottom), 1990
First photo of Dead Moon in Europe!
Willem Kolvoort

161
Band photo, double exposure
Lace Mercer

162
Band photo
Arla van de Marel

163
Fred
Moni Kellermann

164
Band photo of Pierced Arrows
Photo session on a dead train track
in Halden, Norway, May 2009
szim

165
Pierced Arrows performing outside
of City Hall when Kelly's snare drum broke
Portland, Aug 2007
szim

166 / 167
Dead Moon Reunion Show, Jan 17th, 2015
Go Sinner Go Festival, Madrid
szim

168 / 169
Fred and Toody at VERA, Dec 19th, 2013
szim

170
Tour poster for Fred and Toody's
last European Tour, Feb / Mar 2017
Artwork by *Phillip Janta*

171
Fred and Toody in front of the infamous VERA brick wall more than 20 years later the morning after they played at VERA, Dec 2013
Willem Kolvoort

186
Set list of the last Dead Moon show
at Dauwpop, NL, 2015
Snatched & preserved by Kees Visser

ON TOUR

188 / 189 and 190 / 191
Fred and Andrew
Arla van de Marel

192 / 193
Toody, Berlin, 1999

Tour Dates

194
European tour van, 1991
Klaus Reihle

196
Moni Kellermann

197
Dead Moon in the Ukraine (top)
Fred exhausted in the shower, 1991 (center)
Klaus Reihle

203
Fred and Doug fixing the van (top).
Fred sleeping, on tour, 2002 (bottom).
Kees Visser

206
Poster by *Dirk Bonsma*

207
Poster
Jozzy Rubenski and Barbie L.L. (top)
Willem Kolvoort (bottom, photo for poster)

208
Kees and Andrew, 2002 (top)
Fred and Toody doing crossword puzzles – their favorite tour time filler, 2001 (bottom).
Jason Summers / Kate Fix

209
Toody holding a JD bottle with a "Dead-Moon-label" made for the band's anniversary
Eric Geevers
Band photo (bottom)
Barbie L.L.

212 – 215
Selection of European Tour Shirts
worn and photographed by *Eric Geevers*
(who got 'em all!)

PS:

216 / 217
Arla van de Marel

218
Dead Moon Night at City Hall Portland
Oct 7th, 2017
Dean Miles

221
Fred and Toody in their thrones
at Dead Moon Night
Amir Amadi

222
Fred and Toody sitting on the stairs in front of their house, Clackamas, Aug 2016
szim

224 / 225
Fred and Toody's city hall thrones on the back porch of their house, Oct 10th, 2017.
szim

226
Postcard Andrew wrote for Jozzy in a hotel room in Jena, Germany Oct 7th, 2006.

227
Andrew's tombstone on Lone Fir Cementary, Portland, Oct 9th, 2017.
szim

3

284 / 285
"Blue Room" at Fred and Toody's house, 2011
szim

286 / 287
Poster wall along the staircase in Fred and Toody's house, 2015.

Fred discovered a cheap way to cook wallpaper glue. He was thrilled by the idea to cover the whole wall with posters from his different bands and "assigned the project" to Simone.
szim

Photo Credits

Photos as they appear, each column from top to bottom, left to right.

288
1. Band photo / drinking session.
2. Hans Kesteloo with cake in his face, 1990.
3. Andrew in the photo booth.
4. Fred with Kees' son Thijs, 1997.
5. Andrew in the tour van.

289
1. Andrew and Eric Geevers, belly competition.
2. Toody's worn out boots.
3. Little girl wearing a 1991 tour shirt, photo most likely sent to Fred and Toody by a friend or a fan.
4. Fred and the kids (Amanda, Shane, Weeden) on a vacation trip, around 1980.
5. Fan Art drawing.
6. Andrew and Edwin on tour, 1991

290
1. Mel wearing a "I-know-Frank-and-Trudy-shirt" on the last Dead Moon tour in 2006 on which Greg Shadoan (bass player for Zipper) was the sound engineer and his wife Melanie was working the merch table.

Fred told Jozzy a few days earlier that a drunk guy wanted to have a merch discount because he knew "Frank and Trudy personally". Jozzy turned the tour joke into a tour shirt for Mel. *(Jozzy)*
2. Andrew DJing somewhere in downtown Portland.
3. Fred and Toody on the rooftop of the Tombstone building in Clackamas.
4. Simone, Toody and Fred in front of the staircase poster wall, 2014.
5. Toody, Fred and their son Weeden after running the Portland Marathon, one day before they went on a Pierced Arrows Tour, 2008.

291
1. Fred and Toody in front of their portrait at a winery nearby Seattle, Sep 2015.
2. Linocut, birthday present, 2013
3. Fred trying to cut a record on the disc cutter which failed, Oct 2015.
4. Fred in front of Sala Caracol at Go Sinner Go Festival, Madrid, Jan 2015.

Epilogue

292 / 293
Interview session for the book with Eric Isaacson, Erin Yanke and Simone, 2016
szim

295
Fred and Toody in The Range Rats (also on the back cover of the Range Rats album)

296
Fred lighting his cigarette on the JD bottle
Ed Goralnick

297
Graffiti on a wall outside of a tattoo parlor in Auckland, NZ

300
Andrew
Kate Fix / Jason Summers

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Eric Isaacson

Epilogue

Fred Cole passed away on November 9th 2017 after a 6 month struggle with cancer. He died peacefully in his sleep. In his last days he took the time to write letters to people, hold court with visitors at his bedside, drink Jagermeister, hang out at the casino to test his number theories and entertain whoever happened to be at the chemotherapy treatment center, with jokes and stories. Though he was not on stage, he still managed to pull off plenty of rock and roll theatrics and inspire everyone around him.

Last night, a week after he passed away, we screened the "Unknown Passage" documentary by Jason Summers and Kate Fix at the Hollywood Theatre. We could hear Toody cackling through the whole film – still laughing at Fred and Andrew's goofball shit.

In the film, it was interesting to see Fred dutifully phoning in his interviews about his early years. The first 10 minutes of the film find Fred running through his tales of Deep Soul Cole, the Lords, the Weeds, the Lollipop Shoppe, and so on. He is a bit divested from these tales and seems to be doing the film makers a favor by telling them. The name dropping of Neil Young, Haley Mills and the Doors seems to almost disgust him. The only celebrity story he comes to life when telling involves Janis Joplin. Drinking backstage with him, Janis says, "It's a bitch Fred. Life is a god damn bitch. You gotta find someone to love. It's a god damn bitch ..." Fred responds by saying, "Nah- life is alright. I got someone back home in Portland. Her name is Toody."

Fred could have told dramatic stories of watching the drug and free love culture eat away at everyone around him, about his near megafame or about rocking huge crowds. There's that one story of how he knocked Jim Morrison – the most bloated and awful rock star of them all – out cold on stage at the Whisky a Go Go, a story so poetic it's almost too good to be real. Who wouldn't want to brag about punching out the lizard king, the symbol of everything wrong with macho fake mystic shamanic wanna bes?

For Fred, though, the real story is about how much he loves his wife back home.

In the film, Fred comes to life after this early period is run through. The film is a fake out – it starts by looking like a typical move about a "remnant from a burned out scene" but soon mutates into a crazy adventure about a band that defies all odds and becomes legendary during the late 80s to early 2000s, a time when the existence of legends and myths are in very short supply.

The 60's rock and roll glory days stories were just a prelude, a point of reference for learning what not to do later.

That's how Fred learned how to do most things – figure out all the shit you don't want to do first and then travel that narrow unknown passage winding through the mountains of bullshit.

As a long standing clerk at a music store, Fred endured the endless triviality of dudes (and it's always dudes) coming in and recounting their glory days in mind numbing detail. They are excited to talk about the time they held Jimi Hendrix's hair while he vomited or the time they narrowly avoided getting busted at the airport with a brick of Heroin shoved up their asshole. Working at a shop (as Fred did for something like 32 years) you are at the mercy of whoever walks in and wants to bend your ear. Fred would get excited when the young kid starting his first band came in – ready to set them up with whatever they needed to get it going. When the old fart came in wanting to recount the "glory days" – he would listen politely but it was usually more of a chore than a pleasure.

Fred never wanted to be that guy. He was fully present with his current project. He didn't need to belabor the past. I started working with Fred right when Dead Moon broke up and he was onto Pierced Arrows. I was thrilled to reissue the Rats LP, but he was pretty uninterested. He had a new band with new songs and while he appreciated the interest in his old stuff, it was not where he was at. I came from a place of knowing Fred as a mythic figure who should be documented. Nothing could interest Fred less than this hagiography.

The New York Times obituary on Fred focused largely on the fact that he and Toody were older than everyone else in the rock scene but still managed to leave them in the dust. As Andrew says in the Unknown Passage documentary, "I'm up here on stage with Grandma and Grandpa, kicking ass." Many were disappointed with this focus on Fred's advanced age, suggesting that the center of the obit should be his storied life. To me, it seemed apropos.

Make no mistake, Fred was aware of the mythic power of his deeds, music and words. He was a raconteur – not on the level of an Andrew Loomis – but he had his own way of holding everyone's attention. He would talk up his life, but even more interestingly, his superstitions and systematic, stubborn and totally unique way of getting things done.

Lose your illusions
And you'll lose your chance
For those who control us
Have no romance

When I mentioned the story at the head of this book about Fred dramatically emptying his ashtray but leaving a few butts in it "so the van does not break down" to Kelly Halliburton after the movie and over drinks, Kelly rolled his eyes. Kelly had played almost 500 shows with Fred and Toody on the road. On all these tours, the couple ribbed him endlessly about not smoking and being a vegetarian. He had to sit in the hot box of the van with them day after day. They went as far with the joke as to buy him a gas mask at a convenience store.

Kelly was always tempted to prank them back by just emptying that horrifyingly full ashtray all the way, just to see Fred's face as he gazed down at it. But that never happened. Fred had made it this far by paying attention to the signs. Who's to say his systems were not dead on?

Last night, as the drinking progressed, we all told story after story about Fred, Toody and Andrew. Kelly talked about the first Pierced Arrows tour. He was excited to be on the road with these legends and knew all about their charming quirks, including that they would stop at casinos and gamble for hours on end – as much as 25 hours straight with only bathroom breaks. The stamina required to do these casino marathons on tour between performing high energy rock shows is straight up super human. Kelly thought he would find this behavior fascinating a nd entertaining, but the truth is these stops were straight up boring and inconvenient. Still, the deed carried it's own mythos and power and would continue to, despite the dull thud of the reality. The system worked too – they were never low on energy for the show. Somehow playing Keno through the night was more effective as a recharging agent than good old sleep.

Fred Cole spent a lot of time playing Keno. He spent a lot of time watching TV. He spent a lot of time driving around trying to find a place that was open at 2 a.m. that had whatever food he happened to be craving. He smoked and drank endlessly. All these very human and normal things did happen. He also spent time channeling some endless well of incredible songs, communing with spiritual worlds most people never get to touch, turning himself inside out on stage to reach the audience, meeting and greeting the public with incredibly generous amounts of energy, and defying the norms of how things are done constantly and getting beautiful results.

He was a family man, a clerk, a builder of guitars and buildings, a tour van driver, his own roadie, a gambler, a business man, a scrounger, a scientist, a mystic, a stubborn grump, a goofball, a sentimentalist and a husband. On top of all that, he was the realest rock n roller the world has ever seen. Fred left me a note and in it he said he would not trade his life for anyone else's.

His songs and deeds will echo through time in ways we can only imagine. Fred Cole lives!

Eric Isaacson
Portland Oregon, November 19th, 2017

WHEN ALL THE THINGS WORTH DYING FOR
HAVE CROSSED ONTO A DIFFERENT SHORE
WHEN TIME HAS SPENT ITS LAST REMAINS
NEVER TO RETURN AGAIN
WHEN WIRED HARD IN THOUGHTS SO COLD
WE LOSE OURSELVES OF LONG AGO
WHEN INNOCENCE IS LAID TO REST
WHILE DESPERATION TAKES THE BEST
DOWN NARROW TRACKS WE COME OF AGE
SHOULD WE FORGET
FROM WHERE WE CAME.

The paths we choose
Have narrowed now
The moon has slipped
Behind a cloud
And as these changes
Still unfold
Who can know
What futures hold
Down the winding
Twisting turn
Where once you tread
There's no return
Make no mistake
What lies beyond
Is Dead ahead
And on and on